PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

DECEMBER
25 CENTS

The
National
Guide to
Motion
Pictures



KAY
FRANCIS

Who is Hollywood's Social Leader?

Fifty Men Who Rule the Movies

PITY
mere Man at Christmas



▲▲help HIM select the gift YOU really want

use the coupon

PICTURE him, a mere solitary male, struggling in the rush and crush of Christmas shoppers! Dazed and dumb amid panoramic displays of perfumes, powders, hosiery and jewelry! Pity, rather than censure him, if the gift he brings is *undesired.*

This year there is a new way to help "him" select the gift *you* want—the Whiting & Davis "Save-a-Man" campaign. Fill in the coupon below with the name and address of the man from whom you wish to receive a Whiting & Davis Mesh Costume Bag.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags—Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
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HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION

No. W34

Dresden soldered mesh bag. Silk lining and mirror. Enamel frame and chain. Real marcasites. Five inches wide.

No, *thank you, Mother,* no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can be as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums don't get the stimulation they need. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.



MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And, just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-120
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

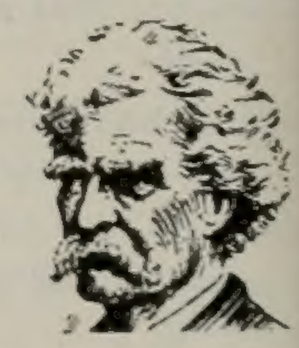
You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you'll love them more than ever before—you'll laugh as you've never laughed yet!



MITZI GREEN

The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher





Mark Twain, whose stories of these adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

"TOM SAWYER"

JUNIOR DURKIN

Bringing to life that freckled, mischievous, irresistible Huckleberry Finn

JACKIE COOGAN

Hear the most famous boy in the world in his first talking picture—and his ideal part as Tom himself

SEE and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they'd been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom "get engaged" to Becky Thatcher. Played by America's most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! *If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!*

Directed by John Cromwell

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Paramount Pictures

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXIX No. 1 December, 1930



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Next Month—The Winners!

In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, out December 10, you'll find the names of the Lucky Seventy—winners of slices of the $5,000 in gold offered in PHOTOPLAY'S famous Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

It's the Big Month! Get the January Issue for a Thrill

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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The $25 Letter

Fontana, Calif.

TOO much preliminary advertising often spoils a movie. I am thinking of the "trailers" which exhibitors show to interest the patrons in attending the coming pictures.

If one attends the theater often, he may see the "trailer" of a coming picture three or four times, so that by the time the picture finally arrives at the theater, he feels as though he has already seen it.

Then, too, the advertisers pick out all the high spots or climaxes of the drama to put into the "trailer." So when one sees the picture, he continually feels that he knows what is coming.

Cannot the producers and exhibitors see that by showing the "trailer" so many times they may kill the desire to see the picture instead of encouraging it? And that by previously giving away all of the dramatic moments of the plot, they destroy that element of suspense which is so necessary to the fullest enjoyment of a new story? Do you agree with me?

MRS. A. M. IVES

The $10 Letter

Charlotte, N. C.

DON'T you ever get tired of being yourself day after day?

Old married women, sober young spinsters, all become the perfect lover watching Greta Garbo.

Haven't you seen the male part of a Mix audience figuratively gallop home on horseback? Or noticed demure girls get hoydenish after Marion Davies? Or hen-pecked husbands momentarily borrow a Wallace Beery brutalness? I delight in the hard-boiled villainess who craves her liquor straight. After watching her I feel devilish enough to go out and chew gum.

A change of soul is as desirable as a change of linen, and any picture that can make us believe we're some one else is a masterpiece!

DOROTHY KNOX

The $5 Letter

Yokohama, Japan

I AM very surprised. I and sisters am very pleased to copy honorable American manners and customs. We see therefore talkie pictures very much, liking greatly. Latest talkie at theater being "The Cock Eyed World," we did go. Unable to see any special kind of eye. But American Marine ways we did greatly observe and were surprised. Is picture of men wearing very honorable Hoover uniform true resembling to life?

TAKE NISHIJIMA.

GARBO on the pan! Yes, the incomparable Greta has been swamped with spankings this month. Not her acting. Not her fascination. The fans have scolded Greta for her professed attitude toward America and the American public. She led the letters which shaded toward the brickbats. And the bouquets once more were leveled at Norma Shearer. Joan Crawford was a runner-up. Seems folks are a little grouchy this month.

One picture, "The Sea Bat," provoked a deluge of enthusiasm over Nils Asther. The fans haven't forgotten Nils. They're cheering for a come-back.

Robert Montgomery shares first place with Nils in this month's fan attention. They liked him in "The Big House," which came out among the most discussed pictures.

"Romance," of course, drew a carload of bouquets. "Dixiana" upset our Southern friends. And "What a Widow!" distressed the women who most admire Swanson.

They're clamoring for Lewis Stone to be starred. They're begging Nancy Carroll to give up singing. They're tired of war pictures. And they want better stories.

Kamerad!

Eastland, Texas

MY hubby doesn't like war pictures! Recently, we went downtown to our city's only show and there was a war picture playing. We decided to drive ten miles West to another show and there also was a war picture. We retrieved the ten miles and added ten miles more by going East to see what that little city would give us in the way of entertainment. Another war picture!

Something oughta be done about this!

Too much war! We could have stayed home and had plenty of that—and saved our money, too.

MRS. H. W. O.

The Theme Song?

Los Angeles, Calif.

I SUGGEST the following as the Hollywood Follies of 1930:

Pushing Maurice Chevalier into "The Big Pond."

Stuffing sugar down Conrad Nagel's throat—perpetually.

Producers letting Leslie Fenton slip through their fingers.

Casting Garbo as "Anna Christie" for her first talkie.

Letting Joan Crawford sing.

Ignoring Baclanova.

Releasing the over-ripe "Hell's Angels."

Revealing Lillian Gish as a ham actress in that worst picture, "One Romantic Night."

Not starring Lewis Stone.

ALICE AUSMUS

How Could You!

Alberta, Canada.

THIS may not be a helpful idea to everyone but it certainly was to me. I have an apartment next my dearest friend who is a spinster and a victim of a violent Tibbett crush. Tibbett for breakfast, lunch and dinner, also far, far into the night.

One evening after a long romantic seance with Tibbett, dim lights and a soft needle on the victrola, my friend remarked dreamily, "Think [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]



Coach Howard Jones
Univ. of So. Cal.
W. K. Schoonover
Arkansas
E. N. Sleight
Purdue
George Gibson
Minnesota
Tim Moynihan
Notre Dame
Ray Montgomery
Pittsburgh

•

Based on the story by
Mark Canfield
Screen play and dialogue by
Joseph Jackson

A Touchdown! *featuring the* ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes —"*Maybe it's Love!*"

featuring
JOE E. BROWN JOAN BENNETT JAMES HALL

Otto Pommerening
Michigan
Kenneth Haycraft
Minnesota
Russell Saunders
Univ. of So. Cal.
Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
Paul Scull
Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane

•

Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Wings"



WARNER BROS. present

Maybe It's Love

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln*. (*Oct.*)

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in crook picture made from Veiller's play, "Chatterbox." A comeback for Ben, and Bebe at her best. (*June*)

★ **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**—Universal.—Remarque's sensational war book, made into one of the outstanding pictures of the year. Powerful drama of war as it really is. (*June*)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (*Oct.*)

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount.—The *Two Black Crows* join the army, with mildly amusing results. (*June*)

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (*Oct.*)

ARE YOU THERE? — Fox. — Beatrice Lillie' comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (*Nov.*)

ARIZONA KID, THE—Fox.—Warner Baxter follows "In Old Arizona" with another fine performance and an excellent picture. (*July*)

BACK PAY—First National.—Too bad it doesn't leave us with pleasanter memories to mark Corinne Griffith's retirement from the screen. (*Aug.*)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Walter Huston swaggers through this, making it good entertainment. (*Aug.*)

★ **BAD ONE, THE**—United Artists.—Dolores Del Rio as a cafe singer and dancer, teamed with Eddie Lowe, who also sings delightfully. Adventurous, romantic story that you'll like. (*June*)

BIG BOY—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (*Sept.*)

BIG FIGHT, THE—Sono Art—James Cruze.—Amusing enough. Lola Lane and Guinn Williams, but Stepin Fetchit almost shuffles off with the show. (*July*)

★ **BIG HOUSE, THE**—M-G-M.—Inspired by real life stories of prison riots and intelligently produced. Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery outstanding. (*Aug.*)

★ **BIG POND, THE**—Paramount.—Chevalier clicks again! See him as a poor but romantic Frenchman trying to make good in an American chewing gum factory. Claudette Colbert, and some typical Chevalier songs. (*July*)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (*Nov.*)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Holt, Dick Arlen, Fay Wray and Eugene Pallette in a Zane Grey thriller. (*July*)

BORDER ROMANCE—Tiffany Prod.—Worthwhile only because the little Mexican minx, Armida, stars. (*Aug.*)

BORN RECKLESS—Fox.—Maybe the fear of censorship took the thrill out of this gangster film, made from the exciting best seller, "Louis Beretti." Eddie Lowe, Lee Tracy and Catherine Dale Owen. (*July*)

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT—First National.—Sumptuously mounted, Technicolored operetta, but slow-paced. (*Aug.*)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—All-Technicolor musical extravaganza. You'll like Dorothy Mackaill and Frank Fay. (*Aug.*)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents. Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (*Sept.*)

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (*Nov.*)

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal.—John Boles and Laura La Plante in a story of the birth of the *Marseillaise* that just misses being a thrilling picture. John sings superbly. (*June*)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (*Nov.*)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Romance"
"Abraham Lincoln"
"Old English"
"The Dawn Patrol"
"Anybody's Woman"
"Common Clay"
"All Quiet on the Western Front"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CAUGHT SHORT—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, rival boarding house keepers who play the stock market. Anita Page and Charles Morton are young lovers. Good, rough fun. (*June*)

CHEER UP AND SMILE—Fox.—Good comedy drama, with Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and the vampish Baclanova. (*July*)

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty sad affair, in which Joseph Schildkraut does his worst. Myrna Loy attractive. (*June*)

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (*Nov.*)

COMMON CLAY—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (*Sept.*)

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (*Sept.*)

COURAGE—Warners.—Charming picture about seven interesting youngsters and their extravagant mother, well played by Belle Bennett. Leon Janney fine as *Bill*, the youngest. (*June*)

CUCKOOS, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nonsensical musical comedy featuring comedians Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Check your critical goggles and prepare to laugh uproariously. (*June*)

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal.—A not-so-good imitation of that fine picture, "Street of Chance." Not bad, if you haven't seen the original. (*June*)

DANCING SWEETIES — Warners. — Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a story of that much discussed "first year" of marriage. (*July*)

DANGER LIGHTS—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (*Oct.*)

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan*. (*Sept.*)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (*Sept.*)

★ **DEVIL'S HOLIDAY, THE**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll in emotional drama, giving the best performance of her career! Directed by Edmund Goulding, who made "The Trespasser." (*July*)

DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A—Fox—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (*Sept.*)

★ **DIVORCEE, THE**—M-G-M.—Don't miss this. Norma Shearer great. Chester Morris gives swell performance. Fine direction, gorgeous clothes. (*June*)

DIXIANA—Radio Pictures.—Everett Marshall from the Metropolitan Opera adds voice and personality to a charming operetta. Bebe Daniels at her best. (*Aug.*)

DOORWAY TO HELL, THE—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (*Nov.*)

DOUGHBOYS—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (*Oct.*)

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (*Nov.*)

DUMBBELLS IN ERMINE—Warners.—Prize-fights and love. Robert Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, and Beryl Mercer. Lots of fun. (*Aug.*)

EYES OF THE WORLD—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (*Oct.*)

FALL GUY, THE—Radio Pictures.—Jack Mulhall and Mae Clarke in a simple little story about an out-of-work husband. (*July*)

FLIRTING WIDOW, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

CRANKY WOMEN

They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth— protects precious enamel

Buy silk hose with that $3 you save

Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that $3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We'll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE RECOMMEND
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FLORODORA GIRL, THE** — M-G-M. — Marion Davies as one of the original Florodora Girls. Gags, costumes and atmosphere of the Gay '90's make this a riot of fun. (*July*)

FOLLOW THRU—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers. (*Sept.*)

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (*Sept.*)

FOX MOVIETONE FOLLIES OF 1930—Fox.—By now the singie-talkie revues have lost their novelty. Comedy, fair songs, and a bit of a love story. (*July*)

FURIES, THE—First National.—Murder in the smart set. Weighty and wordy, yet fairly interesting. H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Natalie Moorehead. (*July*)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—Ann Harding gives zest to the old Belasco drama. Fine support and a surprise finale. (*Aug.*)

GOING WILD — First National. — Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (*Oct.*)

GOOD INTENTIONS—Fox.—Crave excitement? See Eddie Lowe as a master-crook in love with a high-society lass. (*Aug.*)

GOOD NEWS—M-G-M.—College run rampant, and set to music. Bessie Love, Stanley Smith and Lola Lane. (*Aug.*)

GORILLA, THE—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (*Nov.*)

★ **GRUMPY**—Paramount.—Grand entertainment. Cyril Maude's screen début, in his famous stage portrayal of a lovable old crab. (*Aug.*)

GUILTY—Columbia.—Mediocre melodrama of circumstantial evidence. But Virginia Valli, John Sainpolis, and John Holland are good. (*June*)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures. —Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (*Nov.*)

HE KNEW WOMEN—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman and Alice Joyce in a photographed play, "The Second Man." Good for some sophisticated chuckles. (*July*)

HELL'S ANGELS—Caddo Prod.—Three years and $4,000,000 were invested in this. Worth seeing—but $4,000,000 worth? (*Aug.*)

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (*Oct.*)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—*Frankie* and her erring *Johnnie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (*Nov.*)

HIGH SOCIETY BLUES—Fox.—A musical romance, carried to fair success by the popular Gaynor-Farrell team. (*July*)

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont.—British-made film about a hypothetical next World War. World politics and inventions of year 1940 are ingeniously envisioned. Interesting. (*June*)

HOLD EVERYTHING — Warners. — Joe E. Brown is great. Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs. But it could have been better. (*June*)

★ **HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Ann Harding as a poor little rich girl, Mary Astor and a perfect cast make a splendid picture. (*Aug.*)

HOT CURVES—Tiffany Prod.—Not what the title might indicate, unless you know your baseball vernacular. (*Aug.*)

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (*Sept.*)

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National.—A murder mystery that thrills. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads. (*June*)

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners.—Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results. (*June*)

★ **JOURNEY'S END**—Tiffany Productions.—Unforgetable war story, from play of same name. Grim happenings in a front line dugout under bombardment, relieved by carefully planned humor. Excellent cast. (*June*)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (*Oct.*)

★ **KING OF JAZZ**—Universal.—Pretentious, all-Technicolor, Paul Whiteman revue. Unusual color and lighting effects, splendid choruses. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, and the Whiteman Band. (*June*)

LADIES IN LOVE—Hollywood Pictures, Inc.—Let's not talk about this one. (*Aug.*)

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount.—Good entertainment. George Bancroft is a crude but wealthy builder who goes in for culture, under Mary Astor's inspiration. There's a thrilling fight. (*June*)

★ **LADIES OF LEISURE**—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck grand as a little party girl who falls for a serious young artist. Fine supporting cast. You mustn't miss it. (*July*)

★ **LADY OF SCANDAL, THE**—M-G-M.—Ruth Chatterton in delicious light comedy, from the Lonsdale play, "The High Road." (*July*)

LADY WHO DARED, THE—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (*Oct.*)

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox.—Even if you're not a "Western" fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (*Sept.*)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (*Sept.*)

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (*Oct.*)

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES — Paramount. — The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (*Nov.*)

LET'S GO NATIVE—Paramount.—Wonderful nonsense in this burlesque of the old shipwreck-on-a-desert-island theme. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Oakie. (*July*)

LET US BE GAY—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer in another swell sophisticated drama, with Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery and Rod La Rocque. (*Aug.*)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen début of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (*Nov.*)

LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (*Sept.*)

LONE RIDER, THE—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (*Sept.*)

LONESOME TRAIL, THE—Syndicate Pictures. —Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (*Nov.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HELP yourself to the best time you've had in years!

"Where the H--- is Mulligan?"



Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the "Gorilla", a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn't be missed.

THE GORILLA

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Friso and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They're a riot!

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.
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LILA **LEE** JOE **FRISCO**

Harry Gribbon . . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence
Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Girl *on the* Cover

THEY say she and Ronald Colman are making goo-goo eyes.

Remember how you sat up and took notice when that striking, severe bob flashed on the screen in "Gentlemen of the Press"? And the tributes of the critics to the "new-style siren of the talkies"?

Then Kay Francis played her first straight lead in "Street of Chance," with William Powell. After that she won the lead opposite Ronald Colman in "Raffles." In both pictures she kept her sleek bob, but she was no longer a siren. Hers was the sympathetic rôle—the legitimate love interest. She was no longer the "other woman."

Then came the chance to play opposite Walter Huston in "The Virtuous Sin," reviewed in this issue. The period of the story is 1914, and the leading lady had to have long hair. So Kay parted her hair in the middle, waved it loosely off her face, and pinned a knot on the back. After that she took a long look at herself in the glass and smiled delightedly. The effect was just what was needed to complete her transition from siren to leading woman.

KAY FRANCIS may get away from siren rôles, and she may part her hair demurely in the middle; she may even wear curls. But her appearance and manner will always confine her to sophisticated portrayals. She has heavy, black hair, dark brown eyes, a seductively full lower lip, and a charming smile which reveals even, white teeth.

Besides her striking appearance, one of the things that helped her get over in the theater when she was first starting was her undeniable flair for wearing clothes a little bit better than ninety-nine per cent of the other women in the world. But now that she has proved she can act, she wishes they would stop labeling her one of the best-dressed women in the talkies.

She doesn't like the idea of being presented merely as a clotheshorse, as Gloria Swanson once was.

Before she went on the stage Kay did a number of things. Publicity, for example. She helped publicize Raquel Meller's first appearance in America. She has worked in the insurance and real estate businesses, too.

And once, when she was out of work, she got an in-between job costuming a play. The producer probably figured that anyone who could dress herself as exquisitely as Kay does could dress others, too. Kay knew it was tough enough to dress oneself on a budget. But when it came to dressing sixty actors, with everyone wanting the best of everything and not enough money to go around, that was almost too much!

Probably one of the things that made her determined to go on the stage was the fact that no one thought she could act.

Her mother, well-known in the theater as Katherine Clinton, tried to discourage her.

"What can *you* do on the stage?" asked mother. Kay didn't waste words. She set out to show what she could do. And, she says with a twinkle, that her mother is now quite reconciled.

SHE likes tennis, but she hates swimming and actors. There are exceptions to the latter, of course. But Kay says actors, as a class, don't interest her. Women, she says, are used to flattery and adulation—it's part of their province, not merely as actresses, but as women. When men begin getting fan mail, however, it's apt to be too much for them. They're not used to it and they get impossibly conceited, she thinks.

She likes Ronald Colman, but says there is nothing to the rumor that they almost became engaged. She says she hasn't any intention of getting engaged or married to anyone just now. She was married and divorced before she was twenty. Eventually she wants a home and children, but right now she's busy and happy just being Kay Francis, successful talkie actress.

She lives in fear of being thought "upstage" because of this success, and goes out of her way to be nice to old school friends and people who look her up to say "I knew you when."

KAY'S real name is "Katherine," shortened for picture purposes to the one that seems to suit her better. She was born in Oklahoma City, Okla., on Friday, January 13th, but she doesn't divulge what year.

Maybe you can figure it out from that information, if you think it's worth trying.

She was convent-educated in the East, played in stock and on the Broadway stage, and entered pictures in March, 1929, being the thirteenth girl tested for the screen rôle in "Gentlemen of the Press" after twelve blondes had been tried out. Add to that the fact that she was born in the thirteenth month of her mother's marriage; that in her first stage part her name was listed thirteenth in the cast of characters; and that her first Hollywood screen part was played on Stage 13, and you may understand why she doesn't share the opinion of some people that thirteen is an unlucky number!



A new and demure coiffure, but she still looks the sophisticate

Last Minute News

"SCOTLAND YARD," Fox. — A peach of a crook drama, with Edmund Lowe playing a dual rôle, and with Joan Bennett, Donald Crisp and David Torrence in support. This is a grand picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery are the proud parents of a little daughter, born October 13th. Her name is to be Martha-Bryan, a family name which runs through four generations of the mother's family.

Marion Davies, after a long rest abroad, is again busy on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot shooting scenes for "The Bachelor Father," from the stage success produced by David Belasco.

Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of an Alabama congressman and for the past few years London's most popular young actress, is coming back to America to make a talkie. She will arrive in Hollywood early in January to make a story called "Her Past" for Paramount. Clive Brook will play opposite.

Gary Cooper will be the star of the next picture in which Marlene Dietrich is to appear. They worked together in "Morocco."

Gloria Swanson has filed suit to divorce the Marquis, and it is reported that Peggy Joyce is coming home from France to make a talkie for Paramount.

Lewis S. Stone, 50, and Hazel Elizabeth Woof, 29, were married in Yuma, Arizona. This is Stone's third marriage.



First Choice

WHEN the great day comes at last, and the crowds are roaring, and the flags are flying, and the air is positively electric with suspense . . . what a thrill it is to be on the fifty-yard line, in first-choice seats, with a first-choice cigarette! For there's such a wealth of enjoyment and mellow fragrance in Camels that you will find them always in places of preference . . . in the pockets of people who know and demand good things.



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THE LOTTERY BRIDE

JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery Bride," among the hit-headliners of the current season. Don't miss this one.

Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and *now* you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences; **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY,** with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

Technicolor



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LOTTERY BRIDE, THE—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (*Oct.*)

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (*Sept.*)

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (*Oct.*)

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (*Oct.*)

LOVE RACKET, THE—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (*Oct.*)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (*Oct.*)

MAMMY—Warners.—Al Jolson rises above his story and makes an entertaining movie. A minstrel piece, with Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser. Irving Berlin tunes. (*June*)

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE—Warners.—The Barrymore profile in slapstick! He's a good *farceur* in this ridiculous story of an English lord who attended the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides love interest. (*June*)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and June Collyer, both splendid in a war picture with a Western title. (*Aug.*)

MAN HUNTER, THE—Warners.—A beach-combing melodrama, that totters to a feeble end. Rin-Tin-Tin is the star. (*June*)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (*Sept.*)

MAN TROUBLE—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (*Sept.*)

MATRIMONIAL BED, THE—Warners.—A good cast, wasted on a poor picture. (*July*)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (*Oct.*)

MEDICINE MAN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (*Sept.*)

MEN OF THE NORTH—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (*Oct.*)

MIDNIGHT MYSTERY—Radio Pictures.—A practical joker starts something he can't finish. Betty Compson and Lowell Sherman. (*Aug.*)

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (*Nov.*)

★ **MOBY DICK**—Warners.—*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **MONTE CARLO**—Paramount.—Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (*Oct.*)

NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (*Oct.*)

NIGHT WORK—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan stars in a nice comedy drama that goes a bit melodramatic. (*Aug.*)

NOT DAMAGED—Fox.—Sounds like melodrama, but it's supposed to be comedy. (*July*)

NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A—First National.—Tired of players who burst into song? Then you may like this. Billie Dove in gorgeous clothes. Basil Rathbone the faithless husband, and Kay Francis a vamp. (*June*)

NUMBERED MEN—First National.—Fair entertainment. From the stage play, "Jailbreak." (*Aug.*)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE**—Warners.—Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (*Oct.*)

OH SAILOR BEHAVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (*Sept.*)

OLD AND NEW—Sovkino.—Powerful, Communism propaganda film, co-directed by Eisenstein of "Potemkin" fame. Silent. (*July*)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (*Sept.*)

ONCE A GENTLEMAN—Sono Art—James Cruze.—High comedy, with a touch of pathos. Eddie Horton is elegant. (*July*)

ONE MAD KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (*Oct.*)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

Educational Pictures . . Page 17
First National Pictures . . Page 11
Fox Film Page 98
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 116
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Pathe Page 113
Technicolor Page 14
Warner Brothers Page 7

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT**—United Artists.—Lillian Gish in her first phonoplay, ably aided by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler. The love story of a young princess and her tutor. (*June*)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (*Sept.*)

OTHER TOMORROW, THE—First National.—Gorgeous Billie Dove in the usual love triangle. Just so-so. (*Aug.*)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (*Sept.*)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (*Oct.*)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (*Nov.*)

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (*Sept.*)

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (*Sept.*)

PAY OFF, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (*Nov.*)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (*Nov.*)

PLAYING AROUND—First National.—Alice White, Billy Bakewell and Chester Morris. Trite story, fair acting, fair entertainment. (*June*)

QUEEN HIGH—Paramount.—An ace musical comedy with laughs, lilting tunes and pretty girls. (*Aug.*)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (*Sept.*)

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie début. A circus story with a punch finish. (*Oct.*)

RECAPTURED LOVE—Warners.—A bright little picture. You'll probably like it. (*Aug.*)

REDEMPTION—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's first talkie, made before "His Glorious Night," but shelved and now largely remade. A tragic story by Tolstoi that proves John can act. (*July*)

RENO—Sono Art—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (*Sept.*)

RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU, THE—Paramount.—Grand melodramatic hokum. Warner Oland is a swell Manchu. (*July*)

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE—M-G-M.—Louis Mann as the dad of an ungrateful family. A good cast and happy ending. (*July*)

RIGHT OF WAY, THE—First National.—Starts out well but toward the end you may wish you'd stayed home. (*Aug.*)

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (*Oct.*)

★ **ROMANCE**—M-G-M.—Garbo personifies all the title implies in her second talkie. F'evens sakes, don't miss it! (*Aug.*)

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox.—All about the goings-on of lumberjacks. Helen Chandler goes Gish. George O'Brien and Antonio Moreno don't help much. Neither do the chorus routines. (*June*)

ROUGH WATERS—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (*Oct.*)

RUNAWAY BRIDE—Radio Pictures.—Murders, thieves, and a string of pearls. Clap-trap melodrama trying to be light comedy. But Mary Astor is charming. (*June*)

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—Paramount.—Peaches-an'-cream for Buddy Rogers fans. He sings half a dozen songs and plays an heir to big money whose worldly-wise uncle puts him in care of three "Follies" girls. (*June*)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (*Nov.*)

SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (*Oct.*)

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie début, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (*Sept.*)

SEA BAT, THE—M-G-M.—Just another talkie, ho-hum! By the way, its Nils Asther's first audible film. (*Aug.*)

SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (*Nov.*)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (*Nov.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SECOND FLOOR MYSTERY, THE—Warners.—Novel mystery-comedy, with Loretta Young and Grant Withers. (*July*)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Paramount.—The usual delightful William Powell performance, but the story could be better. (*July*)

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake and Sue Carol in a story of love's young dream. Rather nice. (*Aug.*)

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (*Sept.*)

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD — First National.—Alice White's best talkie. Interesting studio scenes. (*June*)

SILENT ENEMY, THE—Paramount.—Beautifully photographed story of the Ojibway Indians' struggle for food in the far North, played by real Indians. Amazing animal scenes. Sound. (*July*)

SINNERS' HOLIDAY — Warners. — (Reviewed under title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (*Oct.*)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (*Sept.*)

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (*Sept.*)

SOCIAL LION, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie, the village braggart who is "taken up" by the country club set. Mary Brian, the girl. Heaps of fun. (*July*)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Columbia.—Tangled love affairs in military circles. (*Aug.*)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (*Oct.*)

SONG OF THE FLAME—First National.—Bernice Claire, soprano, and Noah Beery, deep bass, free Russia from the revolutionists via Technicolor operetta. (*July*)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (*Oct.*)

SO THIS IS LONDON—Fox.—The Will Rogers-Irene Rich team, set down in London. An amusing follow-up for "So This Is Paris." (*Aug.*)

SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (*Oct.*)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (*Nov.*)

SPRING IS HERE—First National.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray sing well. Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda are great. Just an average musical comedy story, but they make it good entertainment. (*June*)

SPURS — Universal. — Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (*Nov.*)

SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (*Nov.*)

STORM, THE—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (*Nov.*)

STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (*Nov.*)

STRICTLY MODERN—First National.—Pretty obvious humor and thin story, but Dorothy Mackaill is fine as a young sophisticate who finds romance where she least expects it. (*July*)

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Another one of those movie versions of college life as it isn't. (*June*)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (*Sept.*)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty;* Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (*Nov.*)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (*Nov.*)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (*Sept.*)

SWELLHEAD—Tiffany Productions.—Just another prize-fight story. (*July*)

SWING HIGH—Pathe.—Love and intrigue in an old-time wagon circus. Color, action, peppy songs. Pleasant entertainment. (*July*)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (*Sept.*)

Look for

The Winners!

Maybe you or a friend will be found to have taken one of the 70 prizes in PHOTOPLAY'S $5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Announcement will be made in the next, the

JANUARY

issue of

PHOTOPLAY

On sale at all newsstands on or about December 10

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production. — Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (*Nov.*)

TEXAN, THE—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Fay Wray in a picturesque O. Henry story of the Southwest. (*July*)

THOROUGHBRED, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (*Nov.*)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (*Nov.*)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (*Nov.*)

THREE FACES EAST—Warners.—A great stage play and fine silent picture gone wrong in the talkies. (*Aug.*)

TOAST OF THE LEGION, THE—First National.—The lovely Victor Herbert operetta, "Mlle. Modiste," in all-Technicolor. Bernice Claire and Walter Pidgeon. A musical treat. (*Aug.*)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—First National.—(Reviewed under title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (*Sept.*)

TOP SPEED—First National.—Musical comedy with the irrepressible Joe E. Brown emphasizing the comedy. (*Aug.*)

TRIGGER TRICKS—Universal.—Typical Hoot Gibson Western with Sally Eilers in her real life rôle of girl-friend. (*Aug.*)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Paramount.—Clara Bow is the girl who has a boy on every ship. Then the whole fleet comes in! Can y'imagine the fun! (*July*)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (*Oct.*)

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners.—Light satire on old-fashioned Mexican border melodramas. A gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with Frank Fay and Armida. (*June*)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—First National.—Neither beautiful Technicolor scenery nor Lila Lee's fine performance do much for this one. (*July*)

★ **UNHOLY THREE, THE**—M-G-M.—Lon Chaney talks, in five voices, one of them his natural voice. Thrills a-plenty. (*Aug.*)

VIENNESE NIGHTS — Warners. — The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (*Nov.*)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (*Sept.*)

WAY OUT WEST—M-G-M.—One of the funniest Billy Haines films in a long time. (*Aug.*)

WEDDING RINGS—First National.—Ernest Pascal's novel, "The Dark Swan," lost its original title and a great deal more. Lois Wilson, Olive Borden and H. B. Warner. (*July*)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (*Oct.*)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHITE HELL OF PITZ PALU**—Universal.—Three people are trapped in the impassable mountain of Palu. A night search party sets out. Wonderful Swiss snow scenes and breath-taking airplane stunts. Unusual and intensely interesting. Sound. (*July*)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (*Oct.*)

WIDE OPEN—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton and Patsy Ruth Miller play this somewhat vulgar but amusing comedy with a pace that keeps you roaring. (*June*)

WILD COMPANY—Fox.—Another of those wild younger generation stories, but Frank Albertson gives it real punch. (*Aug.*)

WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (*Oct.*)

★ **WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE**—Paramount.—A picture beyond the usual praise. You'll have to *see* Commander Byrd drop the American flag onto the South Pole to appreciate what an achievement it is. Wonderful entertainment from any standpoint. (*Aug.*)

WOMEN EVERYWHERE — Fox. — J. Harold Murray's charming singing voice, plus that ooh-la-la Ma'mselle, Fifi Dorsay. (*July*)

YOUNG DESIRE — Universal. — Conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but treated unconventionally. Pace, color and thrills. Mary Nolan scores. (*June*)

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—Paramount.—Two young newspaper writers get married, and then get temperamental. Claudette Colbert and real-life husband, Norman Foster. Charles Ruggles adds hilarious comedy touches. (*July*)



FAMOUS FUNMAKERS from the footlights



Many of the stage's most popular stars join veteran screen comics to make this a greater year of laughs through...



Educational's Talking Comedies

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD...TOM PATRICOLA... BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, *Educational* is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to *Educational's* famous company of veteran screen comics such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever *Educational's Talking Comedies* are shown—and that includes most of the country's leading theatres.



For the best laughs you have had in months see

Charlotte Greenwood
in
"LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR"
A TUXEDO COMEDY

Buster West and John West
in
"DON'T GIVE UP"
A VANITY COMEDY

Tom Patricola
in
"SI, SI, SENOR"
AN IDEAL COMEDY

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
***Executive Offices:* 1501 Broadway, New York**



Forget practicality when selecting party clothes. Choose them for their charm and beauty. And if you want a "repeat" invitation, let your escort and your hostess know that you have had a wonderful time

If you don't have a good time maybe it's your own fault

When You're Invited *to a* Party—

THE winter party season is in full swing, and I hope you are getting your share of exciting invitations.

Of course, the first question always is, "What shall I wear?" Well, I have found that one or two well-styled party frocks are better than a different one for every party, not one of them looking as if it came from a good shop.

If you sew cleverly and can make a gown that might have come straight from a Hollywood designer, then you don't need any advice about party clothes. But cheap materials and amateur dressmaking show up more quickly in formal clothes than in every-day garments. Don't wear a dress you've been working on so long that it is already just on the fringe of being out of style. And don't think that trimming will cover up shoddiness of finish and materials. If you haven't much money to spend, let it go for fabric and lines, and forego the rest.

And, I beg you, don't choose party clothes for their practicality. Buy the dress you "just adore," not the one you're not so keen about but can make over next year. Party clothes should "live for today, and let tomorrow take care of itself."

A dashing, becoming gown, good grooming and poise, are your best introductions to strangers. At a big affair it is a good thing to be identified as "the girl in the red dress," or "that stunning blonde in black and white." The main thing is to be noticed, and remembered favorably. Names are sometimes forgotten at first meetings, but visual impressions remain.

If your hair looks its best immediately after washing, by all means take the time and trouble to shampoo it just before you dress. If you need a new wave, don't try to economize by making the old one do. And don't let your hair be stringy and unattractive just because it still shows some of last week's marcel and you hate to wash it out. That's the poorest economy of all. What man can grow poetic about a girl with stringy hair?

AFTER you have done the best you can about your hair, your skin and your clothes, forget the whole matter. Don't go to a party thinking what fun it might be if only you had a different escort, a different gown, or were a different sort of person! Make up your mind to have a good time with what you have and as you are.

Even if your escort isn't exactly the Prince Charming of your dreams, pretend he is for that evening and it will make you both happier. Let him think he is helping to provide a wonderful time for you. That will encourage him to do his utmost to make it so.

There aren't any rules for having a good time at parties, or anywhere else, but there are a lot of suggestions along that line that girls have passed on to me and that I, too, have learned from years of party-going.

If you are the bashful sort, you'll have to talk yourself out of being timid. You talked yourself into it, from childhood up, and as an adult you can undo the mischief, if you will try hard enough. Don't point out

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 144]

Friendly Advice on
Girls' Problems

SEND for my reducing booklet, outlining normalizing exercises and giving suggestions for well-balanced menus for the too-plump. Or my complexion leaflet, containing general advice on the care of the skin, and treatment for blackheads and acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or other confidential advice on personal problems. *There is no charge.* Address me care of PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

LAKE FOREST'S WAY

can be your way!

America's aristocrats . . . by a substantial majority . . . endorse this convenient, safe method of handling home's most burdensome task . . .

BEAUTIFUL Lake Forest, 28 miles north of Chicago on the Lake Michigan bluffs, is outstanding among the nation's ultra-smart suburbs. Its magnificent estates exemplify the art of gracious living.

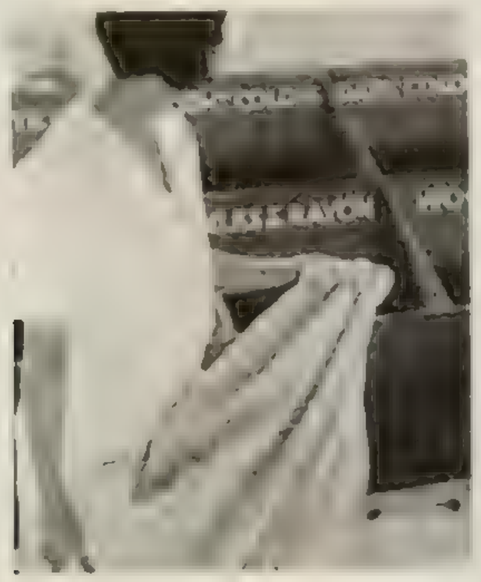
Of course Lake Forest folks, like everybody else, have their *washday* problems. And the big majority of these cultured, successful families use present-day laundry service to meet their exacting requirements.

An impartial investigator proved this. She called upon 125 homes along Sheridan Road, Deerpath Avenue, Green Bay Road and the other lovely, winding Lake Forest roads. Of these 71—a substantial majority—send all their washing to the Laundry. Others use the Laundry occasionally. But all of the 125—unanimously—send the men's shirts and collars!

Wherever you live, you can enjoy the same efficient, safe laundering service preferred by America's aristocrats. Today's improved methods protect your clothes, insure hygienic cleanness. Now 8 million women have adopted the laundry way to washday freedom. It's easy—economical—dependable. Make it your way. Start now!

Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.





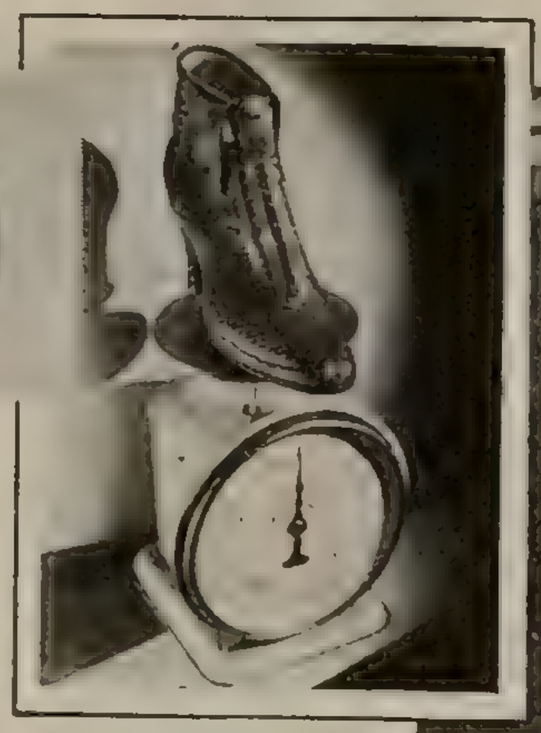
(Left) After being classified by color and fabric, each group of your clothes is given the correct washing by the multiple-suds method—insuring maximum protection.

(Right) Present-day laundries give millions of women leisure to entertain—and by eliminating washday strain and worry protect their precious, youthful charm.

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

© 1930 L. N. A.

So light..you don't know you have them on



They weigh little more than your vanity case. You'd hardly know you had them on. The silk-like rubber hugs the instep and ankle with no unsightly bulk.



Great splotchy puddles are gay nothings to the bright young things who flit about their business in these smart new Goodrich Shower Boots of silk-like rubber · · ·

TIME was when a woman canceled her engagements — if she could — on stormy days . . . or slushed miserably to them in heavy, ugly overshoes that utterly spoiled her charm.

That was before the world went young . . . and *wise.*

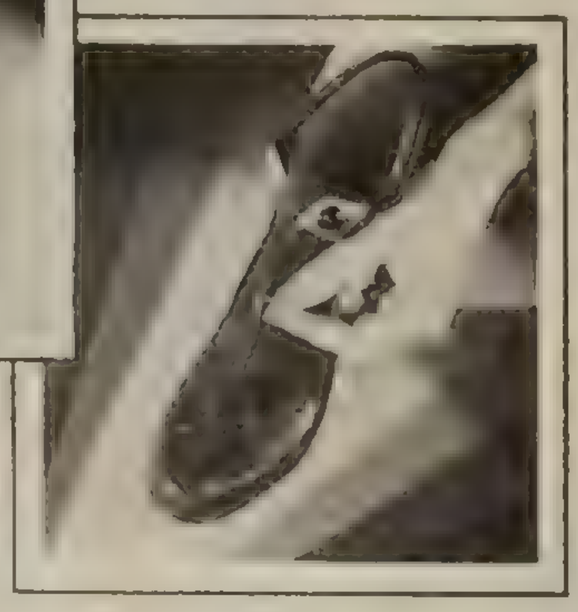
Today the smart young things snap their fingers at the weather. Flit when they please. And look ever so enticing.

For they match their winter ensembles with dainty, moiré rubber Goodrich Shower Boots that fit trimly on the instep and slimly on the ankle . . . and weigh almost nothing at all. The smart shops have them in all the proper colors, and in modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.

The young person in chic Goodrich Shower Boots goes nonchalantly to office or classroom or tea, fully aware that her legs are beautifully unspattered.



The new Zipper fastener—which never gets out of order—closes in a smooth, smart, unbroken line over the arch.



You will be delighted with this slim new tan oxford that snaps so neatly around your ankle. Other models with hidden Zipper closing.

Light-footed, warm and graceful in their tweeds and harmonizing Goodrich Shower Boots, the smart young things defy the Storm King, yet tap a dry and nicely polished toe at tea-time.





They prance out gaily on a bad night protected in Shower Boots as light as their fragile slippers. And the smooth, pastel linings protect hose and slippers quite completely.

Goodrich *Zippers* ...another B. F. Goodrich Product

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A LUSCIOUS morsel of youthful prettiness which has been adorning the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot of recent months —and, it is fair to suppose, is inducing a lot of eye-strain! She's Harriet Lake, who tore herself from Broadway to light up some Metro talkies. Ah, when such as Harriet are at large, it must be terrible to be blind in Hollywood!



Harriet Lake, up to the time of joining the M-G-M forces, was one of the little girls of the merry-merry who brighten the early evenings of Broadway's Blase Business Men



Hurrell

Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, has brown hair, blue eyes. Married, 1928, to Elizabeth Allen

THEY call him "Lucky Bob" around the old home lot! He panicked them in "Our Blushing Brides," he slew us in "The Big House," and now Mr. Robert Montgomery, Fortune's fair-haired child, has been told off to play opposite Gudgeous Garbo in her next, "Inspiration." And isn't she?



Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE Garbo in whom fact and legend meet—the Garbo of the tweed topcoat, the crumpled felt hat, the flat-heeled shoes. And on her face the smile that we too seldom see, lighting up the surrounding territory like a Scandinavian sunrise! She's busy, again directed by Clarence Brown.

Greta Garbo, real name Greta Gustafsson, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1905. She's 5 feet, 6; weighs 122, has light brown hair, blue eyes



Gene Robert Richee

Evelyn Brent, real name Betty Riggs, was born in Tampa, Fla., in 1899. She's 5 feet, 4; weighs 112, has brown hair and eyes. Married to Harry Edwards

SHE has risen consistently above some pretty feeble yarns during her years in pictures. She's beautiful, vivid and a deft actress. She's just received a new Radio Pictures contract marked "For a Good Girl." Gents, raise your glasses! Let's drink to Evelyn Brent, good trouper!



Elmer Fryer

WHAT HO! Here's Little Ginger herself, with a box-office smash in "The Office Wife," and a nice new contract in the pocket of her sports coat! Dorothy Mackaill's been in the movie racket since 1921, and she gets better and prettier all the time. Is there no limit to Dot's dash?

Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, in 1904. She's 5 feet, 5; weighs 112; has blonde hair, hazel eyes. Left "The Follies" to enter the movies.



Ray Jones

Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Dec. 28, 1909. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 155, has dark brown hair, blue eyes. First film, with Garbo in "The Kiss"

ALL has been anything but quiet on the Lew Ayres front since the boy won such a mess of laurels in the big Universal war picture. Then came his nice job in "Common Clay," and now this able and handsome lad, who used to plunk a jazz banjo, has more talkie work than he can do

Give

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST PERFUMES



De luxe cut-crystal Flacons of all Coty's famous Perfumes. Each with its box of distinctively modern design . $5.00 to $25.00.



Fashion decrees matching accessories Compact and lipstick in suede sheath of six smartest colours to harmonize with gown or purse. Blue, Jade Gray Tan, Chartreuse Black. $3.00

"SUGGESTIONS"—a useful booklet of gift ideas
Dept. P-12. Coty, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York

The attributes of the perfect gift preciousness, supreme quality, and usefulness—are part of each COTY PERFUME whether it be in the cut-crystal de luxe size or a smaller, moderately priced "Purse-Edition." Especially for the holiday season, they are harmoniously grouped in GIFT ENSEMBLES of exquisitely smart beauty — centered about each of the favourite odeurs: L'AIMANT, "PARIS,,, L'ORIGAN, CHYPRE and EMERAUDE



One of the many Coty sets — A complete and delightful gift. Purse-Size Perfume in metal case, Compact and Lipstick matching — Platinum tone. $5.00
Others from $3.00 to $25.00

THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST PERFUMES ARE NOT NECESSARILY COSTLY





More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled or unjeweled—all readily identified by this tag

This engagement ring at $150 in white gold . . . $200 in iridio-platinum . . others according to jeweling; the wedding ring, in white gold, $25 . . . in platinum, $45 . . . others $12 to $500.

NEW RINGS *for the New Years' Brides*

Brides of tomorrow should wear the styles of tomorrow . . . rings that will set the fashions for years to come. In the lovely new Orange Blossom creations, every smart line speaks of Traub leadership in ring design . . . every exquisite curve reflects the skill of Traub craftsmen . . . each carefully selected Traub diamond proclaims value. The Traub trade mark guarantees all you can desire in an engagement or wedding ring . . . yet GENUINE Orange Blossom, at all the better jewelers, costs no more than inferior imitations.

Our interesting booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request. Ask your jeweler, too, about the new vogue in scarf pins.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1933 McGraw Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.
Walkerville Ontario

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TRAUB

No Ring Without This Trade Mark Is Genuine Orange Blossom

TRADE ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

December, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By JAMES R. QUIRK

HAVE you seen "The White Hell of Pitz Palu"?

No? Then take this fifty cents and go see it the first chance you get, leaving your nervous Aunt Hattie at home.

BUT—if you see Graham McNamee's name on the bill as the shouting dialogue accompanist, pass right by the theater and buy yourself a good shot of pre-war Jamaica ginger. It will be less harmful to your nerves.



HERE is one of the finest miles of celluloid ever transmuted into awesome spectacle by the magic of the camera.

Pitz Palu is the most fearsome and inaccessible of all the Alps, and the story of the picture is that of two men and a woman who start out to conquer its terrifying north wall. It has an epic majesty.

In its original version the bright lads who brought it to this country called McNamee in to pound your ear while the film itself was smashing your eyes with some of the most vividly realistic scenes ever photographed.

PRAISE be to the New York newspaper critics. They all gave the picture itself the magnificent notices it deserved but let up a unanimous yell for mercy on the descriptive howling.

The utter futility of McNamee's attempt to be of assistance to an Alpine avalanche has only been equalled by Floyd Gibbons' vocal victory over Admiral Byrd's aeroplane on its life and death dash to the South Pole, where, also, you couldn't see the picture for the noise.

THE later version of the picture permits the avalanche to find its own rough but effective way down the mountain side.

IF producers must continue importing foreign directors we would welcome the arrival of Dr. Arnold Franck who made this picture, and who carved a magnificently human story out of an iceberg.

POOR old Cal York, whose thankless job it is to gather departures and arrivals at the Hollywood depot, and who attends all the strawberry festivals and oyster suppers in that parish for PHOTOPLAY, got fourteen peevish notes from Rudy Vallée adorers in two weeks on account of his lack of reverence and respect for Yale's modest little heart palpitator. Shouldn't something be done about that?

"LOOKAHERE," said Cal's beautiful and blonde stenographer. "This has gone far enough. Didn't I tell you these Vallée fans were getting sore and were going to buy some other magazine if you kept this up?"

"What's the matter now?" asked Cal.

"Well, look at these fourteen letters that just came in."

"Yeah," said Old Cal, "and will you notice, you dumb Dora, that they're all anonymous, in the same handwriting and on the same . . . let's call it . . . stationery? There may be something in what gave my revered grandfather, Walter Winchell, the columnist, a laugh, when someone told him that most of these anonymous and abusive letters came from relatives of Rudy."

THIS writer of dozen-lot Vallée fan letters is quite a traveler. She visited Atlantic City and wrote six; stopped off at Trenton, N. J., to knock off a few more; and wound up by writing from three different New York hotels to catch the same mail. Such a willing little helper!

FOR years we have been hearing charges of conspiracy between Will Hays and the motion picture Huns. But up until now I always thought that these accusations came only from a gallant little band of professional reformers, publicity mad preachers, self-anointed censors, half-baked educators, love-starved old ladies, and Shakespearean fans.

THESE wily and unscrupulous picture fellows have been indicted for everything from stealing the Statue of Liberty to attempting to Hollywoodize the Javanese peasantry.

They have plotted and schemed to break down respect for law built up by prohibition and the income tax.

They have incited Uncle Elmer to corn likker and taught Grandma Twitchell to smoke cigarettes.

They have demoralized our nurseries, co-educational institutions, American Legion posts, and the National Geographic Society.

They caused epidemics of gang wars, unemployment and bootlegging.

They were directly responsible for the recent drought, the dope traffic, the Brazilian revolution, the industrial depression, and the popularity of home-made gin.

In fact, it would appear to the close student of current history that the movies were not exactly a wholesome influence.

BEGINNING about five years ago PHOTOPLAY started its "Best Six of the Month" and its list of best performances as special marks of distinction to pictures and players.

This month producers, directors, authors and players compelled us to increase the six to thirteen best pictures.

SO it seems like there may be some truth to charges of conspiracy, and that the diabolical plot is to raise the standard of productions to meet the rising standard of public demand. Maybe Will Hays is just a mean old arch-conspirator after all, with his code, group relation work, and advocacy of fair trade practices.

AND while we are on the subject of the maligned and patient Mr. Hays, may I inject my opinion that Will Hays has proved the wisdom of the group of producers who, in their hour of need, turned to him.

He lead them out of the wilderness of bad pictures, public distrust, threatened national censorship, unfair trade practices, into reform from within the industry.

NOT that pictures are perfect by any means. But just take a look at the poor so-called legitimate stage which is now getting lambasted from all sides, and observe such a distinguished and broad-minded churchman as Cardinal Hayes saying recently that the New York stage is "reeking with filth" while he is optimistic about the motion picture.

AND the erstwhile censorious Worcester, Mass., Telegram, agreeing editorially with the Cardinal Hayes statement, and adding:

"This is in striking contrast to the case of motion pictures. To be sure, there are occasional films which are not in the best of taste . . . but the screen is virtually free of filth. . . . There is no absolute monopoly in the motion picture business, but the industry, in many ways, acts as a unit under the direction of Will H. Hays."

More and better conspiracy of the sort now being hatched in Hollywood will give us more and better pictures.

AN author, new to Hollywood, had been trying vainly to see the head supervisor for weeks. The executive couldn't see him.

One day he made one last desperate visit to the office.

"Mr. So and So is tied up," the secretary said.

"Well," mused the harassed one, "I knew he would be hanged sooner or later."

FROM *Variety*, my favorite weekly, I cull the tale of the boneheadedest stunt of the month. A Chicago exhibitor showed "Common Clay" advertised for "Adults Only" under local censorship orders, and as an added attraction, booked a show of twenty children from a neighborhood dancing school. They had to turn away ten thousand children, who clamored for admission.

EVERYBODY who knows Samuel Goldwyn and Florenz Ziegfeld looked for a clash of temperaments when they combined their efforts to make "Whoopee."

Will Rogers said the dialogue rights for a dictagraph record of their conferences during the production would be worth five thousand dollars.

The clash occurred when it came to costuming the Ziegfeld show girls in the Indian reservation scene. The Broadway squaws were all dolled up with feathers and not much else.

GOLDWYN'S costume designers ordered ten thousand goose feathers. When Ziegfeld heard of this he hit a new high, and rushed into Goldwyn's office.

"Indians don't wear goose feathers," he cried, "and I won't stand for it. I want real eagle feathers."

"But they'll look just as good on the screen," said Goldwyn. "And besides there aren't enough eagle feathers in existence."

"Nevertheless I want eagle feathers. You're not going to make geese out of my girls."

Ziegfeld won. They searched two weeks and bought all the eagle feathers west of the Mississippi. They cost only twenty-five thousand dollars.

STRANGE but true—when Lawrence Tibbett was a student at the Manual Arts High School, of Los Angeles, he was turned down when he tried to sing in the school glee club.



Love *in a* Taxi!

WHEN you see Warners' new Technicolored comedy, "Fifty Million Frenchmen," you'll see Claudia Dell and William Gaxton having tender moments in a taxi-cab. But this is the way it's done—as private as Times Square at theater hour!

Who is Hollywood's

The Old Guard has surrendered, and new nabobs boss the cliques and clans of Filmania



Mary Pickford is still one of Hollywood's undisputed social queens, ruling at the Palace of Pickfair. But she and Doug mingle more now

THE old order changeth. Four years ago, PHOTOPLAY published a story on the social leaders of Hollywood. At that time there were two—Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Earle Williams, whose husband died two years ago.

Daisy Moreno, *née* Danziger, no longer cares for social life. She has turned her beautiful Hollywood mansion into a school for girls and is living in a small apartment while she and Tony are building a modest little home to take the place of the spacious house. She spends most of her time at her business office, where she administers the affairs of her large fortune and her numerous charitable interests.

Florine Williams was also a wealthy woman when she married Earle. Earle, himself, had saved quite a comfortable fortune from his long years of movie work, and they entertained lavishly. Almost everyone in the film colony was delighted to receive an invitation to their parties. Mrs. Williams dissipated the fortune and, since the death of her husband, misfortune has dogged her footsteps. She is almost forgotten in Hollywood.

Only a few years before that, the Charlie Rays built a magnificent home in Beverly Hills and set themselves up as social leaders. They rarely invited screen people to their affairs—only the old families and the socially select of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Charlie lost his money when he became an independent producer and made "Miles Standish." He was an utter failure as a producer. Today he is studying voice and singing, trying to get back into pictures again. A few weeks ago Mrs. Ray attended a party at the Lawrence Tibbetts'. Few of the guests knew her. She seemed sad and alone. Now word comes she and Charlie have separated.

As in the Moreno-Williams days, the social leadership of Hollywood is again divided between two women—Marion Davies and Mary Pickford.



Three Hollywood socialites at a Marion Davies party. The other two, of course, are Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin

Social Leader?

By
Katherine
Albert



An invitation from Marion Davies is almost a command in Hollywood—and a welcome one, for her parties are always interesting and extremely amusing

It must be understood that there is no Society in Hollywood as there is in Mayfair, Park Avenue, Newport and Palm Beach. For Hollywood Society is made up of celebrities, beauties, brains and the dazzling Royalty of Filmdom. You must have a great name, great success, or be extremely amusing if you would belong.

There are no social traditions, no old families, in Hollywood. Mrs. Moreno has these, however. Her father was the first oil king of California, and her mother was a famous beauty and social leader.

There is no social rivalry between Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. Invitations to both houses are like royal commands and may not be disregarded by those who receive them. Marion's beautiful Santa Monica beach home is a real *salon*, where celebrities and brilliant people of all sorts gather. Once, when she went abroad, a Los Angeles paper carried this headline: "Marion Davies Goes to Europe. Thousands Now Homeless in Hollywood."

At one time Pickfair, the home of Mary and Doug, was the mecca of all those with social ambitions. A bid to a dinner at their home was tantamount, in Hollywood, to having your name in the "Blue Book."



Pickfair, Beverly Hills home where Mary and Doug have ruled so long. Famous for its entertainment of foreign celebrities

And, by the way, the only name of anyone connected with pictures that appears in the famous social Blue Book is that of Antonio Moreno. That is because of his wife's social standing.

Mary and Doug are not as aloof as they once were. They have taken to going out. And, as they have unloaded their producing worries, they spend more and more time going places and seeing things. While once they stayed upon their hill and the leading lights of the world came up to do them homage, they are now seen at the Mayfair dances and private parties, at the popular restaurants, and even at previews.

Hollywood's social belles ring in, ring out, as years pass



Four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno entertained picture folks. Now, in a modest home, she devotes most of her time to managing her millions



Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams were among Hollywood's most popular hosts, not long ago. Now Earle is dead, and Mrs. Williams is out of the social picture

Their beach house, also, has been the scene of many a party for the younger set, which is headed by Mary Brian. They seem to have taken the high hat off the cupola of Pickfair.

The Film Capital has its own "400," its Inner of Inners, its Social Climbers, its Rovers, its Lone Wolves, and those who either scorn or cannot make the social grade. It has its own intrigues and social politics, too.

BUT the groups and *cliques* change from month to month. Folks who work together in studios have a way of striking up sudden friendships, and a director often joins a social group at the beginning of a picture and is wished out after the last shot is made. This goes for producers, also.

Greta Garbo, who might be a leader if she chose, prefers the society of a few of her own countrymen. She has found that even these have exploited her.

Clara Bow, because of her popularity on the screen, might, you suppose, be the social leader of a screen set. She is not. She is seldom invited to big parties, for she prefers the company of the studio workers.

Also, you might believe that Gloria Swanson is a leader. She isn't. She seldom entertains at large parties now. Her groups are small and intimate.

On the other hand Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, are the leaders of a very definite and a very large group. To the fans these two are comparatively unknown, yet they entertain almost every evening. Their weekly bills for flowers alone makes your salary check look like a couple of packages of chewing gum. Their parties are large. They are lavish. They are frequent.

Lilyan Tashman has all the qualities of a social leader. She is. At the time she married Eddie Lowe she was not one of the most popular players, socially. That she could have overcome this, and is now head of a group, proves that she has the stuff of which the social order is made. She and her husband entertain grandly, and she also has the generalship to set the styles. Known as "the best dressed woman in Hollywood," she needs but to appear at the Embassy Club in a new creation to have it copied by all her followers.

Mary Brian is the most popular member of the younger set. June Collyer runs her a close second. Because both of these girls are working (and working hard) and have not the leisure of the wealthy debutantes, they do not entertain as frequently as they otherwise might. But Mary's name is included on the guest list of almost every party and she has been rumored engaged more times than Mae Murray has had lawsuits.

You might suppose that Grace Moore, the beautiful prima donna, had a *coterie*. She chose a palace in which to live, but she established no *salon*. Her friends are, for the most part, musical and, like Aileen Pringle, mostly men. No big parties, no lavish affairs, merely small "drop-in" groups.

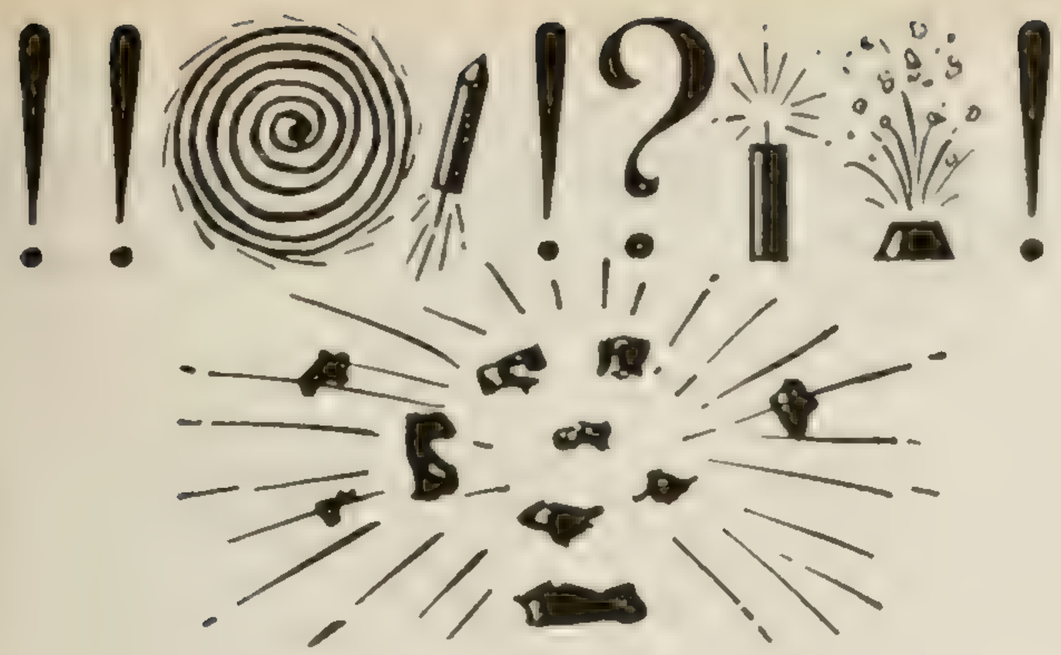
Aileen Pringle has the mark of the social leader—the wit, the vivacity, the smartness it requires. Joseph Hergesheimer once said of her that she possessed the ability to turn the most meagre corner into a drawing room of charm. Her domain is among the *literati* where brilliance of thought rather than of entertaining counts.

Since Aileen has been devoting much of her time to the stage, with the hard work and study that necessitates, she doesn't go out much, and the home where so many brilliant literary lights of the country gathered is now devoted entirely to the care and nursing of her mother, who is ill.

NEW leaders spring up and burn their little light for awhile. At one time Ona Brown, ex-wife of Director Clarence Brown, entertained more than any other one person. Where is she now? Who knows!

Great stars and other theatrical powers come out from New York. They establish their own social order, or are absorbed into one of the motion picture sets.

Always there is Marion Davies, the last word. As in the royal establishments of old, many are bidden by Marion because of their wit. They become court jesters at *la maison* Davies. Others are invited for the very good reason that Marion happens to like them. There are many who have tried to cross the threshold of that white house at Santa Monica and have never made the grade. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



Charlie "Red-Head" Bickford speaking—on pictures, producers, and how Hollywood gets that silly way!

By Harry Lang

CHARLIE BICKFORD offered the comment that if he could make as much money engineering as he does acting, he'd be damned if he'd go on being an actor.

"Why?"

"Hell!" he exploded, festooning a little more than two yards of himself across an overstuffed chair, "I *like* engineering!"

"Don't you like acting?"

"Oh, sure. But not this hooey they're giving me to do."

"For instance?"

"Well, look at this next picture I'm to do, 'The Passion Flower.' I'm the passion!"

Well, it's a cinch they couldn't expect him to be the flower! Six feet, two, as red-headed as no man has a right to be, and with a face like something you're afraid of meeting in the dark, you'd never cast him as a violet, say.

"It's just another one of those pictures," he goes on snorting about "The Passion Flower"—"poor boy marries poor girl and they have kids and a terrible time. Along comes a rich vamp and he leaves the wife and goes off with the rich one. So the wife sits down and writes him a letter telling him the daffodils are blooming in the front yard and Junior can write 'cat.' So he goes back to the wife. Boloney, with a capital B!"

He grins. He's got an amazing face. And what a color scheme! The hair is purple-red. The face is glaring brick-red. The eyebrows are blond. The eyes are blue. Add a blue shirt, brown tie and gray suit, and the ensemble is something startling. Funny part of it is, when he's all dressed up, he looks just like an actor. Doesn't look a bit like the he-man stuff he does on the screen.

"You're not very much sold on pictures, then?"

"AS a medium, yes. But not on what they're doing with that medium. Soon as these birds get the idea out of their heads that miniature golf is ruining their business, they'll realize it's bad pictures that's doing the damage. If they'd get a few good directors and a supervisor with a little more brain than a cootie, they might make a good picture or two!

"The trouble with pictures. . . ."

Well, Bickford was off on his pet topic. He's an insurgent and he doesn't mind how or when or to whom he tells it.

". . . trouble with pictures is that they get good material and good people, but they don't let 'em do their stuff. They get a writer who's done great stuff, and then they tell him, 'No, you can't write for us like you do for the stage; it's a different business.' They give him two or three formulas and a typewriter and say, 'You must write this way.'

"The poor sap sits down and says he can't do it. Then he thinks of $1,000 a week, and the swell house he's got out here, and he says to himself that it's pretty soft, and if he can kid it along for a few months, he can go back to Broadway with a nice roll. So he kids it along, and there's a lot of fine talent shot!

"Same with actors. They see an actor make good on the stage and say, 'We've got a spot for him in movies.' Then they don't let him do his stuff. They give him something unsuited to him and waste his [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]



Over six feet of bone, gristle, brain and acting ability—that's Big Boy Charlie Bickford, the two-ton tornado of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When he speaks, he says something, and when he doesn't like a part, he talks right out in meeting

Colleen In Search *of a new* Coiffure

Photography by **Hal Phyfe**



The windblown bob, shingled close in the back, with ragged edges pulled forward on the face, might have been created for Colleen Moore, so well does it emphasize her pert personality. We're inclined to vote for this one



The simplicity of this bob entitles it to be called "The Debutante." The long ends are tucked into a small roll at the back of the neck. Posed with Reno, of Charles of the Ritz



Colleen as we all know her. She made this Dutch cut as famous as the long, blonde Pickford curls

AFTER Colleen Moore's first stage play, "On the Loose," she is planning to change her style of hair-dressing. And what an adventure this will be for Colleen, whose Dutch cut has endured for years and was such a definite part of her screen personality! She wants to come back to the screen as a different type, with a totally different bob.

Miss Reno, of the staff of Charles of the Ritz, at the Ritz Tower, New York, is helping Colleen to decide by means of wigs and by experimenting with her own hair. But it's a difficult decision for Colleen to make. If you are one of her admirers you might write her in care of PHOTOPLAY'S New York office and tell her which style of hair-dressing you think is most becoming to her.



Reno shows Colleen another variation of "The Debutante" bob. Here she parts the hair high on the right side and draws it down flatly from the part into a few close but soft waves

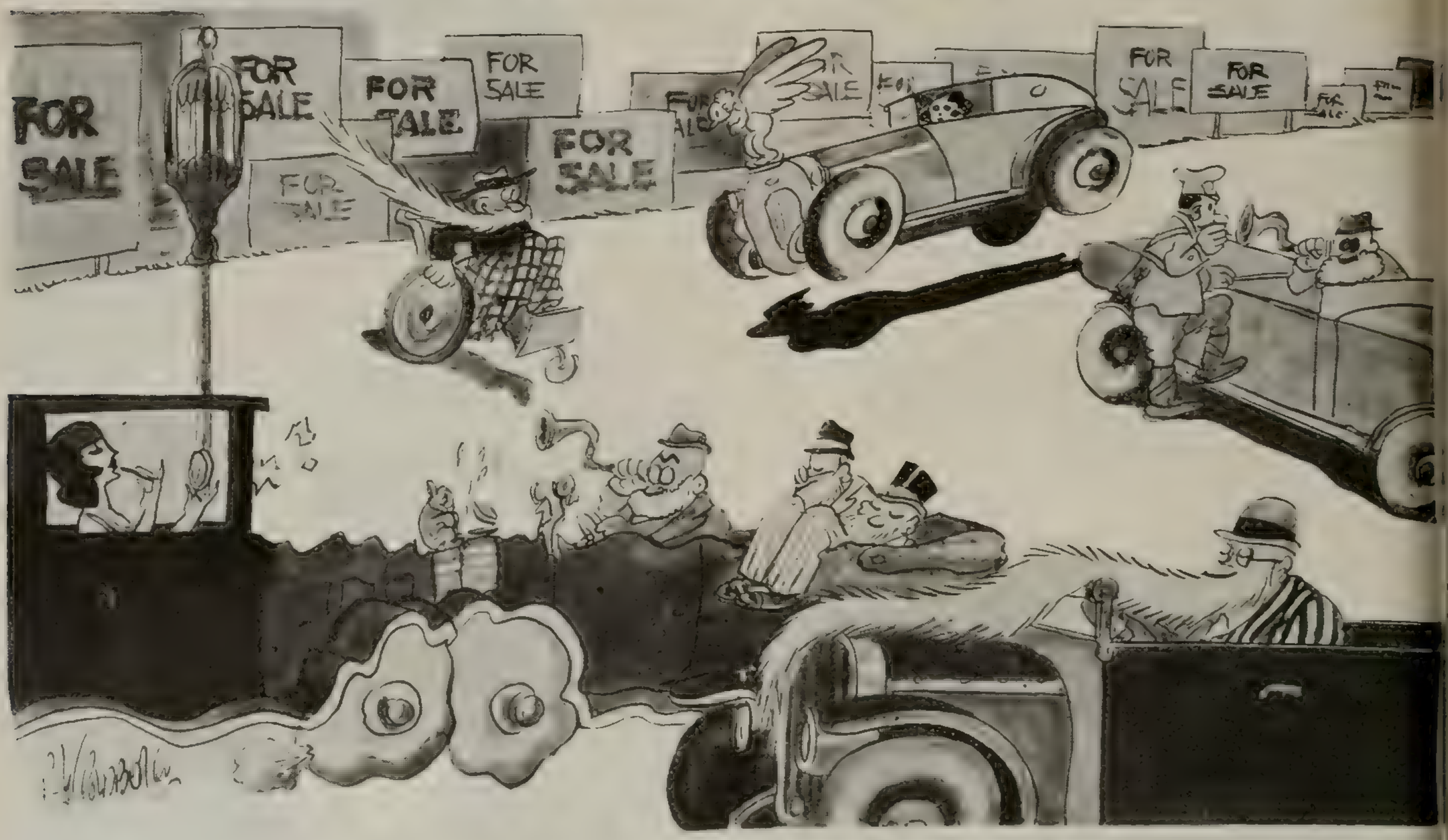


Well, now, whoever would have thought that a boyish hair comb would turn a cute Colleen into such an ultra-sophisticate? Kay Francis had better look to her laurels! This is Colleen's own dark hair, smartly brushed back



Even a Madonna hair-dress cannot subdue the Moore sprightliness. There's a neat bun at the back

Rube Goldberg's First



In Hollywood all the automobiles seem to be driven by dizzy women and eighty-year-old men



Ye Olde Rube

I PULLED up in front of a gas station that looked like Luna Park in Coney Island and before I could say what I wanted a sun-bronzed attendant, clad in immaculate white, thrust his head through the window and said, "God's country, isn't it!" I simply answered, "No," and drove off.

Everything in Southern California is fine. When you step off the train a representative of the Chamber of Commerce sneaks up behind you and gives you a jab of something that makes you feel sorry for people who have to live anywhere else.

Once you get the avocado dust into your veins you are lost to the rest of the world. You bulge with local pride and your eyes blaze with the light of ecstasy every time they break ground for a new cafeteria.

You develop that best-in-the-world complex. You know that you have the best roads in the world, the best ocean in the world, the best automobile collisions in the world, the best music in the world, and the best toothaches in the world.

I happened to be in Hollywood when the reports for the 1930 census came in. Extra papers appeared on the streets with screaming headlines: "Orange Manor shows stupendous increase of 568 per cent during last ten years;" "Bilgewater had three citizens ten years ago. Today it has ninety. An increase of three thousand per cent;" "All census records broken by Santa Boloney." I couldn't quite get the importance of these startling announcements.

Mere numbers never did impress me. If I had read, "John T. Zoolf, a resident of Pasadena, just invented a new self-tying shoe-lace out of his own head," that would have impressed me as being important. But what I started out to tell you about was my first experience in making a motion picture.

Frankly I was very much scared when I reported on the Fox lot the day after "The Golden State Limited" deposited my trembling form on an empty but beautifully illuminated real estate development. On the way to the studio I saw fourteen automobile collisions. All the cars seemed to be driven by dizzy women and eighty-year-old men.

When I arrived all the supervisors immediately called a conference. I felt flattered. But I soon found out that a conference in Hollywood is equivalent to a yawn anywhere else. While I waited they were holding a conference to decide how to dispose of a goldfish that had died during the night.

I had never written a scenario or a play so it was with short gasps and wheezes that I recited my plot to the assembled executives. My final gulp was greeted with an eloquent silence. I did not know that it is a matter of etiquette for the others to wait for the highest-salaried of the executives to speak first. He finally said, "I guess that herring I ate last night didn't agree with me."

THE next in financial importance spoke up. "You must be careful, chief," he said. "I stick to simple things. If you want something tasty and nourishing try pigs' knuckles with cream."

"Speaking of food," said the top notch supervisor, addressing me, "how would you like to have dinner with me tonight? Let's all have dinner. You're my guests." I felt flattered to be included in the invitation. They decided to pick me up at my hotel.

When the celluloid chiefs arrived I invited them upstairs for a cocktail. Much to my joy and surprise they accepted with astonishing agility. As the cocktails took their exhilarating effect the conversation drifted around to talk of where we should eat. Not knowing any of the Hollywood feed stalls I modestly allowed the movie giants to settle it among themselves.

Finally the host was struck with a brilliant idea. "Why not eat right here in this beautiful room?" he asked in the form of a question but which the others took as a final edict. The others knew at once they

By Rube Himself

Picture

Inventor of self-supporting socks lives through studio experience



They tolerated me because I made myself inconspicuous by posing on one of my modernistic lamps

would all eat in my room. The yes-men don't even bother to say "yes" any more. It is understood.

The chief mogul did all the ordering and I must say that he knew food. The lavish way in which he ordered bore out some of the glittering tales I had read about the fabulous grandeur of the movies. I think I ate six helpings of caviar and four tenderloin steaks. I wanted to make them believe I was no slouch myself.

The conversation became loud and general and I seemed to be the only one who noticed the pleading look in the waiter's eye as he stood there for half an hour dumbly afraid to bring up the subject of the check.

Suddenly the host announced that we were all going to the studio to look at a film that had not yet been released. They all made a grab for their hats and dashed toward the elevator. That is, they all dashed but myself and the waiter.

The waiter immediately lost his dumb, pleading look and assumed a scornful, threatening attitude.

I signed the check.

We went to the studio and saw the film. Then we went to the room of a moving picture comedian in a downtown hotel and watched him do card tricks for two hours. Each of the members of our party stole out of the room at various stages of the entertainment leaving me to drowsily applaud the mysticism of the amateur prestidigitator. However, the head supervisor did not leave so quickly that I was robbed of the opportunity of thanking him for his hospitality. He modestly brushed me aside and told me to forget it. But I couldn't.

IT was with a few misgivings and some suspicion that I took possession of the beautiful two-room bungalow they allotted to me the following day on the lot. I spent the first uneasy hour waiting for the rent collector. But none came. The moving picture people are indeed inconsistent.

There was a shower bath adjoining each room. A friend cleverly suggested that I call the place "Twin Showers" but a jealous gag man said the title should be, "They knew what he needed." I did not know why they had showers in offices until after I had been in Hollywood for a few weeks. It gave the executives a chance to wash the song writers out of their hair —and helped them cool off when they got hot under the collar.

An asbestos lawn separated my bungalow from the offices of the casting director across the way and all day long I could see beautiful girls pass my window. Although I had hopes, none of them came in my office by mistake. Every girl you saw was as beautiful as Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer or Janet Gaynor. You wondered why they were not all stars.

I SOON heard one of them order a lamb stew in the studio restaurant. She had a Bronx accent. The talkies spoiled it for all the dolls. Nevertheless they were still beautiful and every time I really wanted to concentrate on my work I had to go back to my hotel.

A friend of mine whispered that if they liked you personally on the lot you could go far. I walked up to everyone I saw and said, "I want to be liked." I slapped a movie director on the back and asked jovially, "Sidney, how are you coming along with your retakes?" He winced and answered, "Don't do that. I am doctoring for lumbago and you just set me back three treatments."

I graciously approached a female star and said, "You look simply wonderful. I hope your new picture is a knockout." She replied, "I'm sorry I haven't time to talk. I have a date with a plastered oil man to buy my $300,000 home and I don't want to miss him."

The only person I could find who would talk pictures around the studio was a newsboy at the entrance gate and I was told later that he was slightly cracked. In Hollywood they talk business only at social gatherings and talk pleasure only during business hours.

They liked my story after the first writing but made me write it all over again. In fact I rewrote it five times and they still liked it. If they don't like your story, they shoot it as it is.

As a rule they do not want authors hanging around the sets while the picture is being made. In fact, after the authors have finished the scripts, they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



How *to* Live High On $O a Year

Not all racketeers are gunmen — some are Hollywood picture players

IF you're famous and important enough in Hollywood, you can live like a lord—or lady—on nothing a year!

As a matter of fact, a good many do!

You've heard all about those bold, bad racketeers who prey upon the innocent, trusting little movie players, take their hard-earned salaries away from them, overcharge them for food, rent and clothes and otherwise make their lives a burden.

But the Hollywood rackets are not confined to the pineapple brigade. The players know a couple of neat tricks themselves. If you're an influential citizen of Hollywood and your name is smeared across the marquees of many theaters you can live comfortably on practically nothing a year.

Here are some of the stunts in which a few players indulge. For obvious reasons names cannot be given.

A certain clever woman player has had the use of expensive cars for a year without paying for them. It's all done with mirrors and a swift tongue. The lady goes into an automobile salesroom. The salesmen, seeing such an important customer, knock each other down getting to her. She explains, in her very grandest manner, that she would like one of their cars but that, because of her position, she should not be expected to make a down payment.

"But no, *naturellement*," exclaim the salesmen, pulling at their forelocks in gestures of obeisance. They are only too delighted to have her grace their product. She assures them that her monthly payment will be high.

All smiles (everybody happy?) the lady leaves with the car. But at the end of the first month no check arrives. Most discreetly, the agency writes her saying they're sure she has overlooked the first payment. (They're much more polite to her than they would be to you and me, ma'am). She does not reply. Another month slips by. Still no check. Again a note is dispatched. No answer and another month passes.

By this time they're pretty mad, so they come and get the car, which is quite all right with the player, since she has had the use of it for three months without charge. Nothing daunted, she goes into another agency and the same process ensues. She's been doing this for over a year.

Naturally, only well known and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146]

By Elaine Ogden

Too Much Sex Appeal



Alice White, cute but contractless, prescribes horn-rimmed goggles and flat-heeled shoes for the business girl

By Janet French

A YEAR ago Alice White was one of the most popular players on the screen. She was a star by public demand. Exhibitors throughout the country were certain of filling their houses when Alice's name appeared on their marquees.

With her fans, Alice is as popular as ever. But she is minus a contract. She has shaken the dust of the First National lot off her feet forever. Alice is the victim of that strange fantastic quality called sex appeal—"It" to you, Madame Glyn.

Because of her naughty eye, her cute legs and her pert manner, Alice lost five of the best stenographic jobs she ever had. After she became a star the sex appeal handicap still pursued her. She was suspected by nine-tenths of the wives in Hollywood. She discovered that the very thing that brought the fans into the theater to see her was what, eventually, lost her a starring contract. Sex appeal is a luxury, not a commodity.

"Believe me," said Alice, "the only way to get along in business is to wear horn-rimmed spectacles and flat-heeled shoes. The cute girl doesn't have a chance, honestly.

"I was a pretty good stenographer. I always worked hard and I needed the work. But I lost my first position because the wife of the boss thought I had too much sex appeal.

"The boss never got fresh with me. As a matter of fact the men are square shooters. It's the jealous wives, who haven't sense enough to keep their own husbands, who cause all the trouble.

"I was thrilled with my first job. I knew that I had to make good. Six weeks after I got it the boss' wife came in. She took one look at me and rushed into her husband's office. I was fired that afternoon. I was too proud to make the boss give me an explanation. I went home crying and told my grandmother about it. She couldn't understand and thought I must have been too fresh in the office, but I wasn't. I was too scared of making a mistake in my work to be fresh.

"I knew that it was not my fault that I had lost the job. It was just because a wife was so afraid of losing her husband that she could not bear to have one cute girl in his office. It did one thing for me. It taught me a lesson. When I marry I shall know a better way of keeping my husband than firing all the good looking girls who work for him.

"Once I was working as a stenographer in the publicity department of the Pickford Studios. I needed the work and seemed to be doing well when suddenly I got my notice. Later I learned that someone had seen me wearing a little cretonne dress that she thought did not cover me sufficiently. It was the middle of summer. I had made the dress myself, because I couldn't afford any others. It was short, like they were wearing them then. It was sleeveless because I wanted to be cool. I didn't have any idea that anybody would think it vulgar. My grandmother had said it was all right. Anyhow, I got fired.

"I WAS working as a clerk in an office. I was standing at the files one day when the boss' wife came in. She came over and started to talk to me and seemed very nice. I liked her and talked a lot. She said she thought it was a shame for me to be working in an office and that I should go on the stage. I just laughed. The next day I was fired.

"It's been the same way the whole time I was working in pictures. Do you blame me for having an inferiority complex? Do you wonder that I'm afraid to go in a room full of people? I know I'll be criticized and I'm scared to death

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



DISCIPLINE

NETTA LYNN wasn't accustomed to be kept waiting. That is to say she had grown unaccustomed to it recently—since she had shot up to stardom through her recent success in a picture. Before that she had done more than her share of it. And Don Stafford, for whom she waited now, was only a director.

For the fourth time in twelve minutes Netta glanced at her watch, and from her watch to the plain stern face of Miss Frendyce, who was Mr. Stafford's secretary. It was on the tip of Netta's tongue to suggest to Miss Frendyce that she remind Mr. Stafford of her presence, when the secretary suddenly ceased typing, searched with secretarial diligence among her papers for some memo, and not finding it, snapped out of her chair and whisked out of the room.

Netta took advantage of her opportunity. Getting up, she knocked at the door marked "Private," opened it a crack and peeked in. To her surprise she saw Donald Stafford calmly gazing out of the window.

At the opening of the door, he turned and saw her.

"Oh, come in, Netta."

"I thought you were busy!" she said shortly, extremely annoyed.

"I was," he returned blandly. "Sit down." He thought of explaining why he had kept her waiting. He owed it to her out of politeness. But what could he say except "I've been trying to summon up the courage to tell you some very bad news"? And his job was to break it to her gently.

So, perfunctorily, he said, "Sit down," and pretended to straighten the articles on his desk, still racking his brains for words that would hold some measure of comfort and hope.

By

Ernest Pascal

Read this true story of the dangerous days when the talkies struck Hollywood's spoiled darlings



Illustrated by

Everett Shinn

Don Stafford stared across the desk at Netta, and there was disgust in his eyes. "So you're going to quit, after you've lived on my money all these months, with your house and car and servants! Well, Netta, you can't quit. I've other plans for you!"

But Netta couldn't know that. She was furious. The idea of keeping her waiting! Just for the fun of it, she supposed!

To discipline her! That's what he had said to her once, when he had been directing her in "Birds of Ill-Omen." "You'll never be any good as an actress, until you've learned discipline!"

What rows they had had during the filming of that picture! And he had started out by being so sweet to her—almost too sweet! She had thought for a few brief weeks that she could get to care for him, really to care.

He was good-looking in a dark, artistic way, with a thin, almost gaunt face and deep, fire-lighted eyes. But that feeling was short-lived. Soon it was nothing but one quarrel after another, with him insisting that she play a scene his way, and she stubbornly insisting upon playing it "the way she felt it," whereupon he would rave and swear that she was ruining his picture. And how caustic and ironic he could be!

In the end, she had had the laugh on him because "Birds of Ill-Omen" had practically made a star of her overnight, while his direction of it had received only faint praise.

So naturally he had it in for her and enjoyed "disciplining" her—by keeping her waiting!

"Well," she asked coolly, after he had moved every tiny thing from one place to another on his desk, "when do we start work on 'White Roses'? Is the script finished yet?"

He shook his head.

"When will it be?"

He looked at her and wished that he could blot out her keen, insistent beauty—the clear, gentian eyes, the tender, lovely mouth. If she were only hard-looking and dissipated and calloused by life! Then it would be easy. But this girl, scarcely twenty, with her pretty dream-bubble in her fine, wilful little hands!

"Netta," he said suddenly, "I've got something very unpleasant to say to you and I'm going to say it bluntly because—well, because I don't know how else to say it."

"'White Roses,' you mean?" she asked quickly. "I'm—I'm not to do it!" Her voice faded almost away.

He nodded, and tried not to watch her eyes.

"IT'S going to be done as a talkie, and they are going to try to get Phoebe Fentree to play it, the woman who made such a hit in it on Broadway."

"But Phoebe Fentree has never been on the screen," Netta argued. "And she's thirty-eight, if she's a day."

"That doesn't matter," he retorted. "The talkies have turned the whole industry upside down, and none of the old rules apply any longer."

"But—but," she broke in, only slowly, realizing the hugeness of her disappointment, because for weeks and weeks she had dreamed and waked with the one burning ambition to play the coveted rôle of *Jenny* in "White Roses," "but they promised it to me. They said I was to play it. It's been in all the papers—and—and," she bit back sudden tears, "if I can't play *Jenny*, I don't want to play anything!"

He said nothing. There was a second blow he had to deal her that was more brutal than the first, and he shrank from it as he would from striking her physically.

"I suppose," she said angrily, "that they're going to put me in some stupid, silly picture!"

He shook his head again, slowly, gloomily. "They're not going to put you in anything—now."

Poor little Netta! The microphone had her whipped, until—

She stared at him blankly. "You mean—they don't want me—at all! You mean I'm—fired?"

"My dear Netta—"

"Don't say 'my dear Netta'!" she flashed at him in a burst of temper—or fear. "Tell me! I'm fired?"

"It isn't a question of being fired, Netta." He tried heroically to ease the hurt somehow. "It's a question of supplying the demand, and supplying it as adequately as possible. Yesterday—or rather a month ago—Pinnacle Pictures and all the rest of the big picture companies laughed at talkies. They thought it was a fad, a novelty. Now all they want is talkies. Silent films are finished—forever. And the only people they want are people with stage experience—actors, directors, writers. Even established stars aren't going to be wanted unless they come through with talk."

Suddenly she shot a question at him:

"Are you going to direct 'White Roses'?"

"I hope I am."



"But you haven't had any stage experience—as a director."

"No, but I think I could direct a talkie. At least, I'm going to make a stab at it—if they give me the chance."

"Why don't they give *me* the chance then?" she demanded. "I can act, and I can speak. And I can learn lines. I'll bet you anything you like that I can play *Jenny* and *talk Jenny* as well as Phoebe Fentree can! Give me the chance, Don. Make them give me the chance!"

"I can't, Netta."

"You mean—you won't!"

"Honestly, Netta," and he forced himself to look straight into those blazing eyes, "you haven't the technique to play *Jenny*."

"Oh!" she said—understanding. So that was it! *He* didn't want her. Directors generally had the final word in the matter of cast in the pictures they directed, and he had decided against her!

"I'M terribly sorry, Netta. You know that. But if you want to take my advice—"

"Thanks," she cut in, her voice like ice, "but the last thing I want from you is—advice."

Turning, she walked out of his office, and, in a daze of fury and bitterness and disappointment, out of the Pinnacle Pictures studio—fired!

That Netta jumped to conclusions and in so doing grossly misjudged Don Stafford was, to a degree, justifiable. For who knows whom in Hollywood? Strangers all, who come, with pasts unqueried, from a thousand different dots on the globe to meet haphazardly in vast studios. And pretty girls on their own (and not only in Hollywood) learn quickly, if they don't know it instinctively, that men, as a rule, regard them as lawful prey!

Not that Netta distrusted Stafford especially in this regard. On the contrary, his conduct towards her—after those first few weeks—had been disconcertingly impersonal. She thought merely that he disliked her, and considered her vain, conceited, and with an altogether too-exalted opinion of herself as an artist and actress. And as, deep in her heart, she knew he was right, she resented it the more fiercely.

This happened in the fall of 1928—in September, to be exact—that epoch-making month when, suddenly reversing itself, the industry went talkie.

A few weeks later Netta heard that Don Stafford had been "fired" too, and that a Broadway director with "stage experience" was coming out to direct "White Roses." She was glad. It would be prettier, no doubt, to set it down that she was sorry. But she wasn't. Malice, which in some measure lies in all of us, made her heart exult, while — paradoxically perhaps — it softened it towards him. The same rough hand had struck him down, too! Now he would taste some of her bitter medicine. And how bitter it was!

By Christmas the little near-star of yesterday was broke and discouraged. What Don Stafford had said turned out to be

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

She'd accept the stock job. She'd go to New York and tramp Broadway till she got a job. Anything, thought Netta, to get away from Hollywood, with its memories of past glory—its hopeless future



John Wayne, wearing his four bushels of hair (natural), plays a scene with Marguerite Churchill for "The Big Trail." Upper right, the handsome kid himself

Oh, *for a* Hair Cut!

By Miriam Hughes

Big John Wayne, who's made good in "The Big Trail," longs for the snip-snip of the shears

HE hasn't had a hair cut since February.

And when they told him he was to have the lead in "The Painted Lady" he stroked his long locks and asked if he were to be given the title rôle.

John Wayne is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. He'd give five hundred dollars (if he had it) if they'd let him get a hair cut tomorrow. But such is the price of fame.

John Wayne (Duke Morrison, to you football fans) began his picture career as a prop man. And, if you were to see him in the flesh, you'd believe him when he says he had no intention whatsoever of becoming an actor.

He won by a walk. Literally!

Here's the story. In 1925, a freshman at the University of Southern California, he made the football team, and during the summer, the school found a job for him and Don Williams, also on the varsity, at the Fox studio. Tom Mix told the two boys that he wanted them as trainers and that he would take them on location to Colorado with him. In the meantime they were put on what is known as the swing gang in the prop room. When you're on the swing gang you're a sort of glorified furniture mover, and not too darned glorified.

Weeks went by and the boys heard no word from Mix. They discovered that he had gone to Colorado without them. He had forgotten. Don Williams gave up in disgust, but John Wayne worked on and the next summer he was put on a company as prop man, which was a better job. During that year he broke his ankle and didn't play football until the term was almost over. He expected to return to school in the fall, but a loan which he hoped for did not come through and he had to go to work.

He had been a good prop man and he got a steady job with the Fox company. He hoped that, perhaps, if he worked hard and kept his eyes open some day he might become a director.

One morning he was on his way to his set carrying a table. Raoul Walsh was standing talking to a friend. John spoke to the friend. He didn't know Walsh.

"Who is that fellow?" asked the director.

"Prop boy on John Ford's company."

"I like his walk," said Walsh. "He might be O. K. for the lead in 'The Big Trail.'"

"Shall I call him and tell him you want to see him?" asked the friend.

"No," said Walsh. "I'll wait until he passes this way again."

Job-like, the director waited. He [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

NEWS!—VIEWS!—*of* Stars



Former Sennett bathing girl really steps off deep end! Madeline Hurlock in the Good Old Days. Recently she married Marc Connelly, noted playwright and author of "The Green Pastures"



International

Uncle Carl is Grandpa Carl now! Carl Laemmle, famous film veteran and president of Universal Pictures, proudly holds his first grandchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bergerman. The happy mama is Granddaddy Carl's daughter. And is the old gentleman proud!

OH, yes, you've read all about Clara Bow's fifty-cent chips and $13,000 checks, but there are a few little points that might be entitled:

"After the Bawl Is Over."

For instance, the wise cracks that flew up and down Hollywood Boulevard about the title of Clara's next picture. One mad wag suggested it be called "Check and Rubber Check." Another countered with the proposal to make it "Chips That Pass in the Night." But Paramount went them all one better by re-titling her next picture, "No Limit." Who says there's no sense of humor in Hollywood?

Another fast one was the come-back by the managers of the Calneva resort to the printed implication that Clara's drinks had been doped. They said: "Why, that's not true. We serve only the very best Scotch here!" So a squad of Uncle Sam's prohibition agents got into the story by raiding the place.

Will Rogers' denial that he introduced Clara to the gambling moguls was typically willrogersian. He explained that he went to Calneva with Clara and Rex Bell for dinner, but didn't have to introduce Clara to the gamblers. "It would be just as superfluous as to introduce Herb Hoover to the Senate," he said.

Clara Bow's lawyer had the last word when the thing was all finished. "The affair," he announced, "has been Clara-fied."

THEY'RE talking about the star who is so up-stage that when he looks in a mirror he refuses to recognize himself.

THE Ernst Lubitsch-Hans Kraly fisticuffing at Mary Pickford's nice charity party had its beginnings a long time ago, according to Florabel Muir.

It seems that during the making of "The Marriage Circle," some years ago, Mrs. Lubitsch and Mrs. Ona Brown, warm girl friends, had a falling out. Certain things then came to Lubitsch's ears concerning matters said to be going on right under his nose, and his long friendship with Kraly, scenario writer, came to an explosive end.

But Ernst kept the peace, and divorced his wife without scandal. It was not until the Embassy party, when Lubitsch charged his ex-wife and Kraly with poking fun at him on the dance floor, that the great director finally lost his temper publicly.

Then the smacking began, and eye-witnesses report that Doug Fairbanks himself rushed between the embattled Teutons, crying, "Gentlemen! This can't go on!"

GOSSIP!—*and* Studios

By Cal York



P & A

Charlie Chaplin (the fellow in the white cap and the tennis racket, if you've forgotten) and his best girl. She's Georgia Hale, his leading lady in "The Gold Rush," aeons ago. Charlie and his party snapped at the tennis tournament recently held at Los Angeles



The only informal picture for which Ruth Chatterton has posed in the last two years, and it introduces Jock, newest member of Ruth's family. She found him in a Hollywood pet store and here he is

And it certainly livened up Mary's party—even though it must have distressed the chatelaine of Pickfair.

This, incidentally, was the seventh bit of pommeling to be enjoyed in Hollywood so far this year!

ANN HARDING'S life is like a story-book or one of the fantastic movies in which she has played. And now comes a dénouement more exciting and thrilling than any plot a scenarist could conceive.

When Ann decided to go on the stage her father, an officer high up in the United States Army, completely disowned her, cut her off with a shilling, as we novelists say. For years her name did not pass his lips. She was no longer his child.

And then, several weeks ago, he was put into an army hospital at San Francisco because he was suffering from an almost incurable ailment.

On his sixty-first birthday Ann went to him. They had not seen each other for years—this pale, beautiful woman and this stern elderly gentleman, her father.

They looked at each other and, without a word, she put her arms around him. And she was his daughter again. She remained with him for a week or so and all the rancor of those years fell away from them.

"He's the bravest thing I ever saw," said Ann. "He is taking his illness like the soldier he is and all during the time I was there he kept everyone around him screaming with laughter by his brilliant wit. I wouldn't take anything for that reconciliation. It was the one thing I needed to make my life complete. We are perfectly happy now."

Just think of a pappy disowning Ann!

"UH HUH," as one of those Hollywood wits witted about the Rex Lease-Vivian Duncan-Harold Duncan series of fisticuffs, "it's just another case of an eye for an eye—both black."

IT was a big October for Lila Lee!

She recovered her health, and got a marriage license.

The desert for a few months restored Lila's vitality, worn to the danger point by terrific talkie work and rigorous dieting.

And Johnny Farrow, the blond scenario writer, stepped up to the license window with Lila. They had been romancing until shortly before Lila's breakdown, when there was a severe spat.

But they must have made it all up in a big way.



International

The oddest movie theater in the world! Half in the town of East Orange, N. J., and half in Orange. East Orange forbids shows on Sunday, so you see that half empty on the Sabbath, and the Orange part with a few customers. Those amusing blue laws!

FRIENDS of Constance Talmadge (Mrs. Townsend Netcher) say that they have seen Connie looking round at baby clothes and such things in the downtown stores.

EVERY Friday night, Lon Chaney used to attend the boxing bouts at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. The first fight night after his death, the announcer stepped into the ring and called attention to the vacant ringside chair which Lon had always occupied.

The lights were snapped out. Alan Hale climbed into the ring and illuminated his face with a flashlight. He recited a poem in memory of Chaney.

Theatrical? Well, theatricalism is the actor's dish, isn't it? And anyway, as a Hollywood writer put it, in describing the incident, the response that followed from that great crowd of fight fans there "was a touching tribute from men to the memory of a man's man."

We all have our way of doing things. . . .

GRETA GARBO, as you know (or should by this time, for we've told you enough), has but very few friends. Unlike most people of her type she does not keep these friends very long. For the minute they exploit her in the public prints (as they almost invariably do) she banishes them from the court of Garbo.

If you're Garbo's friend and would remain so you've got to take the oath of silence. Lilyan Tashman and Fifi Dorsay both forfeited the Garbo's friendship when they gave out the most flattering interviews about her.

AND then there's the producer who wanted to sue a newspaper because, when they printed an announcement that his latest picture had been "booked" at a big movie house, they made a typographical error.

They left out the "k" in "booked."

NOW that the big town is suffering from a rush of movie actors to its main streets—sort of hardening of the arteries, so to speak—New York is getting blasé about the Hollywood immigrants.

No longer do hysterical flappers pull fire-alarm boxes whenever Mary Brian or Nancy Carroll do a stroll down Fifth Avenue.

Nancy's been eating corned beef and cabbage at the old Lahiff family table in the Bronx, and working at Paramount's Long Island foundry. Mary Brian—oh, so pretty!—has been around town. Buddy—pardon me, Charles Rogers—before



Another pretty blonde Cinderella happens in Hollywood. Meet June McCloy, musical comedy girl from Broadway, who was "discovered" and given a big rôle in "Reaching for the Moon," the Irving Berlin singie

sailing for Europe with his mama in mid-October, did some of the night spots—now with Mary and then with Claire Windsor.

Ina Claire and Fredric March have been on deck doing "The Royal Family."

"TELL me one thing Jack Gilbert's got that I haven't," demanded the bit player of the nearest listener.

"A contract," was the laconic answer.

ONE of the gayest and prettiest trippers of the early fall was Dorothy Mackaill—the honey from Hull who jumped right back into the top flight of talkie stars with her charming toil in "The Office Wife."

During her New York stay she flitted around town in a big, shiny Rolls-Royce—the courtesy, they whispered, of a very big picture theater man who palpitates for *la belle* Mackaill.

And why not?

VIOLA DANA is married again!

Her third husband is Jimmy Thompson, a professional golfer of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Viola's first husband was John Collins, a young director who



International

A few pony skins for a pretty girl. June Clyde, Radio Pictures lass and bride of Director Thornton Freeland, wears this pony skin combination of two shades of tan, with kid pumps and French twill beret

died during the war-time flu epidemic. Then she married and divorced Maurice "Lefty" Flynn, one-time Yale football star and later a picture actor.

Good luck, Vi!

SEEN together at some of the places where people get seen together in Hollywood: Clarence Brown and Sally Blane.

And only a few short months ago he was engaged to Dorothy (Alabam') Sebastian.

WELL, you can begin to flutter any day now!

It appears as how the country is going to have a look at Maurice Chevalier.

Plotters are fixing up a tour of twenty one-night stands for the smiling Love-Parader when he gets back from his French holiday.

The idea is that he's to swing right across the continent, giving concerts in conjunction with Ben Bernie's band. The boys will entertain, and then Chevalier will come out for the second half of the show and sing plenty songs.

Now all we need is the route and then the country's ladies can begin to go mad.



No—not a Romeo and Juliet scene, but a well-known screen menace and the handsome stepson she acquires by her new marriage. In other words, Natalie Moorhead and the young son of her new spouse, Director Alan Crosland of Warners

EXCERPTS from Li'l Danny Cupid's Hollywood Notes: Claire Ray, beauty, who played *Winnie Winkle* in pictures, says she will not marry Roy D'Arcy, as published, for the adequate reason that she's already married to Charles E. Carnevale, Park Avenue and Four Hundred . . . Ruth Clifford becomes mama and Hubby Jimmy Cornelius, real estater, passes the cigars. It's a boy . . . Playwright Eugene Walter has to live apart from Mary Kissel, whom he married in Mexico, because his divorce from Actress Charlotte Walker isn't final yet . . . Pev Marley, divorcing Lina Basquette, testifies that she is so jealous she even objected to his photographing beautiful actresses and making them look beautiful on the screen . . . Luther Reed, who married Jocelyn Lee last June 15th, sues for divorce and says she threw dishes at him and raised a rumpus in Tia Juana, and Jocelyn Lee answers right back, denies it, and says she's anticipating a blessed event, as Winchell calls it . . . Alma Rubens files for divorce from Ricardo Cortez, charging desertion, and adding that she's tired of Cortez taking all the credit for her dope cure when it was really her own fight and victory. Now, now, Alma, be yourself . . . Blonde Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's latest leading lady, gets cuts and bruises when she jumps out of the moving automobile of her ex-fiancé Buster West and explains that she and he argued and he wouldn't stop to let her out when she wanted out so she outed anyway, and she won't marry West because her career comes first . . . Uncle Carl Laemmle is now Grampa Carl Laemmle since his daughter Mrs. Stanley Bergerman added a little girl to the family . . . June Marlowe, film actress, sued for damages in auto crash, denies she has a husband and explains that the "Armour Marlowe" who is co-defendent with her is her brother . . . Douglas MacLean's wife files Reno suit for divorce . . . Conway Tearle's ex-wife again sues him for back alimony and Conway remains in England . . . Ernest Torrence, Junior, marries Liliore Green . . . Mrs. King Baggot divorces King because, she charged, he set a bad example to their son by drinking . . . Constance Bennett and Joan Bennett at a play-opening in Hollywood and John Considine and the Marquis de la Falaise also there . . .

POLA NEGRI seems to be divorcing her Prince in earnest, this time.

The lachrymose Pole has gone before a Paris judge and asked her freedom. She did it once before, but withdrew the action.

Serge Mdivani and Perilous Pola were married in 1927. Since then he has had his name coupled with that of Mary McCormic, Chicago opera singer. And it looks [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

The grand old star, unbowed by time or exile, stands in his hilltop home and looks toward Hollywood

By
Frank Daugherty



The Gray Eagle of pictures, as he looks standing before the door of his ranch house on the "Hill of the Winds." Bill Hart is gray now—the gray of sandstone, not of age. His spirit undaunted by his long exile from the screen, he looks eagerly to the day he will make his first talkie for his fans

THERE'S news on the "Hill of the Winds," where the Gray Eagle of motion pictures perches—taking his ease and looking off across the plains toward Filmania.

Bill Hart is coming back to the screen!

Three picture companies have recently approached him with offers to return to the camera lines—and if three have done so, others must have similar thoughts. In fact, I can almost promise that he won't be out of pictures much longer.

Yes, there's news on that windy hilltop where the Gray Eagle has his aerie!

I am not a sob sister, and this account of an interview I had with Bill recently at his beautiful Newhall ranch, "*La Loma de los Vientos*," will, if I am successful, partake neither of the manner nor the method of these ladies.

Not that there hasn't been tragedy in Hart's experience. There has been enough of that, I suppose, to keep the tear ducts of any number of such ladies functioning for quite some time. Anyone seeking some knowledge of it may find it expressed in his autobiography, "My Life East and West," better than I or any of the soft-hearted press ladies could ever express it—for, in more than one sense, Bill wrote that book with his tears.

BUT there is another side to Bill Hart's life, quite apart from the tragic one, as is the case with every normal person. And it was in the hope of uncovering this side of him that I made the trip to Newhall one afternoon in mid-March, when the first green of spring had begun to paint the brown outline of the hills. I realized as I journeyed that what I was seeking might be hard to find. Many people have a side which they reveal in their normal, everyday existence, and a side they reserve for publication. Hart might be one of them.

It is even possible that that was another of the reasons why I was going. I had grown up with a very decided picture of Bill Hart gained from viewing his productions. The life of a recluse which he leads had kept me from learning anything of him at first hand in Hollywood. But some of the stories one heard of him weren't savory. He was held up to me as one who had been hurt once and then had deliberately quit. He had stopped fighting, they said, given up, retired, faded out of motion picture history forever. If I am able to change that view of Bill Hart, I shall have succeeded in doing him but simple justice.

Newhall proved to be three or four stores and a post-office in a cup of hills about ten miles beyond San Fernando, on the road that goes over the ridge to Bakersfield and the

Ol' Bill Hart Is Coming Back!



Bill Hart's beautiful ranch house, "The Hill of the Winds," ten miles from San Fernando, Calif. In the valley below lies the little town of Newhall. In the middle distance are foothills leading up to the snow-crowned peaks against the sky

valley route to San Francisco from Los Angeles.

"Look to your left after you cross the tracks," Hart had told me over the telephone. I looked, and *La Loma* was before me, crowned with Hart's red-tiled, rambling Spanish house. Over the same 'phone we had had a slight conversation about the gate—until I explained that I had once been on a farm and knew all about gates. And as I opened it now, I understood why he had been so solicitous. A rude mule eyed me with curious brown eyes as I swung the gate inward, and several saddle horses looked up from their grazing long enough to see if I resembled their master; then, uninterested, returned to their feeding.

A LITTLE way up the winding road, in front of a low ranch house which I took to be the cowboys' quarters, a dog raced back and forth along a wire to which it was attached and barked a friendly warning. No human was in evidence. I closed the gate and swung my car into the steep, winding road that mounted to the *hacienda* above. And it was on the high white wall that surrounded the house that I saw the name printed—"*La Loma de los Vientos.*"

It was on my lips as Bill Hart opened the door with outstretched hand. "Yes," he answered my implied question. "It means the Hill of the Winds. We nearly always have a breeze up here, even on the hottest days of summer." The "breeze" was causing me to hold my hat with my left hand while I shook my host's hand with my right.

We mounted a stair bare of carpet. Draped over the banister as we reached the second floor was one of the largest and most beautiful buffalo robes I have ever seen. On the first floor, workmen had been rebuilding the large open fireplace—the only thing he had specified that the architect should make as perfect as possible, Hart told me afterwards, and the only thing that had never been right about the house—and in a large sitting room on the second floor a man servant was spreading the floor with colorful Navajos. We entered his bedroom, which, without being in the least cluttered, yet gave the impression of being filled with a great many things.

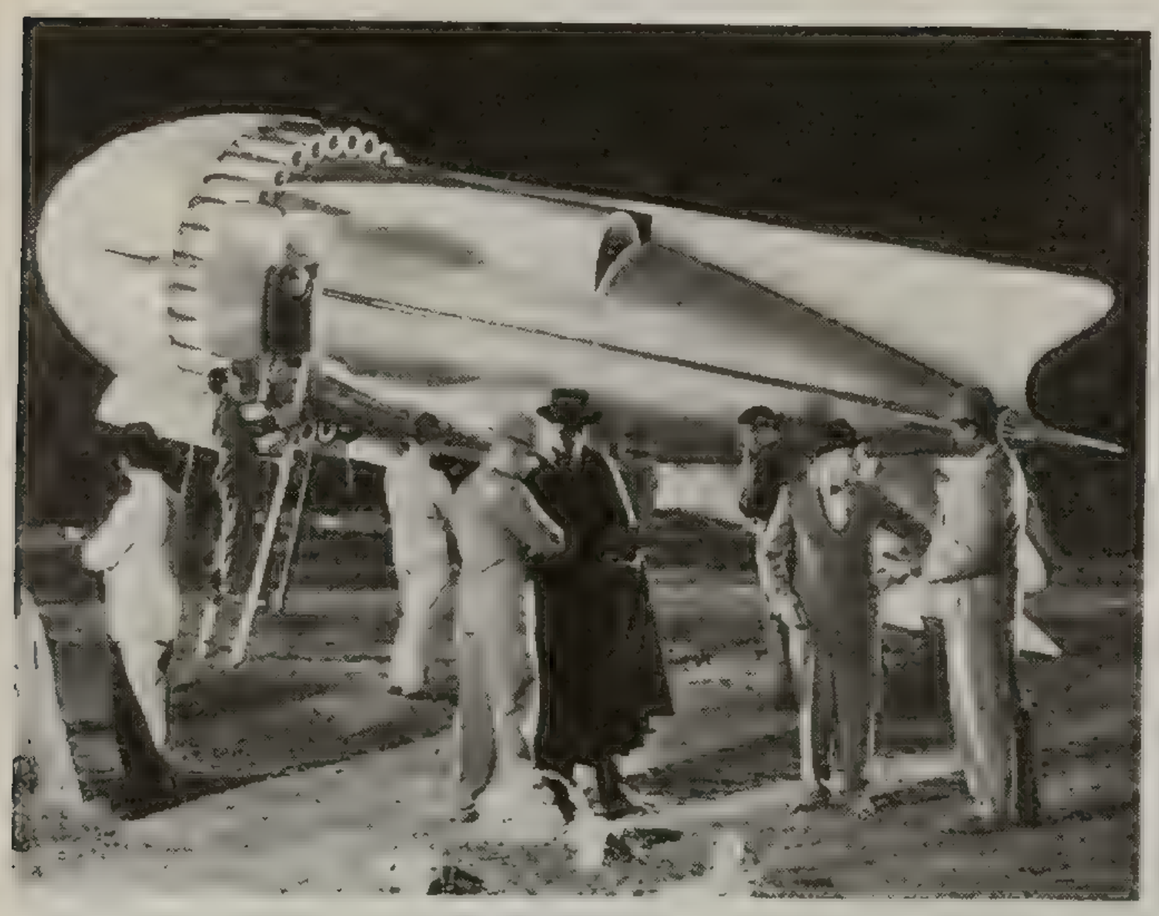
I fingered an old wampum belt of the finest bead-work that was sewed in a strip down the center of the bedspread. A rifle, an Indian bow and similar articles filled the corners of the room. Two bookcases filled with books of travel, of history, and of the West, were built into one wall; a writing desk of polished mahogany and a heavy chest—filled, I was later told, with relics of the old West—were lined against another.

All of his mementoes of the West, he told me, have been deeded to the Smithsonian. "They can take what they want," he said, "and throw the rest away." When they start throwing, I hope to be about with several wagons.

We walked outside. Hart's hill is a sort of peninsula that juts out from a curving range of its brothers and commands a sweeping view of a long basin of smaller serried hills that mount ever higher and culminate at last in the ridge of high mountains that form the Santa Barbara range.

PAST a combined garage and stable, a circling wall, a wide expanse of soft green lawn—and we had passed through a little gate in the wall and were in a sun garden that jutted, a few feet beyond, into a steep terrace that found its base in a ravine. A sun dial on a cement pillar stood in the center of the garden.

Scrub oak and sage and rich green grazing grass covered all the hills as far as the eye could reach, except where a brown scar marked the path of the swift and turbulent flood that broke its dam in the San [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]



☆ *JUST IMAGINE—Fox*

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

IT must be terrible to be the sort of person who can't get a kick out of this sort of thing! There may be a few such, and they're to be pitied! "Just Imagine" is delightful buffoonery, backgrounded by an ironical, fantastic conception of life in 1980. You shouldn't and can't take a second of it seriously—which makes it top entertainment.

Imagination explodes everywhere—especially in your funny-bone. There are colossal miniatures—what a paradox! Every-day life, food and drink, marriage, prohibition—all depicted as of a half-century hence. There are beautiful songs, romance enough, and a wealth of beauty. El Brendel runs off with the cast honors. John Garrick and Maureen O'Sullivan are young lovers, and Frank Albertson and Marjorie White hilariously lampoon young passion.



☆ *FEET FIRST—Paramount*

WELL, Harold Lloyd rings the bell again, and once more with a loud and clangorous bang. It looks as though the be-goggled veteran has another hit on his hands.

In short, the favorite comedian has delivered one of his extra good comedies. It is funny and exciting by turns—has more than a dab of Lloydian romance, and is as clean as the proverbial hound's molar.

In the new picture Harold plays a shoe-clerk with pleasantly amorous inclinations, all displayed with the dumb and wistful shyness that perennially marks his type of comedy. He gets a lot of fun out of the shoe-store situations, and then goes into his famous thrill stuff. When Hal begins hanging from skyscrapers by his galluses, it's always the signal for the customers to begin putting out their best brand of gasping. Lloyd's suspense sequences probably haven't an equal in the business.

For this one, Lloyd and his crowd of comedy constructors have concocted a large mess of new gags, and plenty of the old reliables, always good for howls, are trotted out.

Barbara Kent, that little peach, is again the object of his shy ardors, and Robert McWade, Sr., and Lillian Leighton are also noted in the troupe. Lloyd's second talkie, it seems to us, is better than his first.



☆ *KISMET—First National*

THE pool in which the beggar *Hajj* drowns bad old *Mansur* has now become an enormous tank capable of holding a dozen swimming maidens. Elephants march through the city's gates. Harem ladies loll in indolent ease. Bagdad's streets seethe with activity. It is breath-takingly lovely. And, of course, it is Otis Skinner's bow before the microphone. He is, as ever, perfect as the charming rogue.

If you are one of those who demand realism of your film fare, this is not for you. Here fantasy runs rampant. If you miss a couple of lines, you'll lose the gist of it all.

Besides the master technician, Skinner, there is David Manners, a grand caliph, and Loretta Young, the daughter of the beggar. Mary Duncan is seductive as the favorite wife.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

FEET FIRST
JUST IMAGINE
CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK
LAUGHTER
MOROCCO
A LADY'S MORALS
TOM SAWYER
KISMET
WAY FOR A SAILOR
BILLY THE KID
FATHER'S SON
SUNNY
THE QUEEN OF SCANDAL

The Best Performances of the Month

Harold Lloyd in "Feet First"
Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer"
Junior Durkin in "Tom Sawyer"
El Brendel in "Just Imagine"
Otis Skinner in "Kismet"
Freeman Gosden in "Check and Double Check"
Charles Correll in "Check and Double Check"
John Gilbert in "Way for a Sailor"
Fredric March in "Laughter"
Johnny Mack Brown in "Billy the Kid"
Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco"
Leon Janney in "Father's Son"
Grace Moore in "A Lady's Morals"
Marilyn Miller in "Sunny"
Evelyn Laye in "The Queen of Scandal"
William Collier, Sr., in "Up the River"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142



☆ *CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK—Radio Pictures*

FIFTY million Amos 'n' Andy fans are going to mob the theaters to see their idols for the first time. And they will not be disappointed. Big, hulking *Andy* and browbeaten, but rebellious, *Amos*, materialize on the screen without losing the quality that made them famous as voices. In many ways, their first picture is a brilliant job. Situations and dialogue are hilariously funny, and there are two or three gags that are masterpieces.

You'll see the famous Fresh Air Taxi, the pompous *Kingfish*, and a classic meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. True, *Ruby Taylor* and *Madame Queen* do not appear, although they figure in the story. There's lots of *Amos* (Freeman Gosden) and *Andy* (Charles Correll)! Sue Carol, Irene Rich and others are in it. Great entertainment.



☆ *TOM SAWYER—Paramount*

COME on, kids—from five to eighty-five! Let's go to the pitcher show!

For three years the country's youngsters have been missing many of the delights of the movies. The talkies, with their stage conventions and their lack of action, have almost lost the greatest audience of film fans. Now Paramount fires one of the first guns in the battle to bring back the happy boys and girls of old. Gun? It's a barrage!

This great Mark Twain yarn has been brilliantly done. Made into a whirlwind of real entertainment for everybody.

For the part of *Tom*, Jackie Coogan comes back to make his talkie début. They say he was paid $10,000 a week for his summer's work—and we say he was worth it.

As his pal, *Huck Finn*, young Junior Durkin is splendid. With the amazing Mitzi Green playing *Becky Thatcher*, we have a trio who fight neck and neck for honors, but whose joint work lights up the whole story of the children on the banks of the Mississippi. Mary Jane Irving and Dick Winslow are other youngsters who score. The seniors are capitally done by Clara Blandick, Tully Marshall and Ethel Wales.

A corking picture. Director John Cromwell has given the millions of picture-lovers a romantic and true screen telling of one of the best-loved of all stories.



☆ *WAY FOR A SAILOR—M-G-M*

THIS is a fast-moving maritime drama about three sailor boys, Jack Gilbert being one of them, and Jim Tully and Wallace Beery the other two.

The low-brow dialogue is so fitting for the characters that it hardly offends, but noisy background in some instances makes the voices indistinguishable. This is Gilbert's first opportunity since the talking apparatus has been so nearly perfected, and his voice shows great improvement. It is not the Gilbert of "Flesh and the Devil," rather it's a man's man, a hard-drinking sailor who takes his loves lightly.

Jim Tully doesn't act at all. That saves him. Wally Beery gives his usual flawless performance. Leila Hyams is the beautiful blonde for whom Gilbert nearly gives up the sea. Splendidly directed by Sam Wood. Not a dull moment.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆

LAUGHTER—
Paramount



AN excellent picture of two young people in love—with a millionaire husband chafing in the background. Nancy Carroll keeps on getting better every day, and Fredric March, as the young composer who loves Nancy and laughter, does his best work. Nice words, too, for Frank Morgan as the husband, and for splendid dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart. A first-rater. See it.



☆

BILLY THE KID—
M-G-M

JOHNNY MACK BROWN gives the show of his life in this free dramatization of a famous outlaw's adventures. If you say it isn't history, we say who always wants history in a theater? He's grandly supported, and the picture's a pip, with its sweep of open-country action. Metro made this on wide-screen film as well as standard. If you see the wide version, it's more thrilling.

☆

MOROCCO—
Paramount



THIS picture introduces Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's new sensation from Germany, to the American screen. She's like Garbo, like Jeanne Eagels, but most like Marlene. A vivid, fascinating woman, bound to stir up storms of talk. Gary Cooper, starred, is grand as a woman-chasing Foreign Legionnaire. And Director Von Sternberg introduced a thrilling new talkie technique. Hot stuff, this. Don't miss.



☆

FATHER'S SON—
First National

AN artistic picture—but don't be frightened. It also will be much beloved of audiences everywhere, for it's funny, pathetic and tremendously human. Just the simple story of a typical small boy whose dad finds it hard to understand him. But his mother does—and what a picture! Actors? Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, John Halliday, and amazing thirteen-year-old Leon Janney. A notable job.

☆

A LADY'S MORALS—
M-G-M



INTRODUCING Grace Moore, young and beautiful prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, to pictures. And what a voice! The story is based on incidents in the life of the famous Jenny Lind, and Miss Moore sings several lovely numbers, notably one written especially for the picture by Carrie Jacobs Bond. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. This will surely please you.



☆

SUNNY—
First National

WHO said singies were through? A gem of a picture like this makes us wonder. The radiant personality of Marilyn Miller smashes over this gay and tasteful film version of the stage hit in which she starred. To rave about her dancing would be to gild the lily. Excellent support is given by Lawrence Gray, Inez Courtney and Joe Donahue, brother of the late Jack. Swell!

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

☆

THE QUEEN OF SCANDAL—United Artists





A LADY SURRENDERS—Universal

ANOTHER musical hit, even if they do burst into melody at weird moments. Evelyn Laye, a beauty from England with a Broadway stopover, is charming, and John Boles is in grand voice and looks. Louis Bromfield wrote the story. Lilyan Tashman plays a bad beauty from Budapest, and Leon Errol's accordion legs gather their laughs, as usual. The thing is beautifully produced. Call it a sound success!

MARITAL woes, handled subtly and with charm, fill the best talkie Universal has made since "All Quiet on the Western Front." From John Erskine's novel, "Sincerity." The women in the case are well played by Genevieve Tobin and Rose Hobart—the men, by Conrad Nagel and Basil Rathbone. An adroit piece of picture making, this. It is recommended to the married folks as the talkies' domestic study-hour.

UP THE RIVER—Fox





THE SILVER HORDE—Radio Pictures

JOHN FORD has made another box-office picture, even with the "prison life" theme. This deals with the lighter side of life behind the gray walls and a constant stream of humor relieves any situation about to become tense. Certainly, there is an innocent victim and a prison break, but it's good stuff. Claire Luce, Spencer Tracy, and William Collier, Sr., are grand. You will like this picture.

REX BEACH'S red-corpuscled yarn becomes tingling phonoplay, and gives Evelyn Brent opportunity for a blisteringly hot portrayal. One of the season's wallopingest scenes is that wherein *Evelyn*, as the ex-loose lady, bawls out Jean Arthur, holier-than-thou society deb. Blanche Sweet appears neatly in a wise-cracking rôle. First male honors go to Wolheim, with Joel McCrea giving promise for future.

MOTHERS CRY—First National





THE VIRTUOUS SIN—Paramount

A BEST-SELLING novel has turned into a good motion picture, chiefly through the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. Here is a beautiful story of a woman's life from 1900 to the present day. David Manners and Helen Chandler are splendid as two of the children. Edward Woods, the black sheep, has a tremendously effective prison scene, but bad make-up mars his characterization.

WHEREIN sex and love get all tangled up in a mess of old-time Russian intrigue and international affairs. Colorful, and exciting at times, with a paradoxically happy unhappy ending. Walter Huston does another fine piece of acting in the rôle of the general. Kay Francis, the sleek, and Kenneth MacKenna, the suave, keep pace with the tempo Huston sets.

[*Additional reviews on page 112*]



The Motion Picture Public awards the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal to Warner Brothers for the best picture of 1929

AGAIN the motion picture public has said it with ballots—and in no uncertain terms!

They have awarded "Disraeli" the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor as the best picture released during the year 1929.

In one of the most interesting and significant ballotings since PHOTOPLAY instituted this famous award ten years ago, a talking picture starring a great character actor of the legitimate stage is given this most coveted prize of the film world. Verily, change has come upon the world of the photoplay.

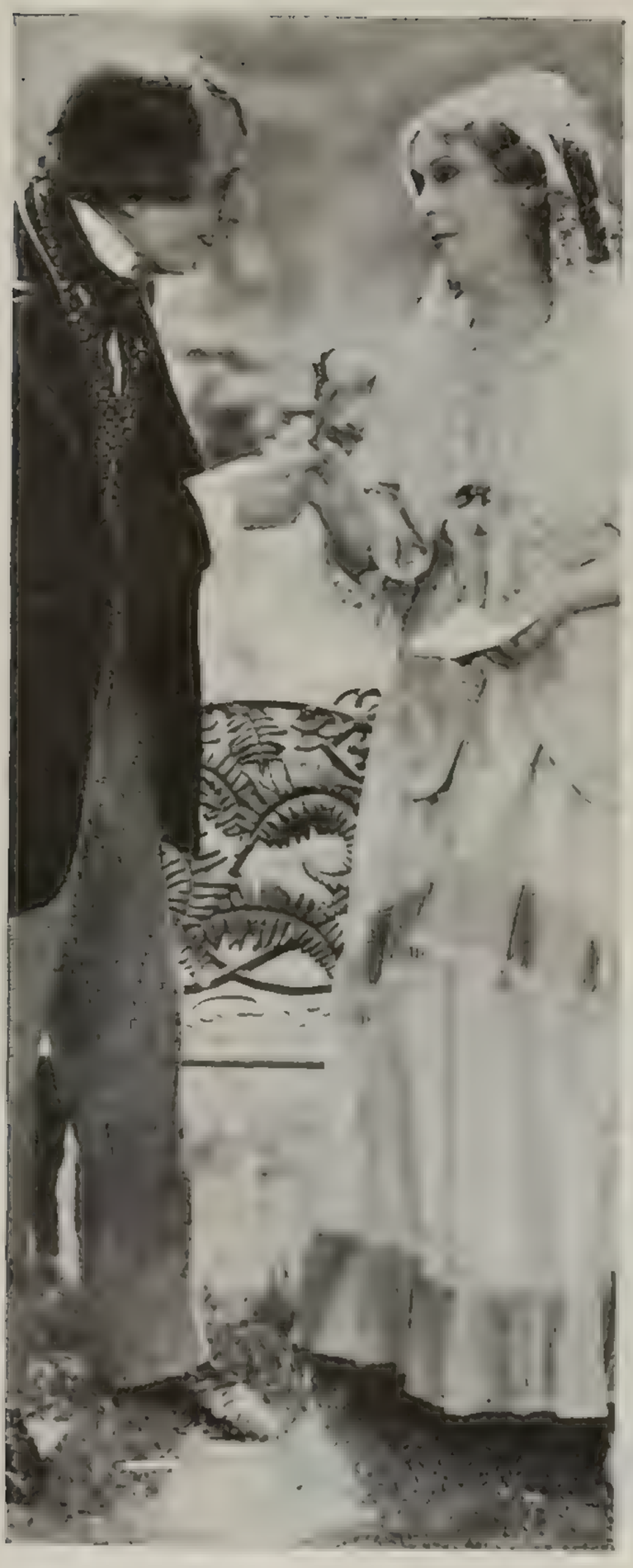
This, the tenth award of the Medal, was destined to go for the first time to a talking picture—legitimate offspring of the new art of the screen and the age-old art of the theater.

This lent unusual interest to this year's balloting.

What is even more significant, the fans followed the great tradition that has held sway in this voting during the past decade. Again the Medal goes to a picture that glorifies true sentiment against spurious sentimentality—genuine romance against bathos.

"Disraeli," for all its dramatic clash and clang of a great Empire's power in jeopardy, is primarily, and foremost, the story of a mighty Prime Minister's love for his gentle helpmate. The romance of the aged *Lord Beaconsfield* and his lady forms the background, and is the spirit, of this excellent picture.

Note the list of the other nine winners of the Medal, printed on this page, and you will see that honest sentiment, *sans* slush, has been the motivating force of all the great motion pictures which have been honored with the suffrages of the fans.



The romance of "Disraeli"! George Arliss and his wife, Florence Arliss, in a scene from the Medal-winning picture. Mrs. Arliss played Disraeli's wife in the phonoplay. It was the background of a lifetime of true romance that gave this film the victory

NOW as to the picture itself. "Disraeli," directed by Alfred E. Green and produced in Hollywood by Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc., opened in New York in the fall of 1929 and was hailed as an immediate success, both artistically and commercially.

Its star, George Arliss, beloved veteran of the theater, had been a failure in silent films in years past. In this picture, made from one of his stage hits, he was tremendously successful. After running for four months at the Warner Brothers Theater, New York, "Disraeli" continued its successful engagement at another house, visited by enormous crowds.

"Disraeli" was named as one of the best pictures of the month in the December, 1929, issue of PHOTOPLAY, and Mr. Arliss was credited with one of the month's finest performances.

Mr. Arliss' career is too well known to need extended comment. He has given his whole life to the theater of his heart, and for over twenty years, since leaving London, he has been an honored figure in the American theater. Since the success of "Disraeli," he has appeared on the screen in "The Green God-



Alfred E. Green, director of "Disraeli." A young veteran of motion pictures, Green began his film career in 1912

"DISRAELI" *Wins!*



dess" and "Old English," both Warner Brothers pictures.

ALFRED E. GREEN, the director, has been connected with pictures since 1912, when he began as an odd-job boy in the old Selig studios. He directed several of Mary Pickford's and Thomas Meighan's starring pictures. In the last two years he has made all three Arliss films and "The Man from Blankley's," John Barrymore's uproarious excursion into phonoplay farce. This year he was chosen, in the *Film Daily's* annual poll, as the outstanding director of 1929. Now he receives a second well-merited honor.

"Disraeli," the film, was adapted for the screen by Julian Josephson from the play by Louis Napoleon Parker.

Supporting Mr. Arliss were Florence Arliss, his wife; Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, David Torrence, Ivan Simpson, Doris Lloyd, and others.

Margaret Mann appeared for a brief moment as *Queen Victoria*. This white-haired woman was the leading figure in the 1928 Medal winner, "Four Sons."



Mr. Arliss and Joan Bennett in a scene from "Disraeli." Miss Bennett furnished the young (and secondary) love interest, teamed with Anthony Bushell. "Disraeli" was another step in the rapid succession of talkies that have given Joan distinction in Hollywood

Previous Winners

1920
"Humoresque"
1921
"Tol'able David"
1922
"Robin Hood"
1923
"The Covered Wagon"
1924
"Abraham Lincoln"
1925
"The Big Parade"
1926
"Beau Geste"
1927
"7th Heaven"
1928
"Four Sons"

Thus Miss Mann has the honor of being associated with two winners of this award.

The new Medal-winner gave great impetus to the rapid film rise of Joan Bennett, youngest daughter of Richard Bennett and now, at nineteen, one of the most prominent and sought-after leading women in pictures.

"Disraeli" was, however, a *tour de force* for Mr. Arliss—who, oddly enough, had a brief and unsuccessful fling at silent pictures a decade ago. Now, through the magic of science, he emerges as one of the most successful and beloved figures of the speaking screen.

Another noteworthy fact about the 1929 award is that the great army of picture lovers who voted it agree with several hundred newspaper and magazine critics of the country. In a nationwide poll, conducted by Film Daily, these ladies and gentlemen of the press unhesitatingly awarded the title of best picture of the year to the Arliss film.

A word about the Medal itself. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

"DISRAELI" is in every way a worthy winner of this cherished award, THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal of Honor for the year 1929. It follows the royal line—it is truly a picture in the great tradition.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates its producers, the Warner Brothers, Director Green, Mr. Arliss and the other names and talents concerned in the creation of "Disraeli."



Oh, What A Gown!

AND oh, what a girl is wearing it! Jeanette Loff, the Universal crash, wearing one of the gowns she'll adorn in "The Boudoir Diplomat." Of blue tulle over blue satin, with rhinestone ornaments. What novel lines! Silver gloves, too.

By Andre-Mi

50 Men *Who Rule* The Movies

PHOTOPLAY'S Editor essays a list of half-hundred men who guide picture destinies in America

By

James R. Quirk

TO my mind, the men who rule motion pictures are the men actually engaged in the creation, production and sale of them to the public in America.

In this list you will find no bankers, no censors, no directors, and but four actors.

If we started to name the bankers who are financially interested in pictures and who exert tremendous power in the selection of executives, the formation of fundamental policies and financial direction, our list would be over-long.

And it would be almost impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the influence these men exert on production—the creation of pictures, in which the public is vitally interested.

No—this list is not concerned with mere prime ministers who pull strings in the shadow of the throne. It has to do with the men in the front line trenches—the men who make our pictures, who are in a large manner responsible for what we see and hear.

Censors? Some few State censors exert a great deal of power, but it is largely destructive. In no way do they rule the destinies of this great entertainment force.

The list of directors who have made good pictures would be a long one. Moreover, they work under producing heads who can praise or damn their creative ideas and efforts.

THERE are four actors on this list—Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Conrad Nagel. The first three are included because they are absolutely independent producers whose pictures are both important and significant in the trend of motion picture production. Nagel is on the list because he is Vice President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and one of the most potent forces for amicable relations between the producer and the actor. In a large measure he is the movie actors' Voice in all disputes between the manager and the player.

On the list are many names unfamiliar to the picture devotee, and many of them are those of sales managers. The layman, perhaps, is unaware of what tremendous influence is wielded by the gentlemen who sell pictures to the thousands of exhibitors throughout the country.

They have their fingers on the pulses of the public. They know, with sureness, what the nation as a whole wants on its screens. They are the super-contact men between audiences and producers, and as such, possess enormous influence in the industry.

TWO omissions from this list may be noted. They are the names of Thomas A. Edison and David Wark Griffith.

Edison invented the motion picture, but his interest has ceased and he has no connection with the industry today. Griffith, great pioneer, is a director who makes his pictures under the orders of producers.

George Eastman, head of the largest film raw stock company in the world, is still actively interested in the quality of motion picture photography, which is such a vital part of any picture.

Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount Publix, needs no introduction to the public.

Louis B. Mayer is Vice-President and production head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company.

Walter Wagner and Benjamin P. Schulberg are the active producing heads of the Eastern and Western studios of Paramount Publix, under the direction of Jesse L. Lasky.

H. M. Warner is the President of Warners Bros.; Albert Warner, Vice-President and Treasurer, and J. L. Warner, Vice-President in charge of production. Samuel Morris is General Manager, and Claude Ezell is the General Sales Manager.

Harley L. Clarke is the President of the Fox Film Corporation. Winfield Sheehan is in direct charge of all production activities of that company. James R. Grainger is the Sales Manager.

William Fox has retired from the presidency of the firm which bears his name and is now Chairman of the Advisory Committee.

Samuel Goldwyn is an independent producer.

Samuel L. Rothafel is the outstanding exhibitor of America today.

Howard Hughes is an independent producer.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

Joe Brandt
Hiram S. Brown
Charles Chaplin
Harley L. Clarke
R. H. Cochrane
Harry Cohn
Cecil B. De Mille
William C. De Mille
Ned E. Depinet
Walt Disney
George Eastman
Claude C. Ezell
Douglas Fairbanks
Felix Feist
William Fox
Samuel Goldwyn
James R. Grainger
Earle W. Hammons
Will Hays
William Randolph Hearst
Howard Hughes
Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus
Sam Katz
Joseph P. Kennedy
Sidney R. Kent
Carl Laemmle
Carl Laemmle, Jr.
Jesse L. Lasky
William LeBaron
Al Lichtman
Harold Lloyd
Louis B. Mayer
Sam E. Morris
Conrad Nagel
J. E. Otterson
S. L. Rothafel
David Sarnoff
Joseph Schenck
Nicholas M. Schenck
Joseph I. Schnitzer
B. P. Schulberg
Mack Sennett
Winfield Sheehan
Herman Starr
Irving Thalberg
Walter Wanger
Albert Warner
H. M. Warner
J. L. Warner
Adolph Zukor

She *Threatens* Garbo's Throne

By Katherine Albert



Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in "Morocco," her first American made picture

Rally 'round, you Garbo-Maniacs! Like it or not, the battle is on, and Marlene Dietrich's glamor flames upon the screen!

WHEN the first close-up of Marlene Dietrich flashed upon the screen at the Hollywood preview of "Morocco," a woman sitting just in front of me said, "Why—why, it's Greta Garbo!"

A girl a few seats away turned to her companion and said, "Oh, who is that girl? She's so like Garbo, only—only she's prettier."

And thus an entire campaign of publicity fell about the heads of the Paramount staff. For weeks they've been sending memos insisting that their new German find, Marlene Dietrich, never be mentioned in the same breath with Garbo.

Because of the fact that she talked about her baby during her first interview they declared that she should have no more interviews, but when it was pointed out that this was the Garbo policy at another studio they opened up their hearts and allowed members of the press to see her.

Paramount is fearful lest Marlene be killed, professionally, by the Garbo comparison. They have still clearly in mind the sad cases of Mary Miles Minter, "the second Mary Pickford"—Paul Muni, "the second Lon Chaney," and all the various "second Valentinos." Rightly they should be worried. Since, so firmly implanted in the fan heart is Garbo, that even the suggestion that anybody else could be like her means a fight to the finish.

The same woman who had believed, at first glance, that Marlene was Garbo later said, when Dietrich appeared in a white sports coat and a beret pushed back off her forehead, "Oh, she's trying to imitate Garbo!"

How the fans will react, how they will accept this strange and glamorous girl who threatens Garbo's throne, remains to be seen. It depends upon just how much hysteria Garbo has inspired. And that, take it from me, is a lot of hysteria.

There is a story in "Morocco" itself. Directed by the little genius, Von Sternberg, it introduces the new technique, for it is a silent picture with incidental dialogue. Scene after scene is played without a sound. When you've left the theater it is difficult for you to remember that a word has been spoken.

It is Gary Cooper's starring picture—at least that is what the title sheet tells you—yet Dietrich has two reels of footage to Gary's one. Von Sternberg, you see, believes that Dietrich is the new sensation. When he discovered her in Germany he said, "Thank God, you're not like American actresses. You can make more than three faces." He not only gave the picture to Marlene; she took it.

At the risk of having all the Garbo fans bear down upon me in a body, I must say that Dietrich has the same fatal allure as the melancholy Swede, the same deeply vitalized, mysterious quality, the same ability at that utter calm which bespeaks a raging torrent beneath and yet—oh, I must say it, along with the girl at the preview!—she is prettier, she is fresher, she is, somehow, more attractive. The loyal Garbo fans will rail against her. They will hate her because they will be jealous of her and the sure steps she is taking to the Garbo mountain of silence.

What is this strange girl like, really? What does she possess that gives her the quality Garbo has? Whence does she come?

LIKE Garbo on the screen, with that long face with the shadowed cheeks, that deep, throaty voice, Marlene is almost nothing like her physically in real life. Her face is round, her nose turns up, she smiles.

But emotionally she has much in common with Garbo. If Oscar Wilde is right and "there is no mystery so great as misery" then Marlene Dietrich is mysterious. She is by far the most glamorous and enchanting woman who has come to Hollywood since the white flame from Scandinavia arrived.

Humble she is, as a great astronomer who knows how little all his knowledge avails. She is unhappy as a lyric poet.

During one of the coldest [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



IF this glittering, glamorous German girl isn't a million-candle-power sensation, Paramount will be out a stack of blue chips! Glowing reports of Marlene Dietrich's work in the new "Morocco" picture directed by Joseph Von Sternberg keep a-rolling in. Read about her on the opposite page

Natalie's



What a hostess gown! Fuchsia transparent velvet; draped neckline and double train; lace half-sleeves to look like mitts



An ensemble for a queen, or a picture star bride! Royal blue velvet is collared, cuffed and flounced with ermine. Draped velvet hat

HERE it is!—Natalie Moorhead's trousseau for her marriage to Alan Crosland, the director. Every fold and flounce is Hollywood designed.

We're sorry we haven't space to show you all the gorgeous clothes. For instance, besides these, there's a beaver-trimmed sports suit of beige lace tweed into which large gold dots have been woven. And a short ermine jacket, with elbow-length cape edged in white fox. And a blue and silver metal moiré evening wrap that reaches the ankles.

One or two models are so unusual that only Natalie's smart, sophisticated type could carry them off. But all of them have ideas you can adapt.

Trousseau



In between pictures and parties, Natalie might snatch a few minutes for forty winks or the newest novel. That's when she'll enjoy this tangerine velvet negligée, trimmed with beige maribou





A jacket frock that oozes style from every seam. Gray crepe Elizabeth, with insets of purple under each box pleat, and cutaway, caped jacket of matching purple. Gray turban and gloves

A gown and gloves decidely different. Egg-shell satin with pleated black chiffon panel ending in a brief train. Black suede gloves made on bands of rhinestones that hook above the elbow. Designed by Earl Luick

Photos by

Irving Lippman



THE incomparable Chatterton and Paul Lukas in her new "The Right to Love." Ruth plays several characters in this, at various ages. Lukas, who refused to let his accent be whipped by the talkies, is having a skyrocketish rise to fame. His story is just across the page

Lukas *Masters the* Microphone

By Marquis Busby

A FOREIGNER, knowing not one word of English, when he arrived in Hollywood, has conquered the talkies! He has learned to speak English fluently—with only the slightest and most attractive accent.

Paul Lukas is a star!

He is playing the leading rôle in "Ladies' Man."

That may not be amazing to the many fans who have been cheering for the polished Hungarian ever since his appearance in the last cycle of Negri films. But it is sensational, nevertheless.

He has achieved fame since, and not before, the talkie era.

He has kept his head.

He has used it.

He has become a naturalized American and refrained from belittling the country whose wealth baited him from his own.

And the fans, without direction and assistance from press agents, ballyhoos, producers, investment council, oracles or billboards, have made him a star.

Their recognition of his talents, their appreciation of his charm, has resulted in the only conspicuous promotion of a foreign language actor since the talkies.

Paul Lukas, under the most severe natural handicap, has made good.

The Lukas story is a simple one, but certainly eloquent and inspiring. As a young man in Budapest, Lukas trained for the theater. He played Hungarian repertory. When pictures first threatened the stage, he had the vision to recognize their potentialities. He was not too proud to step down and play bits.

MICHAEL CURTIZ, now a Warner Brothers director, then directing Hungarian films, gave him his first chance. While making a picture, one of the principals one day failed to show up. Production would be halted. Valuable time would be lost. Lukas stepped up and tactfully expressed the belief that he could play the rôle. Curtiz agreed to take the chance. Lukas became prominent in films in Hungary and Germany.

In the gaudiest days of silent movies, scouts watched European studios intently, eager for new faces to buy, new personalities to exploit. Lukas, working quietly in Hungary, was spotted by a Paramount scout. Both Jesse Lasky and B. P. Schulberg, of Paramount, watched his work before offering the contract which was to bring him to America.

Traveling on an American boat, eating steak all the way across because it was the only English word he knew, Lukas finally arrived. He was a character actor—not a star. No delegation of officials met him down the bay. No hoop-la colored his arrival.

He went to Hollywood. He made a strong impression in the last of the Pola Negri pictures.

Suddenly, the talkies exploded the comfortable security of Hollywood's foreign colony. Jannings, Baclanova, Pola herself, were toppled from the heights. They packed up their jewels and platinum set securities and went home.

Lukas, at the time, was working in "The Wolf of Wall Street." It had been intended for silent release. But the studio had to join the all-talking parade. As Lukas couldn't speak English, another actor had to be called to dub-in his voice. The result wasn't quite happy.

Lukas, who knew not more than a few words of English, dropped out of sight for seven months. The studio saw nothing of him. His friends wondered where he was. But he hadn't gone [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]



Handsome Paul, the first foreign actor to whip the American talkie situation, heads full tilt for stardom



Why I'm On *the*

New York is all cluttered up with stars and near-stars who have had a movie fling and are now daring the footlights

NEW YORK has become so cluttered with ex-movie stars the street-cleaners are complaining about the awful number of ermine-tails they are required to sweep from Broadway every rosy dawning.

Trailing their inevitable ermine evening wraps, exuding the inevitable odor of special blend musk and ambergris, the glittering sorority swoops down upon every first night, opens every new supper club, views every new fashion showing, lunches on the East Side, larks on the West Side. And it's all so jolly. What a relief from Hollywood and the grind of being a picture star!

At least that's what they say when some chatter writer, hard pressed on Monday morning for a hot celebrity to interview, remembers that Miss Kissy Fadeout is around town.

Illusion is the business of a movie star, so they may be permitted to harbor a few of their own. But reality peeps through the pretty tulle ruffle of pretense. New York wouldn't seem quite so gay were Hollywood to insert one tiny notice in the most obscure metropolitan agony column:

"Kissy, come home. All is forgiven. Contract waits.
Mama Movies."

Trains would be so crowded the exquisite orchids of the screen would be riding in baggage cars with their orchidaceous griffons.

THE stars in New York are the stars on the outside. Waning popularity. Too many box-office flops. Overbuilding. There are as many reasons why certain stars are on the outside as there are alibis to evade them. Of course, many of them WILL come back. But at present they work while they wait.

The most popular alibi is: "I wanted some stage experience." This one is pulled by stars who have landed jobs in legitimate, vaudeville, road shows, and picture house presentations.

"Hollywood is terrible. It's killing to live there." This is pulled by stars who went out to the Coast on six-month options, flopped, came back.

"I needed a change. Hollywood staleness was getting me." This is pulled by stars who haven't yet decided whether to sail for Europe or open a miniature golf course.

And they all harbor a little secret yen to try a come-back as they peep wistfully over the studio fence. One day many of them will jump over again. But not just now.

Let's crash a Broadway first night. It must be a pretentious one. Legitimate. Heavens, not movie!

Who's that exquisite blonde with the dashing Latin cavalier down in the second row? Vilma! Yes, and it's Rod La Rocque. Rod and Vilma are to be co-starred this season in a Hungarian comedy—one in which Vilma's accent won't be grotesque. Vilma's position in the movies became dubious with the dissolution of the Colman-Banky team. Then talk. Then the accent. Vilma's a stage star now.

And the smart brunette in the next row? Can that sophisticated looking young woman be the gamin Colleen Moore? Sure enough. She, too, is rehearsing a play for Broadway.

Colleen's divorce from the movies was long predicted, but still spectacular. With no stage training and little movie experience, Colleen skyrocketed to the top as a type. She was the greatest box-office star, the darling of the exhibitors, until the advent of the Bow. Dethroned by Clara, Colleen nevertheless held her own and, under the shrewd managership of husband John McCormick, commanded one of the biggest salaries ever paid a film star.

She gamely tried to talk. First an Irish accent. Then a French. But a Polynesian accent wouldn't have forestalled what was in the cards. Miss Moore finished her contract with First National. Negotiations with other companies came to zero. Incompatibility stepped in. Colleen divorced her husband-manager. The movies divorced Colleen. She's harvesting experience on the legitimate stage.

COLLEEN and Virginia Valli have taken a pent-house apartment—with a lease. Virginia is another decorative member of New York's interesting ex-movie star colony.

There's Lina Basquette over there. Lina is going to dance again. Convinced that sinister influences were at work against her in Hollywood, depriving her of her child, thwarting her career, Lina is back on the Broadway from which she started. Her movie career was tragic. She'll begin all over again as the dancing star of one of the most popular supper clubs. Harry Richman's to be exact. He's a Clara Bow boy friend.

There's Dennis King. Why, it's hardly a year since he went into the movies. Back so soon! Never such a hoopla was raised over a screen acquisition as Paramount optimistically built for Dennis. Thousands were spent to exploit a new matinée idol. Carloads of critics were imported from key cities to attend the Broadway opening of "The Vagabond King." Raves were carefully mixed and baked in Paramount's hottest



Outside Lookin' In

By

Paul Jarvis

good-will ovens. Hundreds of corks popped. But so did Dennis!

Dennis isn't the only King dethroned from the movies. Charlie, over there, is back on Broadway. And a year ago he was M-G-M's pet of song-and-dance films. Broadway hooted when Charlie King went West to break into movies. Charlie was no chicken. But when "The Broadway Melody" broke loose, presenting a King who looked no older than Charles ex-"Buddy" Rogers, the laugh was not on Charlie. He was aces —for a few months.

Then song-and-dance films went out. And song-and-dance men with them. The King had had his day.

THE decline of musical movies tossed plenty of stars over the fence. See Bernice Claire over there? What a build-up Miss Claire got. First National was so convinced she was a potential box-office queen, they put her in straight drama, "Numbered Men," when the tide turned back from color and music. But Bernice never quite clicked. Now she and Alexander Gray are working out their contract in vaudeville, in the same act—and the same boat.

Tom Patricola's back in vaudeville, too. He and El Brendel were snatched away from the halls at about the same time. Brendel went over. Tom, whose specialty was eccentric song-and-dancing, went over the fence.

The Spanish looking gentleman over there is Paul Muni, erstwhile Muni Weisenfreund of the Yiddish Art Theater. He's back on Broadway for a different reason. Muni was let out because he was too young to be a character star and too good to be a pretty-boy juvenile. A critics' actor. The critics raved. But the fans didn't want realism. They wanted romance. Over the fence went the distinguished Mr. Muni.

The girl with her hat down over her eyes, so timid about being recognized? Why, our old friend Lillian Gish. Lillian listened to the advice of her friend, Mary Pickford, and tried a come-back. "One Romantic Night" was a poor picture. Miss Gish was presumed to have "outgrown" the movies, anyhow. She has the desire to do "artistic and worth while" things in the theater, *à la* Eva Le Gallienne.

Dorothy, too, is turning to the stage, while husband James Rennie sports a brand new First National contract to become a movie star.

The big-eyed brunette in the next row? You remember Lya de Putti, of "Variety." Everybody remembers "Variety" and tries to forget Lya's disastrous career as an American star under the guidance of American directors. Lya came to America with all the fanfare which attended the Negri advent. But nothing happened. The fans said, "No, thank you," and Lya was outside.

Yes, that's Greta Nissen. Greta is frank about her ambition to crash the movies again. If Garbo, from Sweden, can speak English and make good, Greta, from Norway, can try. She has been in vaudeville and stage plays for two years. If some producer doesn't give her a chance to come back, she'll be on Broadway another year more.

LILLIAN ROTH, over there? You'd never believe that Lillian was on the wrong side of the fence. They say it was temperament and mama-management, but Lillian is just working out her contract in submerged rôles like the ingénue lead of "Animal Crackers." Then back to vaudeville. An ex-movie star.

Olive Borden, sure enough! A vaudeville sketch for Olive. Last year it looked as though she finally were going to make good. Radio Pictures got Olive as a souvenir with FBO. They tried everything, even dyeing her hair. But she was still Olive Borden. A tepid box-office star.

Yes, the blonde in blue is Dorothy Mackaill. But you needn't worry about Dorothy. A few weeks ago she was slated for the discard. Her contract had expired. Her fans had gone cold. Then along came "The Office Wife." A box-office picture with Dorothy Mackaill! New impetus! If First National didn't re-sign Dorothy, a competitor would. So First National re-signed, at more money, and with the sensational stipulation that the star might have something to say about her stories.

The Mackaill case was unique in the movies. Never before has any player landed solidly as a star with what was to have been the final picture!

Dorothy's contrasting experience is eloquent. The box-office said "Yes" on Mackaill. It had said "No" on the others. The omnipotent fans have given back to Broadway the most glittering army of erstwhile and almost-movie stars which ever have ornamented the poor old stage.

WHAT happens to our movie friends when contracts expire, talkies menace or they are otherwise smitten by fate? They go on the stage! Two years ago stage actors were hustling to Hollywood for the infant talkies. Now the big parade is marching the other way. Favorites of the silent days fill Broadway, hoping and working for new success and popularity in the theater.



Walter Huston as *Abraham Lincoln* in the new talkie

The Peerless Huston!

By Harriet Parsons



Huston's talkie début in "Gentlemen of the Press"

Walter adds Abraham Lincoln to his gallery of great parts

RELAX, folks! There isn't going to be another actor with a Lincoln complex in our midst. The last man who was chosen to portray the Great Emancipator on the screen couldn't forget about it after the picture was over. For months he appeared in public wearing the famous stovepipe hat and shawl.

But you won't see Walter Huston shambling along the boulevard with head bent, hoping people will think he looks like Lincoln. For one thing he's too busy. As soon as he finished making "Abraham Lincoln" for Griffith he had to start work on "The Virtuous Sin" for Paramount. That meant immersing himself in a new characterization—forgetting Honest Abe.

Although Walter Huston was chosen from fifty men for the honor of portraying the most beloved figure in American history, he is not going to be "the Man Who Played Lincoln" for the rest of his life. To him the rôle was simply another characterization in a long list of interesting characterizations for stage and screen. He had no preconceived notions about Lincoln, nor any lifelong ambition to play the part.

"You see," he says, "I didn't try to walk like Lincoln—to imitate the outward mannerisms which the history books tell us he possessed. No. I tried to think like Lincoln, knowing that if I captured the secret of the man's mental processes the rest would follow. I approached it the way I would approach any characterization. I said to myself: 'What kind of man is this? How does his mind function? How would he act in this situation—or this one?' "



Huston as the dastardly *Trampas* in "The Virginian"

Probably you've seen Huston in "Gentlemen of the Press" or "The Lady Lies" or "The Virginian." Any of the three would have been sufficient to establish him among the foremost ranks of talkie actors. His position on the stage has long been established.

Since he scored his first New York hit in O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" he has been one of Broadway's favorite sons.

Acting has been his ruling passion since his boyhood days in Canada. There were no professional actors in his family, but he says his father and grandfather were natural born actors and he thinks he inherited his love of the dramatic from them.

When he was eighteen he joined a theatrical company which promptly went broke and left him stranded. He hooked a ride into New York on a freight train and then and there began to battle his way toward Broadway. But Broadway didn't hear about it for fifteen years. Those years he toured the vaudeville circuits in skits which he wrote himself.

Only once during the years of struggle did he desert the theater. A friend persuaded him that he would be a better engineer than actor. Four years of steam engineering convinced Huston, however, that he knew more about his own capabilities than his kind friends did. He went back to acting. The success that has come to him in the last ten years proves how right he was.

THE main thing about acting, he thinks, is to believe what you're saying and doing. George M. Cohan once said to him: "I don't believe you. Do that scene over and *make* me believe you. Your audience doesn't want to have to make an effort to be convinced. Make it easy for them." Huston convinces his audiences by convincing himself first.

But once in a while he gets a part that stumps him completely. He hasn't any idea what it's all about. In a case like that the only thing to do, says Huston, is to act all over the place. The less you understand about a rôle the more you have to act! That's what happened to him when he played Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" on the stage. He acted like fury but he still doesn't know what it was all about! When you really understand the psychology of a character, however, all you have to do is think it—and the acting takes care of itself.

He feels that he understands Abraham Lincoln and consequently that his characterization is a sincere and true one.

Does he look like

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Walter as *General Platoff* in his next, "The Virtuous Sin"



Mose really needed that money. But he knew he must help a brother in distress

Five-Fifty—*and* Fate

A true short story of a great star, of one Mose Jackson, and of a loan that luck overpaid

As told to
Walter Ramsey

THE fact that the troupe couldn't make expenses was nothing new. In the good old days, troupes had a habit of flopping after the first few towns.

During that period of stage history, a company invariably left Chicago in high spirits and ended up in Waterloo, Iowa, in low spirits—busted.

The only difference in this particular case being that the "Princess Mary" troupe was stranded in Green Bay, Wisconsin.

The manager had called them all together to give out the bad news. And it was particularly bad this time, because the stage-hands had to be paid first—they were members of the Green Bay union. It would take all the money to pay them off—and there'd be nothing left for the troupe.

Ten minutes after the announcement, four of the five men in the troupe had started in the direction of the nearest saloon in the hope of borrowing the fare back to Chicago. The fifth man went backstage where he had made a few friends. He had been a stage-hand before he started acting and the boys behind the scenes were always glad to see one of their own tribe.

One of the hands, a big, strapping six-foot negro, had particularly taken to him. This negro had always hated actors, but when he found one who carried a "stage-hands' union card" he was more than polite and friendly—even went so far as to call him "Mister" Chaney. So, when "Mister" Chaney heard the bad news, he headed backstage in search of Mose Jackson.

Mose was upset. He even suggested that "Mister" Chaney might collect his salary by showing the boss his union card; but second thought convinced Mose that, although "Mister" Chaney had been a hand, he was now an actor. The whole thing troubled him. Why should he be paid his regular fifteen dollars and "Mister" Chaney get left? Maybe he could help—it was his duty to help a brother hand in distress. Mose really needed all his pay himself—to save toward the shine parlor he wanted to buy—but here was a brother in trouble.

Chaney was at a loss to understand the colored man's generosity. Mose had just handed him a "five dolla' bill for to pay yor fare back to Chicawga" and walked away. The actor placed the money in his

Only a five-dollar loan—but it changed two lives

wallet, along with the union card, and left the theater to gather together his few belongings.

It was imperative that he get back to the Windy City immediately. The season for starting shows out on the road was fast drawing to a close and he didn't like the prospect of a workless winter in bleak, unfriendly Chicago. The five-dollar bill from the negro stage-hand covered train fare. Had he had to bum or hike his way several days would have been lost. And through the hand's generosity he landed with another troupe.

THE next stranding point was Los Angeles, where it was not so easy to borrow fare back to Chicago. Because he couldn't go, he stayed. Because there was no stage work, and because he still wanted to be an actor and was sure that he would be a good one, he took to pictures. During the next few months he went rapidly ahead in this new profession and by the end of a year he was eating regularly. There had been a great picture. A great performance. A new genius had come to the screen.

After the money commenced to roll in regularly, Chaney often thought of Mose Jackson, back in Green Bay. The boys on the lot were surprised to hear the story of how a colored stage-hand gave him the money that indirectly made it possible for him to reach the Coast—and ultimately break into pictures . . . what you might call the turning point of a man's life on a mere five-dollar bill.

All agreed that Mose should be repaid. Some of them suggested that Chaney return the exact amount he had received—others said that he should mail at least ten. But he wouldn't hear of any such meager appreciation of his present good fortune. He wanted to send Mose a hundred dollars. Or at least seventy-five. Hadn't Mose been the reason for his success?

But, in the end, he was talked out of sending more than fifty. It might be bad for the boy to get so much money all at once.

The fifty was sent in a plain envelope that day.

Now and then during the weeks that followed, Chaney wondered about Mose. What had the money meant to the colored man? Less money than that had meant a lot to some folks—one-tenth of the amount had spelled success for Chaney.

In due time Chaney earned himself considerably more money and a vacation. Success brought the desire to re-visit old stamping grounds. He had an urge to see Green Bay—and drop in on Mose Jackson. The town had changed little. Even the same old German doorman was on duty at the Gem Theater.

"It's been a long time since you was here," said the older man. "How'd you happen to step in here?"

"Just came back to see if I could find that big colored boy that was working as a stage-hand when I left. Is he here?"

"Well, no, he ain't here no more. About two years after you left Mose got a letter from somewhere with fifty dollars in it. No name on the envelope, so he never knew who was giving away their money."

"Yes, yes, but what did he do with it?"

"OH, he run around wild all day showing ever'body his fifty dollar bill—quite a novelty around here. Then along 'bout nine o'clock that night I saw him and five other boys out back shootin' craps. Nothin' could seem to stop Mose that night. Long 'bout ten-thirty I guess he had, oh, maybe seven, eight hundred piled up in front of him."

"Yes—go on—then what?"

"Well, I can't stay after eleven-thirty—the old lady wants me home early nights. And the next morning—" the doorman fumbled in his hip pocket and pulled out a dilapidated wallet—"the next morning," he went on, "I see this." He handed Chaney a dirty, creased newspaper clipping, which read:

> Mose Jackson, local negro stage-hand, was found dead in an alley near the docks on the West Side about three o'clock this morning. He had been stabbed and robbed. Employees of the Gem Theater, where the slain man worked, state that Jackson had about $1,000 on his person when he left the theater.



Friend grieves for friend. Whenever Lon Chaney grabbed his make-up box, that was Sandy's signal to follow him to the studio. The other day, on its way to a museum, the box was left on the porch a moment and this touching, unposed picture was the result

Want to Be a Star?

By Margaret Stuart



Here's how NOT to be a star! Miss Stuart intimates that no little girl ever got very far by merely yearning at a casting director, as this child is doing. Much better to be a great director's third cousin by marriage!

You do? Well, here's the whole trick in one easy lesson

MUCH advice has been written about how to get into the movies.

But more important than that, by far, is how to be a good little movie star once you're in.. It is comparatively simple to become a movie star. I'll tell you, in a minute, how it's done. But right here the good advice stops.

It's like going to school. You're taught all the unimportant things, like how to find the square root of 64 and that H_2SO_4 is the symbol for sulphuric acid, instead of the really vital aids to life, such as how to live on fifty dollars a week and what to say to the wife after you've been out all night.

The way to get into the movies is to be a relative of a producer, be discovered by a director, be a great foreign actress, be a stage or operatic star, be an extra girl with a winning smile, look like another movie star, be a football hero in Alabama or Southern California universities, a property boy, a caustic critic of the talkies, a studio script girl, a cigarette girl at the Ambassador Hotel, or a small time actor who looks like a gangster. Aviators (lady or gentleman), baseball heroes, golf champions, or prize fighters last only a few months.

Millionaires' daughters, endurance flyers, tree sitters, discus throwers, channel swimmers, big game hunters, cowboys, acrobats, or newspaper columnists stand no chance whatever.

By no means be introduced to studio executives by anyone less than the financial backer of a company, and under no circumstances should you accept letters to directors from editors, exhibitors, generals, admirals, or men about town.

Now that you are in and the studio gateman smiles as he throws open the door to you every morning, memorize these rules:

LIVE in an enormous Spanish home in Beverly Hills, but declare that you were much happier when you lived in a simple cottage in your own home town.

Get married and have a big wedding.

Get divorced and insist that you and your ex-husband are still "just awfully good friends."

Be democratic and speak to all studio electricians and prop boys.

Get confidential with interviewers and then ask them not to print what you've told them. This gives them the feeling that they have confidential information about you, which everybody else already has.

Become the best dressed woman in pictures.

Become a Hollywood hostess and have very small and exclusive entertainments.

Speak to all the right people most cordially and give the wrong people a friendly nod.

Have open house on Sunday afternoons.

Feel a sacred duty to your public.

Be a whoopee girl once, then suddenly reform and become just a simple little homebody.

Have vague and intangible "feelings" about things.

Declare loudly that you never indulge in Hollywood gossip.

Be very unhappy and wonder what it's all about.

MAKE a great fuss over your current husband, wife, or boy or girl friend in public and tell the whole world that you're ideally suited to each other.

Have a great love for all the Finer Things of Life.

Be dissatisfied with your screen stories and long to do Something Really Splendid.

"Tcht, tcht" over the failure or illness of any star and say what a nice girl you always thought she was.

Boast of your humble beginnings.

Scoff at anybody who is "upstage." You must, however, keep yourself exclusive.

Make a great point of keeping up with all your old friends.

Do not entertain royalty or Chinese actors.

There are a great many more things that you might or might not do but by the time you've mastered the above you'll be so rich, so famous, so well beloved that you can do anything you choose and nobody will care.

The above rules have never failed.

Would You Quit



So she took the $250,000! When the microphone was not kind to Corinne Griffith, she wisely accepted First National's offer for the remainder of her term. Now the Orchid Lady rests



For years Monte Blue had labored as a Warner Brothers contract star—hard-working and careful with his wages. Not so long ago the company bought the unexpired portion of his contract for $50,000



Billie Dove's producers bought off her contract, but it isn't likely that the beauteous one is much perturbed. Now she's going to marry a multi-multi-millionaire. And, so why not say, "Attagirl, Billie"?

SUPPOSE your boss should walk up to you some morning and say:

"Lookahere, I'll give you a couple o' hundred thousand dollars in cold cash if you'll quit working for me right now!"

You know darned well that the first thing you'd do, after coming to, would be to phone the funny house and tell them to come with straight-jackets and things.

But, such things *do* happen!

Well, say you, it must be a crazy business where the boss pays somebody a houseful of money *not* to work. You're right. It's the movie business!

And just to show you how nutty it really is, nine times out of ten the person who's being paid *not* to work considers it an insult. Imagine getting mad because somebody wants to give you a quarter of a million to do nothing!

You think I'm lying? Look at Corinne Griffith. She got $250,000 not to make any more moving pictures for First National. First National paid it to her. Warner Brothers gave Monte Blue about $50,000 not to work for them any more. Jack Gilbert got mad when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him about a half million dollars to go away some place after "His Glorious Night" was finished. The picture, that is. Jack told M-G-M to take their half million and soak it in vinegar. More about that, later.

But all that's getting ahead of the yarn by a couple of jumps. You see, this is all about the jolly Hollywood pastime of contract-buying. You've probably read about producers buying up So-and-So's contract.

By Harry Lang

Maybe you wonder what it means. Well, briefly, it's like this: Some producer or executive sees a great future for some actor or actress on stage or screen. "That's a big bet for us," he tells himself, "so let's sign him up."

Bingo, a contract is drawn up and slapped down before the supposed-to-be-star. When the latter sees figures like $5,000 a week, he signs his name so quick that it looks like a fast-motion film. Then he goes to Hollywood.

There he gets a test. Not infrequently, the putative star flops like a wet towel. Sometimes they let him make a picture. This is worse than flopping on the test, because when he flops in a picture, strangers see it, and when he flops in a test, only a few studio executives see it. Anyway, when and if he flops, there is weeping and wailing in the *sancta sanctora* of the Big Bosses. "Who signed this lemon?" everybody asks. The outcome usually is: "Well, let's buy up his contract."

SO the star-that-wasn't is sitting pretty. He's got a contract which calls on the producer to pay him so much a week for so long. It's up to the producer to make it worth while for the fellow to break the contract. Usually, after parleying back and forth, some sort of settlement is effected—on anywhere from a twenty-five per cent basis up.

In other words, if the he-who-flopped holds a contract for twenty-six weeks at $5,000 a week, and accepts a fifty per cent settlement to call the contract off, he gets $65,000 cash. The producer saves the other $65,000, plus the cost of producing pictures that wouldn't have made money.

And that's what they call buying up

Work *for* $250,000?

Corinne Griffith did! It's all part of the great game of contract-buying in filmland

somebody's contract. Here are some examples—and some sidelights to show that you never can tell what it's all about.

Take the strange case of Ina Claire, for instance.

The gorgeous blonde had long been one of the bright spots of the speaking stage when the talkies began to churn Hollywood. The producers hustled to sign up the legitimate stars. Pathe got Ina's name on the dotted line, and sat back feeling happy about it. The contract said Ina was to do two pictures in nine months, and if Pathe liked her, a third picture after that. For the first, she was to get $75,000; for the second, $100,000. If a third, for that, then, $125,000.

INA made "The Awful Truth," as Picture No. 1, and drew her $75,000. Then began the business of looking for the second story. Things didn't go right—all sorts of things. When at last Pathe bought "Holiday" for her, there wasn't really enough left of the nine-months' contract period to make "Holiday." One thing after another went wrong, and finally they went into a huddle. When it was over, Ann Harding was cast for the lead in "Holiday" and Ina Claire walked free with $55,000 as her bit for settling the contract in cash.

Now, here's the funny aftermath. Pathe paid her $55,000 not to work—and at once, Paramount began negotiations with Ina. The negotiations dragged and dragged, Paramount unwilling to pay what Ina asked. So Ina called the turn. She went on the stage in Los Angeles in Donald Ogden Stewart's play, "Rebound," which he had been trying for months to sell to the movies. The opening night was one of those things—high-priced seats, all sorts of colored lights and arc lamps, the big shots of movieland all there in their swell clothes. The big shots, the critics, the public, all raved about "Rebound" and Ina Claire.

On the second day of the engagement, Paramount okayed Ina's figures and signed her to a contract. She stars in "The Royal Family." And the last laugh is Donald Ogden Stewart's. "Rebound," which one producer after another had turned down as no good for talkies, was bought—by Pathe!—for something in five figures, guesses running from $20,000 to $50,000.

THEN there's Corinne Griffith, who is as sagacious as she is beautiful—and that makes her a very, very wise girl. Corinne was First National's big bet in silents and was drawing down about $7,500 a week, plus a percentage of the profits. When the microphone broke into the studios, Corinne, like most other stars, had quite a hard time adapting herself to it. "Lilies of the Field" and "Back Pay" were not so hot. Her voice did not register one hundred per cent.

Corinne had a clause in her contract which provided that she and her equally sagacious husband, Walter Morosco, approve stories, directors and everything in connection with her pictures. She held out for stories of her own choice and directors who she thought could help her with her voice. Of course it was a futile battle.

Finally the First National executives said, "We've got to do something. Let's offer Corinne a quarter of a million to settle her contract, and that may bring her to terms."

Corinne snapped up that quarter of a million so fast it made her head swim. After ten years of hard work she was tired, anyway, and she and Walter thought a quarter of a million dollars was good pay for a vacation.

Corinne isn't one of those stars who are screen crazy, and she may or may not come back.

In the meantime she is studying voice, in case she does get something that suits her. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]



A famous married pair which underwent some odd contract-juggling. Jack Gilbert indignantly refused to sell his million-dollar contract when "His Glorious Night" failed, determined to make good in talkies. Pathe bought up Ina Claire's contract for $55,000—then she signed with Paramount to make a very big picture

Lupe—*No* Change!

By

Barbara Lawton



Leaping Lupe may be a little more ladylike when strangers are around, but there's still the same fire in the Velez eye. Here she is dressed for a party, but no fancy duds can hide the hoyden!

The voluble Velez here spikes rumor that she's turned tame—she's a little smarter, that's all!

WHEN they told me that Lupe Velez had become a lady I felt as if I just couldn't go on.

Better to learn that Ronald Colman had turned hey-hey boy or that Buster Keaton was cast in the title rôle of "Hamlet" or even that Greta Garbo had become a leading social light and attended all wild parties.

For in the discreet and cultured town that the once lusty Hollywood has become, Lupe had seemed to me the symbol of all the wild excitement and breathless glamour of the maddest community in the world. If Lupe were now turning lady on me, if she were suddenly lowering her eyes at the mention of anything slightly risqué or if she were bowing coldly and politely to all her friends—then I knew that I must buy myself a one way ticket to Tibet. I might, there, find a little color about a lama.

But, after seeing Lupe again, I've decided to remain in Hollywood. It's all a big mistake.

Lupe has changed—yes—but she hasn't gone grand.

Lupe has been called temperamental. She is, but she is never arbitrary or hard to handle. Because she has no idea of the flight of time she would arrive on the set at any hour that suited her were it not for her secretary, Helene Rupert. But once she is at the studio she works hard and when she swears, as she does freely, it is usually at herself.

For instance, when she "goes up" in her lines or makes a wrong cross she runs to the side of the set, out of microphone range, and says, "Dam' fool Lupe. Lupe bad girl. Lupe silly idiot. Dam' Lupe. Dam' dam' dam'!" But the vituperatives are hurled, mind you, at herself and not at her director or leading man. She is genuinely annoyed with "dam' fool Lupe" and nobody else. Afterwards she returns and is ready for another tough two hours.

In the same way, she was misunderstood when she cut mad capers on the sets. Lupe has a heart as big as the Grand Canyon, except that it isn't empty, and she allowed herself to do whatever popped into her head because she truly thought that she was amusing the onlookers. They laughed when she pulled her skirts above her head and flung herself into a wild dance. And nothing so delights Lupe as to be laughed at. But Helene Rupert explained to her one day that afterwards her audience spread fantastic reports of her misbehavior.

Outwardly, Lupe has changed. She curbs her tongue with people she doesn't know. To interviewers she talks in a dignified manner of her home, which she really loves, her dogs and her work. She dresses better. Gone are the little short pleated skirts and blouses cut almost to her waist. In her wardrobe hang gowns that any Park Avenue lady would be delighted to own. In them, of course, Lupe does not look like a Park Avenue lady, merely because she is too striking a type.

She does not bite Gary Cooper on the ear. She does not shout out oaths when there are spectators. Lupe wears the garments of a lady. Inside she is the same.

In her own words: "So dey say that now I am grand, yes? Dam' fools. Dey do not know. Listen to me! In a church I am a saint. In a public place I am a lady. In my own home I am a devil. There! That is all. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

Stone Debunks *the* Actor

By Helen Loring

Screen's most popular character player sets off some verbal TNT under stars who pose!

"ANY person, with intelligence, natural aptitude and the capacity for hard work, can become a competent actor!"

A bomb explodes under Hollywood's favorite pose. Lewis Stone is talking, in that calm voice you know so well. Its calmness betrays no hint of the sensational quality of the views it expresses.

"You don't need to feel the rôles you play," it continues. "It is better, as a matter of fact, if you don't. How absurd to suppose that you can do a drunk scene when you've had ten highballs. You need every bit of concentration and coordination you have to do a scene well. You must have a clear mind. If you really feel a scene everything is lost. Suppose you become actually hysterical in a hysterical situation. How are you going to do the rest of your scenes and finish your day?"

A blow for the "I feel every emotion I give to the camera. I actually live my rôles" affectation.

"Acting is never actually natural," Stone continues. "You must act all the more to give the effect of naturalness. The giving of a perfectly natural performance is the ambition of every player and rightly, too, but the giving of these natural performances requires expert acting technique. Nothing that one does on the stage or screen can be as it is in real life. It simply looks that way.

"I, FOR instance, have learned to be ambidextrous. I remember once I was doing a scene in which I had to sit at a desk, glance over my mail, light a cigar and pick up the phone. My right side was to the camera. To avoid awkwardness and make these gestures as simple and as unobtrusive as possible I struck the match with my left hand and picked up the receiver, also, with that hand.

"Now, that was unnatural. I am not left-handed nor was the character I played, but it looked more natural that way than if I had crossed my hand over my body and made an awkward gesture."



He's never given a bad performance! At least, the critics say so. Lewis Stone, the courtly gentleman of the screen, whose views on acting will knock the mascara off some of the prancing stars and expose the affectation that lies underneath

And that's a blow for those "act before the camera as you would in real life" theories.

"The acting business is largely tricks," Stone went on. "Little things that you learn by years and years of experience. And then, of course, there is that very important thing called timing. You've heard the highbrows speak of it as tempo.

"It is really nothing more or less than rhythm and emphasis, exactly as it is in music. A matter of knowing when to pick up cues, how fast and how slowly to talk and what words to emphasize. That's all—it comes with practice.

"WHEN I'm given a script I try to figure out what the character I'm playing would do under given circumstances. I go back over the years and try to remember some gesture that I've seen someone make that might fit into the portrayal. It's just by chance if I hit it right. Sometimes I do—sometimes I don't. You never know until you see it on the screen.

"But there's a great trick in being interested while you're working—or, rather, in making the audience think you're interested. You must be alert every minute and watchful of everything that the other characters are doing and saying. Each move must be a decisive one."

Stone regrets there are few good schools for acting. And when I asked him about these "natural born actresses," these emotional machines, these great and untutored stars, he said, "But how much greater they would be if, plus this flair for acting, plus the innate ability, they also had technique!"

And Lew Stone knows!

The Battle of Phil Holmes



The boy who had to be best! Phillips Holmes wouldn't play any second fiddle, no matter how tuneful. So he blundered through school days, bumping his head against the stars, and when Hollywood gossiped about "that wild Holmes boy," he only grew wilder every hour. Suddenly he took a firm grip on himself. Now, as a handsome and able young leading man, directors hand him their fattest rôles. "That wild Holmes boy" has made good!

vs. The World

How Taylor Holmes' boy fought Hollywood gossip, the threat of mediocrity, his own weakness, and won confidence and the beginnings of fame



One of the rewards of Phil Holmes' good fight. Young Phillips and Helen Twelvetrees in a scene from "Her Man," Pathe's phonoplay of the immortal "Frankie and Johnnie"

By Dolores Foster

EVERYBODY had heard the stories about young Phil Holmes. Just swell stories they were, too. Might be told on any old actor, except the Holmes variety were more mad, younger generation stuff, more of the saddened intellectual trying to drown his troubles.

The yarns pictured him carrying two wire-haired fox terriers all over town, bringing them into the swankiest restaurants and then walking out of those same restaurants without paying the bills. It was also added that he used to buy two or three automobiles at a time and take them out separately to crack them up against the most convenient tree. He was quite mad, everybody said, and loved a nose thumbing gesture at life above all else.

Nobody could explain how Phil Holmes got this way. Certainly he had had things easy enough all his life. He, the son of Taylor Holmes, had everything. Five years at Trinity College in England. The sort of looks that make you picture him playing the most picturesque and decorative rôles. His is pure beauty, and much as he loathes the word there is no other way of describing him.

He had never been down and out, had never been forced to beg for jobs, had never suffered what people who have known the pity and wonder of want have suffered. When he first came to Hollywood his was as bright a future, his was as beaming and entertaining a personality as you'd find. Why, then, did he make mad, foolish gestures?

It all dates back to quite a while ago. Do you know people who are miserable and discontented without any apparent reason? These are the sensitive souls of the world, of which Phillips Holmes is one. And slight gestures, little things, sometimes mean more to these people than all of the horrible and devastating attacks that can be made upon an average life.

Phil feared mediocrity above all else. And, somehow, he seemed to be fated for it. He was graduated with the second highest honors in school. There are those who would be content with *second* highest honors. But Phil, young and idealistic, wanted to be first or not at all.

There was a contest at school, a mechanical drawing contest. He might have won first prize except for the fact that he lost a couple of drawings and came out *second*. And there was also that little thing that happened in prep school that assumed such gigantic proportions to him. He was cock o' the school—president of the student body.

One day the assistant French teacher saw him in town smoking a cigarette when he should have been at study period. Phil knew that he had been seen so he went to the head French teacher, who was a friend of his, and said, "For God's sake, see the assistant and beg him not to report me. Don't you know that it will ruin me? Don't you know that I won't be anything any more?"

The teacher promised he would see what could be done and Phil walked away just in time to observe the assistant French teacher coming out of the head master's office. He knew then that it was too late and, in the head master's office, all his petty glories were stripped from him.

HIS brother is going to the same prep school. There is a gold shield upon which is engraved the names of all the past presidents of the student body. A name other than Phil's is there.

These experiences assumed mammoth proportions to Phil. It appeared that he was in the grip of mediocrity, that he was always to be just second best.

And then, upon the completion of his education, came his choice of a life work. He was afraid of the theatrical business for he knew too much about it. He had seen too many failures. His father had introduced him to those pathetic failures who cling so desperately to the most glamorous profession in the world.

But there was a strong strain of trouper spirit within him, and he came to California under contract to Paramount.

And suddenly he became one of the most talked about young men in town. Echoes of his wild exploits rang up and down the boulevards.

He knew vaguely that he was making a mess of his life. Somehow he didn't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Four-Flushing

By Marquis Busby



Tottie Fink leaves the cows and chickens to conquer the film world with her talent and young beauty

ONE of the favorite concoctions of the scenarist has been the little country schoolma'am who buys a lot of swell store clothes and knocks 'em dead at a tony summer resort as Lottie Lollipop, the stage and screen star. Sometimes she returns to her old boy friend, the honest village bootlegger, but usually she marries Montmorency Vandergould, the scion of millions, who loves her in spite of the April Fool's joke.

Some people actually believe these stories. Flocks of necktie clerks and chambermaids have had a try at posing as films stars. They have a grand time for a while, pass rubber checks, make rash promises, and then wind up with a one-way ticket to the local bastille. It has been said before that fact is stranger than fiction. Stranger, oh, yes, but without a happy ending.

The first person to represent himself as a star probably arrived on the scene at about the same time that there was such a glittering personage as a movie star. These misguided imitators with delusions of grandeur have been doing heavy impersonations ever since.

THE movies can blame no one. They started the idea. Unfortunately they didn't copyright it. Anybody can use it that wants to—that is, if the prospect of three squares a day of bread and water, and a *chic* prison stripe, is any incentive.

There have been enough impostors of this sort in the last ten years to fill a whole criminal library.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the latest star to wake up one morning with the realization that there was a spurious Doug, Jr., writing checks for him. And right in the old home town. The imitator was finally grabbed by the Hollywood *gendarmes* in an expensive hotel, and transferred to a suite in the Hollywood hoosegow. The Hollywood hoosegow is probably the most uncomfortable dwelling place in town, which is taking in a lot of territory.

The false Doug had evolved an elaborate campaign. The first step was to find a photograph of the real young Doug taken with his father, Doug, Sr. He superimposed his own photograph over that of Doug, Jr., and then had the work of art re-photographed. That was his proof. He needed no further identification to buy an expensive kit bag in a Hollywood shop. His impersonation was exposed by a friend of the Fairbanks family who lived at the same hotel as the impostor.

The strangest aspect of the whole affair was that the fraud looked no more like the genuine article than Will Rogers looks like Gloria Swanson. It did show that Hollywood clerks have the trusting dispositions of six-year-old children, or, awful thought, they don't go to the movies as regularly as they should.

AFTER being taken to jail, the bogus Doug kept things interesting for the other inmates by going on a twelve-day hunger strike. When that didn't seem to pack the proper punch he revealed the fact that he had a glass eye. But jailers are notoriously hard-hearted. It takes more than a glass eye to make one of those boys break down and sob.

One of the strangest experiences befell Mary Nolan, during a recent vacation period. Mary was sitting in a New York

Illustrated by **Van Arsdale**

FAME

America is full of folks who impersonate the famous ones—and sometimes it means jail

café when she noticed a young girl sitting at a nearby table. There was something strikingly familiar about her face. Mary couldn't stand it any longer.

"Pardon me," she said, "but haven't I met you before?"

"I don't think so," replied the maiden, haughtily. "Perhaps you have seen me on the screen. I am Mary Nolan."

Then Mary understood why the girl's face was so familiar. She was a real-life double.

Mary was too good a sportsman to call the police. She merely left her calling card, face down on the table. She didn't even wait to watch the expression on the face of the other Mary Nolan when she turned the card over.



But Tottie finds conquering a tough racket. So Toto La Finque wins a beach, anyway, by calling herself Alice White



Bryant Washburn, several years ago, had a similar experience in a Chicago hotel. After registering, the clerk informed him that there was another Bryant Washburn in the hotel. Bryant, being from Hollywood, was suspicious instantly. He knocked on the door of his namesake.

"Are you Bryant Washburn?" he asked.

"Yes," said the unsuspecting impersonator.

"Are you the real Bryant Washburn?"

"Yes, I'm the Bryant Washburn of the screen."

"Well, well," said the real Bryant. "Isn't that curious? So am I."

AS in the case of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the likeness between the star and the impostor was slight.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but Ben Lyon wasn't exactly tickled pink to find a collection of strange bills from Fifth Avenue shops in his mail. But the pseudo Ben had an elegant time buying haberdashery by the gross, stopping at one of New York's swankiest hostelries, and having "professional" photographs taken.

At the same time the synthetic Ben Lyon was also posing as the secretary of Richard Dix, running up some more fancy bills.

Ben and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

Imagine the horror of Reginald Fortesque, the star with the exquisite nose, on finding twenty imitators passing rubber checks in his name!

André, Doris, Dave *and*

France, England and California chipped in and gave this keen quartet to the talking screen

THEY brought him from Europe to play in French versions. He was to be a member of that hidden city, that vast foreign colony that lives and works in Hollywood and about whom the fans know almost nothing. This is the colony within the colony, and consists of those fine German, French and Spanish actors who make talkies in their native languages.

But they found that André Luguet who, it has been said, is to the French drama what Maurice Chevalier is to French musical comedy, could speak better English than you, you, you or even, I blush to admit, I.

Therefore, you will see André on the screen in English pictures just as soon as he is caught up on all the French versions he is slated to do.

His knowledge of English came about in a strange way. His parents hoped that he would be the first to break the long line of troupers who were his ancestors. For, since the days of Napoleon, big and little Luguets, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, have all dedicated their lives to the theater.

It was hoped that André would be the first business man among them, but in educating him for such a career they inadvertently prepared him for American movies, for he was sent to England, to Craven College in Kent, to study commercial affairs. There he learned the English of which he is master.

André did not like the studies. Troupers' blood flowed in his veins. He was born for the footlights, so he left school to join a company in London. Later he starred in his own company at the *Comedie Française.* Director Jacques Feyder insisted that he come to Hollywood and play in the French version of "The Unholy Night." He is now under a long-term contract to M-G-M.

Luguet is the matinée idol type, with black eyes, brown hair.



A French Loan to the Talkies

DORIS LLOYD appeared in seven flops in the London theaters during the season of 1924. There was some consolation—only a good actress could get seven jobs in one season, whether the plays turned out or not.

Then one day she overheard a conversation about herself. Two women were trying to settle on what matinée to attend.

"There's that play with Doris Lloyd," began one of the women. "She's nice. I like her, but poor thing, all her plays have failed."



Nice English Girl Makes Good

That, decided Doris, was the most disconcerting thing that could be said about an actress. She decided to get out of London for a time. She would go to America, the land of opportunity and all that sort of thing. She had a sister in Hollywood, married to George K. Arthur, whom she could visit.

She arrived in Hollywood, where her bad luck gained momentum. After six years Lady Luck has deigned to smile, but as yet she hasn't laughed out loud. However, picture audiences have seen her give compelling performances. She was the weak *Mrs. Lane* in "Old English," and she appeared with George Arliss in "Disraeli." You will soon see her in a cockney rôle in "Way for a Sailor" and in "Charley's Aunt."

Not one of those rôles has given Doris the opportunity she deserves, the chance to give the shining performances she has contributed to the Los Angeles stage.

Doris was well in the vanguard of the English invasion of Hollywood. She came in 1924, and burst on the local horizon with a magnificent performance in support of Pauline Frederick in "Spring Cleaning." Joseph Schenck saw it, and gave her the first opportunity with Norma Talmadge in "The Lady."

The camera loses much of Doris' charm. She has auburn hair and gray eyes, and wears clothes beautifully.

Frances

By Cal York



How Could David Be Practical?

LET'S go up to David Manners' hilltop home and say hello! He's a nice, young chap who tells you he hates to talk about himself.

His real name, he confesses, is Rauff Acklom, and he was born in Halifax. Then life grew very complicated and inconsistent. He decided, as a kid, he wanted to be a sea captain, but later on, he changed his mind and wanted to be a forester, because he thought all foresters had to do was ride around forests on horses all day long. So he matriculated at Toronto College and found forestry was a lot of mathematics. So he wasn't a forester.

He finished school and got a job carrying a spear as a soldier in a Greek play, and his parents thought he was headed for the devil. They thought he oughtn't to be an actor. David—or Rauff—tried to be practical and got a job helping sell snooty art goods, antiques and things. It took him to London and he caught pneumonia and the doctor told him to get away from there.

So he went to Arizona and became a cowboy guide. And met Suzanne Bushnell, with whom he fell in love to the extent of getting married.

They decided newlyweds should have a honeymoon, so he got a job with a sugar company in Honolulu. Oh, yes—in the meantime, he had worked on the stage in New York in "Dancing Mothers," but after playing the rôle every night for forty-five weeks, he decided the stage was too monotonous, so he quit it cold. And then about this job in Honolulu—he never went there.

He stopped in Hollywood on the way, and they caught him and took a test of him for a part they wanted to fill in "Journey's End." And that's how it happened. He got the part, and he's been in Hollywood ever since. And he likes it—likes pictures, that is, because it's not monotonous.

He likes dogs and H. G. Wells and Beryl Mercer and travel.



Frances Is Now Dee-lighted!

AN eager-eyed young girl sat in a little neighborhood theater and watched the unfolding of Maurice Chevalier's new picture, "Playboy of Paris." When the film was ended she said, "I don't believe it's I."

The girl was Frances Dee, who played the lead in the Chevalier film.

And yet seeing herself on the screen, knowing that she was at last launched upon a film career, remembering that she is to play opposite Charles Rogers in "Along Came Youth," was not as important to her as the little thrills that had come to her when she was first assigned this rôle. She said then, "It's the small things that make you realize. My name on my chair, for instance. That let me know more than anything that I was really Chevalier's leading woman. The fact itself, and all that it means, was too big for me to comprehend."

Frances Dee held the lucky horseshoe. A Southern California girl who went to live in Chicago when she was seven; attended the university there and came to California last year on a vacation; got a tiny bit in a college picture; worked extra only at two studios, Fox and Paramount; was put under contract by Paramount as a stock girl and suddenly, two weeks later, fell into the place left vacant by Lillian Roth, when that young trouper wasn't finished with another film in time to take the part in "Playboy of Paris."

There are hundreds of pretty, fresh-looking nineteen-year-old girls in Hollywood. What was it about Frances that made Chevalier take a second and a third look at her that day he saw her lunching at the studio restaurant?

"Physically she is perfectly suited to the part," he said, "if she can only act."

What, then, put her over? I believe it is because she has something more than beauty. You can't look into that earnest little face without knowing that behind those clear gray eyes there is something deep and vital.

She stands out in a crowd simply because of herself and not because of any spectacular gestures she might make. She is a quiet, well-mannered child, with a great deal of natural intelligence.

And there is, within her, some deep well of emotion, for a flash of beauty crossed her face when she talked of a summer spent in Kentucky and a youthful love with a tall, dark Southern lad named Jimmie, whom she preferred not to marry and chance spoiling the charm of that romance.

Chevalier believes in her. The director believes in her. The fans approved her when her picture was previewed. Excited as she is over her good fortune, she is no meek sister.

Frances Dee will make the most of her break.



The Champion Director of Latvia, etc., goes against Lupe Velez in his search for a Hollywood job, only to find that she is nibbling his ear! But hold! Gary Cooper creeps up, six guns unlimbered and ready to blooie

Are You a Genius, Foreign Style?

By Robert Stevenson

But yes!!! You are the greatest director in Slavonia! You want a job in Hollywood! You no speak English! So! Then use this gloriously goofy phrase book!

PARDON me, but is this not the station of Hollywood?
Who, pray, is this distinguished personage?
Good day, { Mr. Schulberg! / Mr. Thalberg! / Mr. Sheehan! / Master Laemmle! }
I comprehend that { Paramount / Metro / Fox / Universal } is the premier enterprise of Hollywood.
I am the Champion Director of { Latvia. / Lithuania. / Esthonia. }
No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Alas!

That gentleman had the air of being exceedingly busy.
I regret exceedingly that he had a so important engagement.
But see, here comes Mr. Lawrence Tibbett.
Good day, Mr. Tibbett! Will you favor us with a song?
That was exceedingly enchanting.
You have blown down { half the set. / my imported limousine. / Grauman's Chinese Theater. }
Were you to sing again, you might blow down { Mr. Schulberg. / Mr. Thalberg. / Mr. Sheehan. / Master Laemmle. }
See here! Who is this delightful child?
I am enchanted to meet you, Miss Helen Kane!
Poo-poo-pah-doo?
Alas, I do not comprehend. I speak English but little.
Boop-a-doop?
I do not comprehend.
I am desolated!
To the foreigner alas! the subtleties of your tongue are a closed book.
Pray excuse me. I observe Mr. Lasky!
Good day, Mr. Lasky! How is { Mr. Famous? / Mr. Players? }
I am the Champion Director of { Latvia. / Lithuania. / Esthonia. }
No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Alas!
Mr. Lasky was evidently in the greatest of hurries.
Lo! Here is Mr. Clive Brook.
Good day, milord Brook. Permit me to polish your monocle.
I also am very sporting. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

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say 45 Hollywood directors

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The news spread to Broadway—and the famous stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicate soap.

Now, in the European capitals, too, the beautiful screen stars have adopted the soap which keeps their skin as exquisitely lovely as their American sister-stars'—as faultlessly smooth for the all-important close-up!

With the talkies sweeping the world, the actresses are more than ever grateful to the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin. For never were there so many close-ups as in the new talking and singing pictures. And, as the great directors of Hollywood discovered years ago, a girl can never reach stardom on the screen unless her skin is simply perfect.

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Of the 521 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. Not only in their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but in their dressing rooms on location as well. For this fragrant, white cake is *official* in all the great film studios!

And, at the request of the Broadway stage stars, it is in the dressing rooms of legitimate theatres all over the country—71 of the 74 in New York!

Exquisite skin, all these lovely stars know, is the one essential charm every girl must have to quicken pulses and win hearts. You can keep *your* skin charmingly smooth, just as they do. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it—today.



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French star

SUZANNE BIANCHETTI
French star

ARLETTE MARCHAL
French star

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English star



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English star

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English star

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Olive Borden



ANNETTE BENSON
English star

PAULINE JOHNSON
English star



CILLY FEINDT
German star

TRUUS VAN AALTEN
German star

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

and $1.00 the cake—NOW 10¢



Dear Old Lady, trotting up to Good Old George —"Oh, Mr. Beery, may I shake your hand? I thought at first you were Mr. Bancroft! And which are you—Wallace or Noah?"

Ode

To Mr. Rudy Vallée, written by Mr. Earl Abel, organist of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Paramount Theater, and sung enthusiastically to the tune of "The Vagabond Lover" by his admirers on the occasion of Mr. Vallée's return from a barnstorming tour with his band.

Some men are loved, then forgotten—
There's one who will not be that way.
Around Rudy Vallée
*We'll always rally**
And give our welcome today!
For we are the vagabond lovers
In love with the crooner supreme—
And we hope and we pray
He will ever stay
And croon us the songs of our dreams!

(*Here Mr. Abel evidently confuses, in his rhyming, Mr. Rudy Vallée, with the equally famous Lehigh Valley. Ed. Note.)

No Hard Feelings!

Pola Negri's airplane broke down flying from Brussels to Paris. *Variety* reports that Pola blamed the talkies! . . . Well, the joke's on Mary Pickford! After going to all the trouble of having her niece's handle changed from Mary to Gwynne, just to avoid confusion, brother Jack ups and marries Mary Mulhern—and now there's another Mary Pickford anyhoo. . . . One of the song writers now being deported in job lots from Hollywood said he was glad to get out of the picture racket. "Nobody knows how we suffered," he remarks. "Writing songs for Hollywood's three-note ingénues." And they used to call the song writers "The Thundering Herd." . . . You can take this or leave it—the fact remains that there is a talkie producer in London named Reginald Fogwell. . . . And have you heard what Jimmy Gleason calls Los Angeles? "Six suburbs in search of a city." . . . Why young men still insist on becoming reporters—when Fifi Dorsay met the press during her New York visit she kissed all the newspapermen, allowing that she liked to kiss reporters. And not a man flinched! Just slaves to duty, the press boys. . . . Arthur Caesar, the man-mountain who writes scenarios when he gets any spare time from cracking wise, has gone in for polo. He recently bought four "ponies." "And they're great little polo horses," says Arthur, "except when they see a grocery wagon. Then they try to back into the shafts!"

Reeling Around

with
Leonard Hall

Animal Stuff

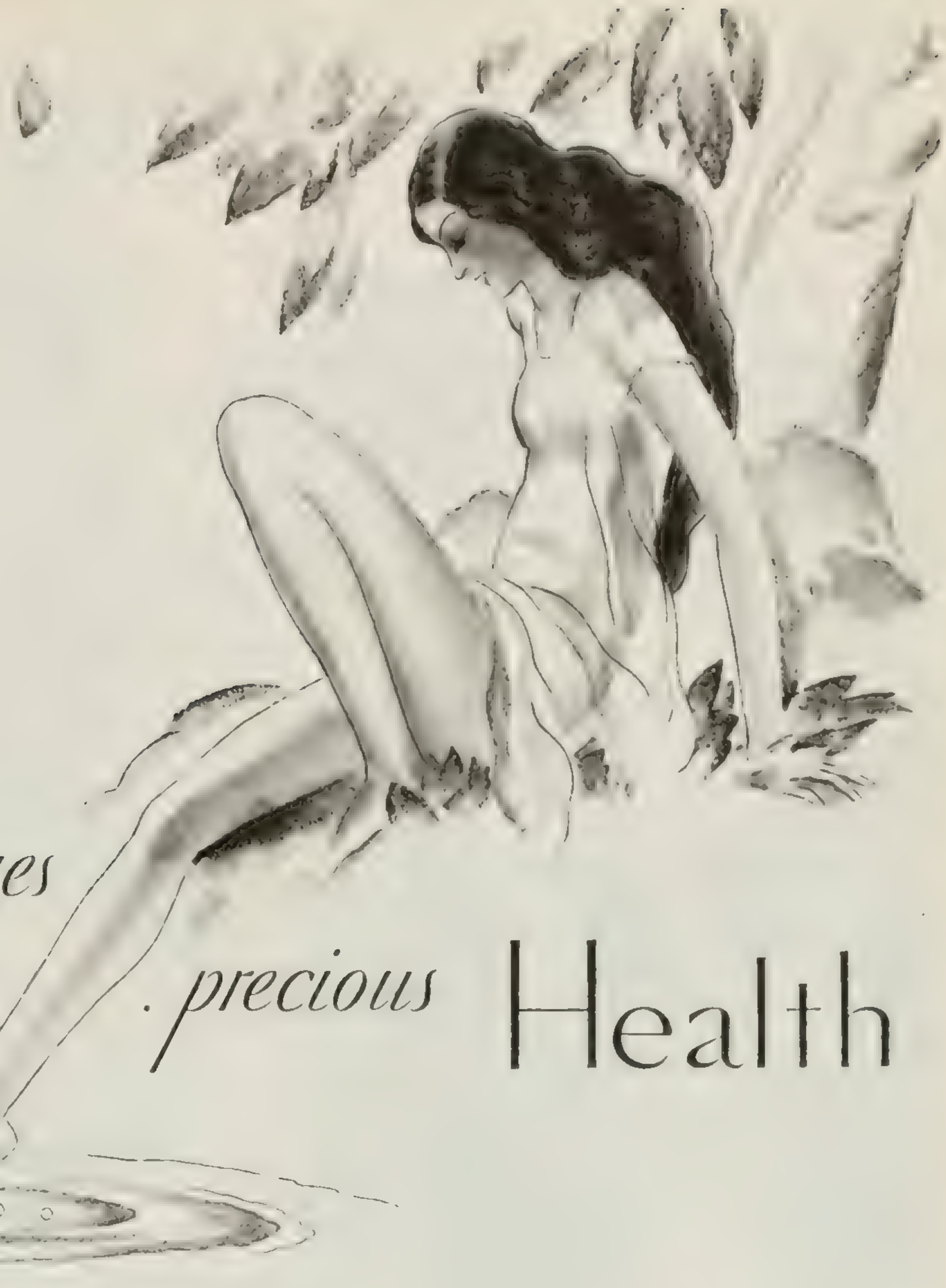
A talkie director was trying to get an extra to wrestle with a nice old roaring lion, says the *New York Morning Telegraph*.

"Don't be afraid," said the megaphone man. "He's perfectly tame—he's never tasted raw meat!"

"That's all right," said the quaking extra. "But how do I know he isn't curious?"

Getting Personal

The Hollywood Merchants' Association is going to line Hollywood Boulevard with busts of famous film folk, the first being one of Ann Harding, but it was always my hunch that the Boul' Holl' had plenty of busts on it at all times. . . . If you've been wondering where Betty "Peter Pan" Bronson is, she's been appearing on the stage in San Francisco in a play called "Little Orchid Annie." . . . Sick List—Jack Gilbert's been in bed with the flu, and Janet Gaynor far from enjoyed a case of laryngitis, which is very bad for the talkies. . . . Lois Moran wears no make-up on the street, or on her face, either. . . . The fall of a star: Lou Tellegen, once famous screen idol and former husband of Gerry Farrar, tried out a play called "Love Technique" this fall, but it folded long before it ever saw Broadway. . . . What few know is that Jim Tully, the big naughty author man and very tame actor, has an eighteen-year-old son working in the cutting room at Universal. . . . If you want to run a picture house, keep away from Greece. There the government tax is about fifty per cent of the admission price. . . . Early in the fall, a little over 12,000 picture houses were wired for talkies. There were two talkie installations on the island of Iceland, and one on Malta. . . . Remember Maurice Tourneur, once famous Hollywood director? Comes word from Paris that his first French talkie is sensational, and the equal of the best of Hollywood's product. . . . Last summer ten tons of ice cream were given away at Paramount theaters. Didn't cost the house a cent—the manufacturer being tickled cerise just to have his product advertised in the lobbies. . . . Joe Donahue, brother of the late lamented Jack, is being groomed for straight comedies by First National. He played Jack's comedy rôle in "Sunny," with Marilyn Miller, for the screen. . . . Reported that the Charlie Farrell-Virginia Valli romance is chilled. .



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★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

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What They Wore

The Hollywood social season crashes open—here are four gowns seen at the first Mayfair party



Two little girls out of school and all dressed up for the first Mayfair party at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, where 500 made merry. Joan Bennett, left, wears a tiered gown of purple velvet, with a spray of orchids. Bessie Love's new and charming party frock is of white ruffled satin



Party dresses are going to be glittery this season, if we can judge by this gown worn by Gloria Swanson at Hollywood's first Mayfair party of the season. Gloria's simply cut dress is a mass of gleaming brilliants. The gentleman to whom Gloria is looking up so happily is Mr. J. R. T. Ryan. Mr. Ryan, you'll be pleased to note, is wearing the conventional black



No Mayfair could really get started without the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe. The beauteous Lilyan Tashman's dress is covered with sea-blue sequins, designed with a smart peplum and worn without jewels. Gentlemen—please note the plenteous pleats in Eddie's pants

Pictures by P & A

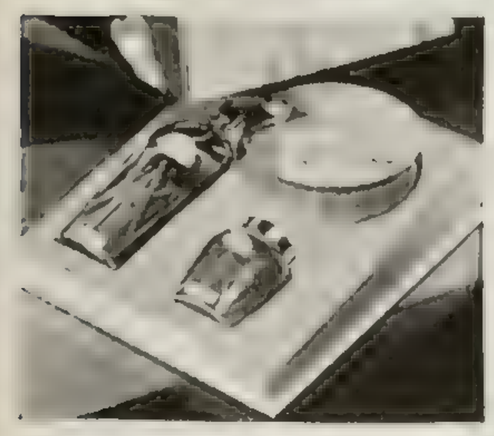
"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too . . . and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."





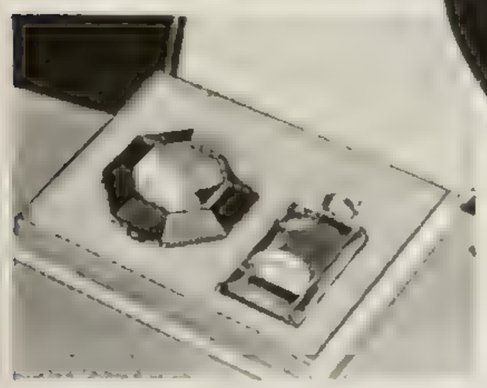




Alice White's Choice
An impressive gift for a nominal sum . . . Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. $3.00.



Sue Carol's Choice
A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon . . . the double Seventeen compact . . . and a box of face powder. $5.00.



June Collyer's Choice
A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing. $2.00.

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all . . . Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

Seventeen



Toilet Water $1.25



Talcum Powder 50c



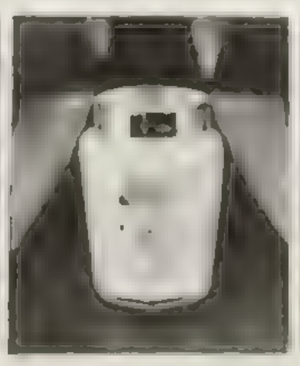
Compact $1 and $2



The Perfume $2.00



Dusting Powder $1.00



Sachet 75c



Brillantine 50c



Face Powder $1.00

Rube Goldberg's First Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

generally send them away into the desert where they hope they will be wiped out by a cyclone. But they tolerated me because I had a knack of making myself inconspicuous by posing as one of the figures on my modernistic lamps.

My pet sequence in the picture, "Soup to Nuts," was the opening shot. I was confident that it would be a scream.

It showed a close-up of Napoleon standing in deep meditation while cannons roared, dense clouds of smoke filled the air, and martial music played. In the distance a terrific battle was raging.

AS the full scene was revealed you were startled to discover that Napoleon was not Napoleon at all, but an obscure customer trying on a costume of the great general in Otto Schmidt's costume shop.

The man had no pants on and was standing around fuming and fretting while Schmidt was in another part of the shop looking for the rest of the costume.

You saw that the cannon's roar was really a noisy radiator and a giant negro beating a rug and the smoke was furnished by a pressing machine. The battle scene in the background was a tapestry.

The chief supervisor viewed the sequence on the screen the morning after it was taken and conceived the brilliant idea that it would be funnier if Napoleon's B. V. D.'s were spotted with large polka dots. The director made the whole scene over at great expense. At the preview it was taken out altogether for some reason or other—mostly other. You, poor movie fan, will never see it. The studio ash cans are full of these pictorial gems brewed in the heart's blood of inspired authors.

At another time, the supervisor in charge of the picture was quite tickled over the fact that he succeeded in hiring a ten-dollar extra girl for seven-and-a-half. The next day we took a soda fountain scene that was equipped with about four hundred dollars' worth of nut sundaes and angel cake which were not used in the story at all.

The people in the company had a private picnic and I believe that some of the cast sent the company their doctors' bills for stomach-aches. You can't follow the movie line of reasoning. "But," you answer, "how about the reasoning of all the biggest business and financial brains in the country who predicted that this country was in for a long period of prosperity just before the crash came?" You're right.

When you come to analyze it, dumbness knows no social or commercial bounds.

I went to some of the parties in Hollywood and met many of the actors I had known in New York during their less opulent days. As soon as an actor signs a movie contract it is an unwritten law that he buy a house with a patio. A patio is a hall room with three orange trees in it. I watched some of these people when they thought they were unobserved and noticed a momentary shadow of wistfulness flit across their beach-tanned countenances. They seemed to be longing for just one taste of the grime and warm reality of their early struggles.

They play tennis and talk continually about the great outdoors. But their hearts are indoors in the dimly lighted theater where all pulses quicken with that first thrilling blast of the overture.

In the vast enterprise of making pictures where *papier-mâché* cities rise up at the beckoning of an idea there is no confusion. Nobody seems to attach much importance to the thing that astonished me most—the technical end of the game. The director simply says, "Give me a piece of the Third Avenue elevated and a couple of blocks on East Eighty-third Street," and in a couple of days he starts shooting. The sets look more real than the originals. Every time I went back to my hotel room at night I would look in the bed to see if Du Barry or Ivan the Terrible were not hiding under the covers.

Everything seemed like a prop.

I REALLY had a marvelous experience and found everybody pleasant and kind. When they disagreed with me there was no personal feeling—they either thought they were right or were trying to protect their jobs. Everybody connected with my picture was sincerely anxious to make it a success. There are thousands of reasons why a picture is good or bad and no one person can control the final result. If you have a good story and good direction and good acting the picture is apt to be a success. But not always.

At the two previews of "Soup to Nuts" which I attended the audience really laughed so loud they could not hear many of the lines. The laughs were a break for me. And they were a break for the audience because they did not have to listen to half the dialogue I wrote.

Are You A Genius, Foreign Style?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

See here! I smoke the pipe.
I shoot also the fox damquick.
Dammit! Behold, I comprehend perfectly the English.
But who is this entrancing female?
Is it not Miss Lupe Velez?
Good day, Miss Lupe Velez!
Pardon me, but you are biting my ear!
Certainly not.
I am entranced.
It is a nothing.
Hollywood is indeed a wonderful country.
I am enjoying myself exceedingly.

I shall stay here { for five years, / till Clara Bow marries Harry Richman, / forever.

But hold! here comes Mr. Gary Cooper.
Alas! Hollywood is a not so wonderful country.
I take my departure.
Pass me my ear!

BUT who is this other remarkable gentleman?
He has the air of being the Bishop of the Diocese.
I comprehend!
He is not altogether the Bishop of the Diocese.
He is Mr. Cecil B. De Mille.
Good day, Mr. B. De Mille.

I am the Champion Director of { Latvia. / Lithuania. / Esthonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Hold! you have said enough.
It is indeed apparent that you are not the Bishop of the Diocese.
But I will comfort myself with Mr. Mack Sennett.

MR. MACK SENNETT, permit me to taste one of your excellent custard pies.
How you call it?
Just as Mother makes.
I am the Champion Dir— . . .
Thank you, Mr. Mack Sennett, one is quite sufficient.
Carrambo! there is Miss Garbo.
Tell me, Mr. Mack Sennett, why does Miss Garbo stand like that?
I comprehend, she is disguised as a lamp-post.
That is to evade the reporters.
But I am not a reporter.
I am the Champion Dir— . . . Thank you, Mr. Mack Sennett, be so good as to retain your custard pies yourself.
I will now proceed to Pickfair.
Be kind enough to provide me with

{ a dickey, / the Order of the Garter, / two coronets, one for day and one for evening wear.

No. I regret exceedingly that I did not bring my family tree.

Alas!
Of my relatives, not a one is { a figure in London society, / a Russian Grand Duke, / a member of a noble but impoverished family.

I cannot enter?
I am exceedingly desolated!
I will console myself with Mr. George Bancroft.
Good day, Mr. George Bancroft!

I am the Champion Director of { Latvia. / Lithuania. / Esthonia.

No doubt you will assist me to a contract.
Forgive me, dear Mr. Bancroft, but you are standing on my right foot.
I repeat, Mr. Bancroft, you are standing on my right foot.
Be so good as to pay attention. What you are now standing on was formerly my right foot.
This is insupportable.
I shall leave Hollywood.

WHEN you release my right foot, I shall leave Hollywood immediately.
At last you pay attention.
Thank you not at all. It was my favorite foot.
My departure is irrevocable.
I take my exit at once.
This instant I leave Hollywood.
Goodbye!
Carrambo! Now you are standing on the other foot.

In Spain . . . beauty experts *insist*

on olive and palm oils

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture – 23,723* of them, the world over – agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejêro advises you: ***"Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin – so – rinse it off with refreshing clear water–to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."***

Tejêro



TEJÊRO, *whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejêro's establishment.*



SEILER, *of Geneva, Switzerland – who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.*



Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.

DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejêro, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they emphasize the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

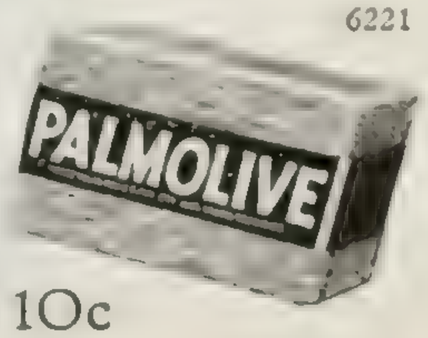
P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.

6221

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR
Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

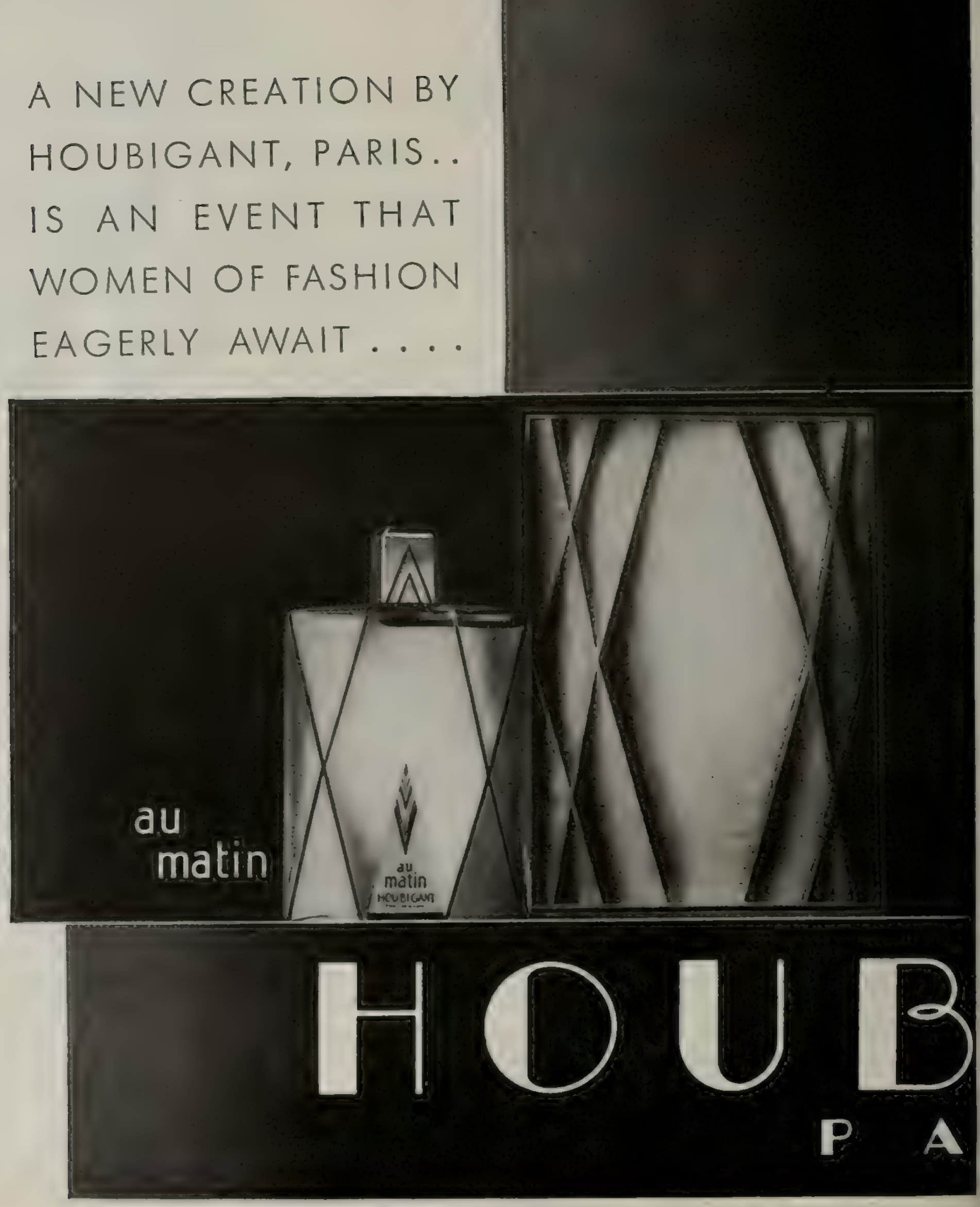
*by actual count

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Retail Price 10c

A NEW CREATION BY
HOUBIGANT, PARIS..
IS AN EVENT THAT
WOMEN OF FASHION
EAGERLY AWAIT



AU MATIN—the perfumed mood of Paris. From $5 to $20 the flacon. The Face Powder, $1.50.



BOIS DORMANT—(Enchanted Woodland) mystery, emotional intensity and lingering appeal. Priced from $5 to $16. Purse size flacon, $1. The Face Powder, $1.



ESSENCE RARE—in fragrance the most regal of perfumes — superbly flaconed in crystal, cut in the manner of a gem — $25 to $125.

IGANT
R I S

The Peerless Huston

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Abraham Lincoln? No. The actual physical resemblance is slight. His rangy, rather stoop-shouldered six feet of height, the deep, thoughtful furrows between his brows, the humorous look at the corners of his large mouth and the penetrating steadiness of his gaze are the only points of similarity.

But with his mastery of make-up and power of characterization those likenesses are sufficient.

HIS nose turns up instead of down—but make-up will take care of that.

He is a big man and he moves and speaks slowly and rather deliberately.

As a result you attach importance to what he says and does.

Even his smile is slow and deliberate and very complete.

Yet there is nothing heavy or dull about the man. He moves about a good deal while he is talking.

And when he is telling a story or illustrating a point he is apt to shove ash trays around, draw diagrams in the air, or even get up and act out a scene to show you what he means—not nervously or with sprightly enthusiasm—but with a kind of poised earnestness that makes you listen to him calmly but intently.

YOU believe him when he tells you that he likes to work with his hands. They are strong square hands, equal to any labor. He and the Arlens—Dick and Jobyna are his best friends in Hollywood—have bought a boat and spend much of their time on the sea. Walter and Dick scrub the decks and polish up the brass themselves.

Walter thinks his portholes always look much shinier than Dick's, but admits jovially that he may be prejudiced. He is serious, however, in his belief that everyone, no matter what his profession, should do some measure of manual labor every day.

He likes the outdoors and exercise—but prefers exercise that really accomplishes something—like building, or sandpapering, or polishing.

Golf, so often a busy man's only form of exertion, he finds too aimless.

HE likes California and has rented a house at Lake Hollywood near the Arlens.

But he doesn't plan to buy or build a home of his own.

He doesn't want to be tied down by such possessions.

He knows that he can always find a place to live while he's out here and thinks it would be fun to have a different house each time. He expects to continue his stage work, but feels that the talking picture is the greatest story-telling medium in the world.

Walter Huston became interested in the talkies when he saw Warner Brothers' first experimental efforts—those early shorts. In spite of their crudity he was intrigued by the possibilities of talking pictures and immediately visualized himself in connection with the new medium.

Right then and there, he says, he could picture himself in Hollywood—could see himself in the movies.

HE'S in the movies, all right—and his popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Yet he's no youthful sheik—no handsome leading man—this forty-five-year-old actor with hair graying at the temples. In "The Lady Lies" he played the first so-called straight rôle of his entire career.

And he claims even that was a characterization for him because it was the part of a gentleman, and he isn't a gentleman. (We disagree with him there.) He insists that he had to watch gentlemen to find out how they act just as he has to study military men before he can portray *The General* in "The Virtuous Sin."

That is his way of saying that every part is really a character part and there is no such thing as a "straight" rôle.

He is neither ashamed nor unduly fraternal when he tells you that he has a twenty-three-year-old son. He talks of his son's first book, soon to be published, with the same intelligent interest that he would show in anybody's son's first book.

HE characterizes the boy as a "highbrow with his feet on the ground" and says "he knows much more about what he wants and how he's going to get it than I do."

But we don't believe that entirely, either—for Walter Huston not only knows what he wants but, to a large extent, has gotten it.



Mrs. Jack Gilbert and her Paramount playmates at their daily toil. On "The Royal Family" set, hard at rehearsal, you'll recognize Fredric March, Mary Brian and Ina Claire. The other gentleman in the foreground is Arnold Korff. Surrounding them are the innumerable actors, directors, technicians, hangers-on and gadgets that infest a great sound studio

In bad weather, attack the germs that cause COLDS and SORE THROAT



Listerine used as a gargle reduces mouth germs 98%

When you gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, you strike a blow at germs that cause colds, sore throat and many other troubles.

For Listerine kills germs by the millions in 15 seconds — the fastest time science has been able to *accurately record.*

Reduces germs 98%

Bacteria on the surface of the mouth and in the saliva are actually reduced 98% by it. Such amazing killing power is shown by exhaustive tests after the methods employed at Johns Hopkins and Yale University. To maintain this reduction at all times frequent gargling is necessary. In view of the above facts, you cannot question the wisdom of using Listerine morning and night as a precaution against mouth and throat infections incident to colds. And as a treatment, more frequently.

Gargle every 2 hours

Colds usually develop when body resistance is lowered by bad weather, over-exposure, chills, fatigue or over-eating. Germs easily make headway. Nature then needs an extra attacking force to keep them under control. That is why physicians urge the gargle every two hours with undiluted Listerine. Every gargle results in the death of millions of disease-producing bacteria.

Twice a day as a precaution



Every 2 hours as a treatment

Safe — healing to tissue

At the first symptom of cold or sore throat, begin using Listerine. Use it full strength to get full germicidal effect. Remember, Listerine is absolutely harmless — non-poisonous, safe and pleasant to use, and actually healing in effect. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the safe antiseptic

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

(fastest killing time accurately recorded by science)

The Battle of Phil Holmes vs. the World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

seem to care. He had been given such small parts—what was the use, anyway? He felt he was not even second best!

HE had everything and he chose to throw everything away. And then, suddenly, something happened.

He was mentioned for the juvenile rôle in "The Genius."

He wanted that part.

It was good and he felt he could do it.

So he said to himself:

"I'll be a perfectly sane fellow. I'll stop all this nonsense."

And he was amazed when nobody else believed him.

"But we can't trust you, Phil," the powers at the studio said.

But so convinced was he in his own mind that he had changed that he begged for a chance, and they promised him the part. On the day the picture was supposed to begin he was taken to the hospital with a nervous breakdown!

AND the studio people shrugged their shoulders and said,

"Well, we knew something was bound to happen. We knew he could never be depended on."

The next six months were the most depressing of Phillips Holmes' young life. His affairs registered zero.

He had the first impulse that everyone has in a like situation.

He would run away.

And he would have run, had it not been for his mother who pleaded with him to stay and face everything, who told him that he could make something of his almost too golden opportunities if he but would. So he stuck and faced the music.

He had to live everything down. He had to hear again and again, "We can't trust you, Phil."

And he had to see the eyes of his erstwhile gay friends turn from him when he entered a room.

THERE is something besides mere classic beauty in Phil Holmes' face, if you study it a little.

He has, of course, the fair, curly hair, the straight blue eyes and the Greek profile, but he also has a chin, a straight, firm chin that bespeaks more than mere beauty.

He has the will to fight!

It was a siege against himself—a six months' siege.

Then came a chance to go to New York and play in "Sherlock Holmes."

He went, and, somehow, the cloud dropped away.

There he saw his old school friends who didn't know that in Hollywood "you couldn't trust Phil Holmes." It was like a breath of fresh air.

There he met new people who hadn't heard the stories of his mad antics and, somehow, the ogre of Hollywood gossip seemed but a mischievous elf. Hollywood gossip is like that.

He came back ready for whatever was in store for him.

He came back a new and determined young man—a young man who had found himself.

Almost immediately he was given the lead in "The Devil's Holiday," and such a characterization as he gave!

Proof that it would be a grave error to try to hold him back.

THE old trouper calls it a "tough part" for he had to make a dumb innocent boy convincing.

And he did!

Public and press accorded him the honor that was his due after the performance, and all the old scores were settled. Unless everybody is wrong, this is one time that Phil won't be merely second. Unless some ugly miracle occurs Phil is destined to lick the jinx of mediocrity. Because he seems to have that kind of stuff in him.

Paramount thinks he's one of their best bets. He is wanted by all of the wise directors in Hollywood.

What a performance he gives in "Her Man"!

HE started life with everything and he was almost persuaded to throw it all away. But he didn't.

Instead he fought the good fight and won the first round which, as any pug will tell you, is the hardest!



Doris Kenyon

Milton Sills' Goodbye



Milton Sills

THE love of Milton Sills for his wife, Doris Kenyon, was one of pictures' most beautiful romances. After his recent lamented death this poem he had written to her was found among his effects.

And this poem without a title can well stand as his farewell to his much-beloved wife.

By Milton Sills

Death cannot end all things, if love denied
Must find fulfillment, as indeed it must,
Though you and I descend into the dust
And in the earth commingle side by side
Yet shall our frustrate ghosts triumph and ride
To some far heaven, where our love and trust
Anoint the bridegroom and the bride.
Then hushed and dreamlike shall our footsteps wind
Through fields of deathless asphodel, where blows
No sharp wind of despair, and we shall find
Each other's hands again; and all our woes
Shall be forgot; our spirits sky-enshrined
While heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose.



A FLAVOR *for* EVERY TASTE!

Life Savers . . . pure, china-hard . . . delicious rings of refresh*mint* . . . soothing to the throat . . . quieting to the nerves . . . after smoking . . . after eating . . . sweeten breath . . . aid digestion.

Six famous flavors . . . distinctive . . . different . . . a 'holesome candy . . . a fragrant breath-mint . . . packed in the convenient roll form . . . handy for pocket or purse . . . foil wrapped to keep them ever-fresh and flavor-full . . . "Always Good Taste" everywhere.

And the delicious candy drop LIFE SAVERS . . . Orange, Lemon, Lime, and Grape . . . like the fruit itself!

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

Raoul

The BIG

With JOHN WAYNE •
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • EL BRENDEL
TULLY MARSHALL • DAVID ROLLINS
• TYRONE POWER

and 20,000 others in an all-talking movietone romance.



FOX

Walsh's

TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.



FOX

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Give her a hand, nothing . . . buy her a ticket to New York." Joan was part of the cover charge in a Detroit night club. Then a Broadway producer found her. Next Hollywood heard of her—and you know the rest of the story

Her recent picture, "Our Blushing Brides," is a nation-wide hit

LITTLE STORIES OF FAST SUCCESSES

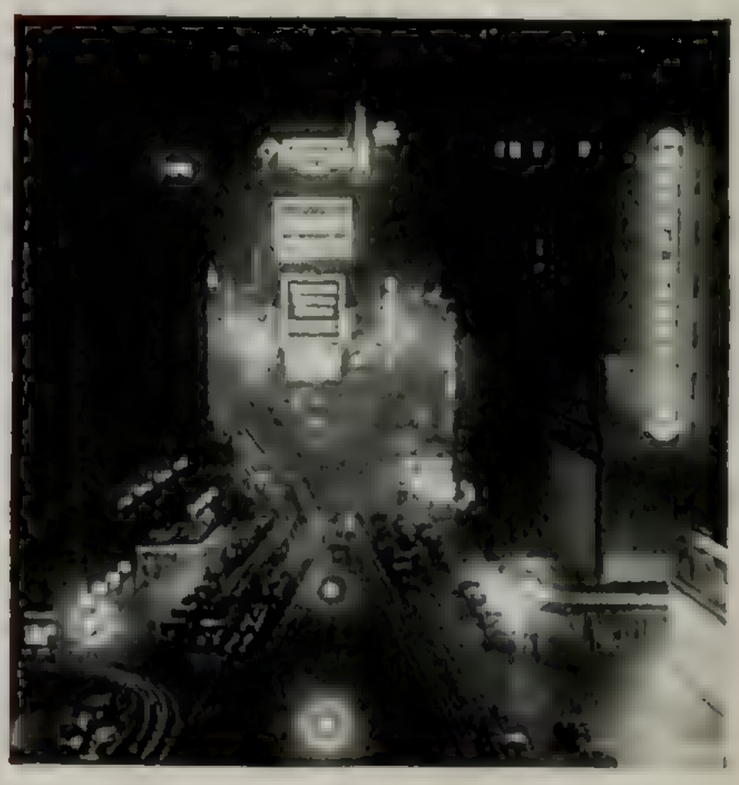
NO. 5 JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan is America's "Dancing Daughter." She danced through school. She danced through college. She danced as an "extra"... and danced to stardom. All in a few brief years.

Just as another young star, OLD GOLD, waltzed through New England in barely two weeks. Skipped down the East Coast in a few brief months. Glided through the Middle-West before the end of the winter. Won the whole country in little more than a year.

How account for such success? Ask Mother Nature. For she produced the better tobaccos that gave OLD GOLD its new taste-thrill . . . gave OLD GOLD its famous throat-ease.

Joan Crawfords and OLD GOLDS are Nature's favorites . . . that's why they dance their way to the front.



On March 23, 1927, **OLD GOLDS** made their first "bow" on Broadway. In a month they were one of the four best sellers throughout the New York Rialto.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



Louise Fazenda's

Christmas Menu

Fruit Cocktail

Roast Turkey with Dressing
Mashed Potatoes New Peas
Artichokes

Fresh Vegetable Salad

Himmels Torte with Fruit Ice
Mince Pie
Prune Cake

Demi-Tasse

CHRISTMAS dinner is a family function at Louise Fazenda's home, and is usually served at three in the afternoon. Louise is married to Hal Wallis of First National Pictures, and her parents live with them.

Here is her holiday menu, which includes the proverbial roast stuffed turkey and mince pie, but is distinguished by the variety of desserts which she serves for Christmas dinner.

With the salad course she serves small, toasted crackers, and with the turkey course, Boston brown bread and home-made biscuits. She doesn't serve soup at this meal, believing that appetites shouldn't be dulled before the real reason for the meal, the turkey, is brought on!

This is the way she prepares her turkey and the dressing for it:

Slice six large onions. Drop in a skillet in which a little chopped bacon has been fried, and brown the onions.

Soak one loaf (or more, if very large fowl is to be cooked) of French bread in cold water. Mix wet bread with onions in skillet so the bacon fat will flavor the bread. Add salt and pepper, and sage if desired. Add four tablespoons of melted butter. Chop giblets, which have been cooked with chopped celery. Mix thoroughly and stuff into turkey, sewing into the fowl.

Cover bird, without water, and let cook slowly for a short time, allowing its own juice to form in roasting pan. Increase heat and cook for one hour in covered pan, then uncover and roast very slowly to brown fowl. Then cover and reduce heat again, simmering about three hours for a ten-pound bird. When very tender, take the fowl from pan and skim fat off the juice. Add flour, browning slowly over the fire. Add hot water to required thickness.

Himmels Torte is made from an old German recipe that has been in the Fazenda family for many years. These are the ingredients:

¾-lb. butter
4 egg yolks
4 tablespoons sugar
Rind of 1 lemon, cut up
4 cups flour
Pinch of baking powder

Mix, and pour evenly into three greased tins. Baste each layer with beaten egg white. Cover first and second layers with mixture of 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup chopped almonds and a little cinnamon.

The cooked filling to be put between the baked layers is made of 1 pint sour cream, brought to a boil, to which is added 1 cup sugar, vanilla to taste, juice of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons flour and 2 egg yolks. Dot the filling with flecks of raspberry jelly. Sprinkle powdered sugar over top of cake.

Prune Cake is made from the following:

1⅛ cups sugar
⅓ cup butter
1 egg and 2 extra yolks
1½ cups prunes, stewed and chopped
½ teaspoon lemon extract
5 tablespoons sour cream
1½ cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon soda
¾ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves

Cream sugar and butter, add eggs which have been beaten, add prunes, extract and cream. Sift all dry ingredients together, and add to first mixture. Bake in layer cake tins about thirty minutes in moderate oven. Serve with whipped cream.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Questions & Answers



He Keeps the Answer Man Busy



She Leads All the Girls This Month

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY takes all the hero honors this month. With less than two years in pictures to his credit, he has steadily climbed to the top. His reward is the lead opposite Greta Garbo in "Inspiration," her third talkie. Bob is a native of Beacon, New York, where he was born May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Appeared on the stage for five years prior to his movie début. He was married to Elizabeth Allen, a non-professional, early in 1928.

ANN HARDING holds highest place among the feminine stars this month. She was born in Fort Sam Houston, Tex., the daughter of an army official, who disowned her when she went on the stage. She is 5 feet, 2; weighs 106 and has ash-blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. Married to Harry Bannister and has one small daughter, Jane. On the stage Ann appeared in many successful plays, among them "Tarnish," "Stolen Fruit," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." A few months ago she and her father, Col. George Gatley, became reconciled.

GROUCHO, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo Marx are really brothers. Their right names are Julius, Arthur, Leonard and Herbert, respectively.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, who is rapidly advancing in pictures, is from Killiney, Ireland, where she first saw light on May 17, 1911. She is 5 feet, 4; weighs 114, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Just Imagine." She will also be seen with Charles Farrell in "The Princess and the Plumber."

HUGH TREVOR, whose real name is Hugh Thomas, was born in Yonkers, New York, October 28, 1903. He is 6 feet, 1; weighs 174, and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Appeared for one summer in stock and also worked as an insurance broker before entering pictures in 1927. His latest picture is "The Queen's Husband."

JOHN GILBERT appeared in "St. Elmo" for Fox back in 1923. Barbara La Marr was his leading lady. Others in the cast were Bessie Love, Lydia Knott, Nigel de Brulier and Warner Baxter.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR.'s latest picture is "Reaching for the Moon." Bebe Daniels plays opposite him.

SALLY EILERS, now Mrs. Hoot Gibson, was born in New York City, December 11, 1908. Critics gave her good notices for her work in "Let Us Be Gay," and "Dough Boys" with Buster Keaton. Sally's next will be "Reducing," with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

JANE WINTON'S most recent work was in "Hell's Angels." She is married to Horace Gumbel, broker.

CLARA BOW'S latest picture is "No Limit." Some of the scenes were taken in New York and some of them in Hollywood. Norman Foster, husband of Claudette Colbert, is Clara's leading man.

PHILLIPS HOLMES, one of our most promising young actors, is the son of Taylor Holmes, famous stage and screen actor. Phillips is just 21 years old and hails from Grand Rapids, Mich. He has appeared in many pictures, among them, "Only the Brave," "The Devil's Holiday," and "Her Man."

SUE CAROL has been celebrating birthdays since October 30, 1908, and Norma Shearer since August 10, 1904. After the first of the year, Norma will begin work on her new picture, "Strangers May Kiss."

WILLIAM BOYD, the blond hero of movie fame, will henceforth be known as "Bill" Boyd. This will distinguish him from *William* Boyd of stage fame, who is now in pictures. Bill's latest picture is "The Painted Desert," and William's is "Derelict."

LLOYD HUGHES gave such a fine performance in "Moby Dick" that he is greatly in demand now. His latest picture is "Extravagance." He also appeared in "Big Boy" with Al Jolson and Claudia Dell.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 118, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

GRETA GARBO played the feminine lead opposite John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil." Lars Hanson, Barbara Kent, George Fawcett, William Orlamond, Marc McDermott and Marcelle Corday also appeared.

WILL ROGERS' latest picture is "Lightnin'." Louise Dresser, Helen Cohan, daughter of George M., and Joel McCrea appear with him.

HELEN CHANDLER is a native of Charleston, S. C. She is 5 feet, 3; weighs 102, and has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. She is married to Cyril Hume, novelist. Her next picture will be "Dracula," with David Manners and Bela Lugosi. Lugosi was in the original stage play.

MAURICE CHEVALIER'S wife, Yvonne, played opposite him in the French version of "Playboy of Paris."

CHARLES FARRELL had the leading rôle in "Fazil." Greta Nissen was the beautiful blonde leading lady.

MARY BRIAN'S latest picture is "Captain Applejack." Her next will be "The Royal Family" with Ina Claire and Fredric March.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, the oldest of the three daughters of Richard Bennett, is a native New Yorker. She is 25 years old, 5 feet, 4; weighs 102, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her first marriage, when she was 16, to Chester H. Morehead, was annulled. Later she married and divorced Phil Plant, a young millionaire. Sister Joan, the youngest, is also well-known to picture fans. Barbara, the other sister, is Mrs. Morton Downey. She is more interested in her husband's career than she is in her own.

ELLIOTT NUGENT is 29 years old and is married to Norma Lee, stage and screen actress. They have two small daughters.

ESTHER RALSTON, after several months in vaudeville, staged a comeback in the talkies, appearing opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner."

GRETA GARBO was given her very first PHOTOPLAY article in the May, 1926, issue. A review of her first American picture, "The Torrent," also ran in that issue. Her first rotogravure picture appeared in the July, 1926, issue. For back issues write to PHOTOPLAY, 919 No. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., enclosing 25 cents for each copy.

THOMAS JACKSON played the part of the slow-speaking detective in "Broadway." That was the same rôle he portrayed in the stage version.

★ ★ "YOUR STARS HAVE GUIDED ME TO THE MOST MARVELOUSLY CLEAR SKIN!"

she writes

BY *Frances Ingram*

SHE came to me months ago, this charming girl . . . a little depressed. "I've tried this cream and that. Whole collections of them! I don't believe there's anything *anybody* can do to make my skin as clear and soft as it used to be!"

That was discouraging! But I asked, "If I tell you about Milkweed Cream and my method that has brought new loveliness to many women, will you try it?"

"I promise. Tell me about it," she said.

"First of all," I told her, "the clear, soft skin is always the skin kept immaculately clean. So every night spread my Milkweed Cream luxuriously over your face and neck. Let it remain for a few moments while the delicate oils dip deeply into the pores, cleansing away impurities. Remove the cream with soft linen.

"Now apply a fresh film of Cream. Pat it gently into your skin, stroking outward and upward, and observing the six places starred on my mannequin.

"You see, there are special toning ingredients in Milkweed Cream. These penetrate into the clean, refreshed pores and defend the skin against blemishes, sallowness and the tiny lines which in time become wrinkles. Will you try my starred way to a clear, soft, young skin?"

* * *

I had a letter from her a few days ago. Such an enthusiastic letter! Telling me how clear and soft her skin is now that she uses Milkweed Cream regularly. "I can't thank you enough!" she wrote.

* * *

Won't *you* follow my six stars to a truly alluring skin?

Tune in on my radio program, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, at 10:15 A.M., over WJZ and Associated Stations. Or if you have any special problems of skin care, why not write for a free copy of my booklet?



LET MY MANNEQUIN AND HER SIX STARS PROVE THAT

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

1 THE FOREHEAD—*To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

2 THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

3 THE MOUTH—*Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

4 THE THROAT—*To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

5 THE NECK—*To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

6 THE SHOULDERS—*To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*



AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES—50c, $1.00, $1.75

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-120
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

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Some folks have all the luck! Take Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. Instead of being torn apart by heartless producers after their wedding, they're immediately co-starred in "Ex-Mistress." And here they are, on a grand location-honeymoon

now as though if Serge and Mary really care, they can have each other.

Poor Pola! Things happen to her—and they all open the tear ducts!

AND now film acting is placed in the same category with plumbing, painting, paper-hanging—and by a film actor, at that. Look at Alan Hale's advertisement in a new casting directory:

ACTING DONE
REASONABLY

BROADWAY'S two favorite singing comics came back to the main stem—in the flesh—the same week.

Al Jolson calmly accepted $20,000 and a cut of the gross over $80,000—if any—for a week of personal appearances at the Capitol Theater, New York.

And Eddie Cantor did his stuff at the Broadway première of "Whoopee." Eddie, after singing a song, launched into a spirited defense of Hollywood, and pictures in general. But he topped it cutely by saying, "Well, of course, if anything goes wrong with my next picture, I'll tell you the truth!"

AND Cantor told a gag that rolled the stuffed shirts in the aisles. Just to illustrate the maturing, sophisticating Hollywood influence.

Eddie said he overheard one of his little daughters talking with two neighbor girls out on the front stoop of the Cantor mansion.

One of the youngsters said she thought she might like a drink, and a glass of spirits was forthcoming.

The first child sniffed it. "Scotch," she remarked.

The second took it. "You're wrong," she said. "It's rye."

It was the little Cantor's turn.

"I'm sorry, girls," she said, "you're both wrong. It's gin—and it's been cut."

BY the time you read this Anna Q. Nilsson will be on her way to Sweden to visit her parents. She is, after all these months of suffering, on her way to recovery.

She will spend the Christmas holidays abroad and will then come back able to return to pictures. Everybody is keeping his fingers crossed and hoping this brave trouper has done her turn of bad luck.

Two years with a broken hip. And Anna Q. is still sunny!

LEON JANNEY, thirteen, owns and drives a Rolls-Royce roadster.

THERE is a clause in all stars' contracts providing that if the star is unable to work for a period of thirty days at one time the contract may be canceled. Such a clause is in Dolores Del Rio's contract and for six weeks, now, she has been too ill to begin work on "The Dove." The other actors have been held on salary and overhead has been slowly but surely mounting.

At last it was decided that the picture would be shelved temporarily. But United wants Del Rio to do "The Dove," therefore it will be started again in three months when, they hope, Dolores will be well again.

Because of the thirty-day clause an entirely new contract will have to be written before the star can work at United Artists again.

Her illness began as an attack of ptomaine poisoning, but she is now suffering from kidney trouble.

THEY appointed a guardian, the other day, for the oldest actor in movies—103-year-old William H. "Daddy" Taylor. The reasons:

"Daddy" demanded a kick in his egg-nogs.

He insisted on carrying huge sums of money.

He formed the cigarette habit.

He flirts with his nurses.

Great place, Hollywood.

LILY DAMITA, the Parisian flash, is the heroine of the latest story to crash Mark Hellinger's column in the metropolis.

Mark tells the story of his first meeting with Lily. It was in her dressing room during a benefit performance. A well known stage figure, who had assimilated more than his share of New York's best, walked into the room.

"Listen, you," he yelled to Lily, "I'm crazy about you and you know it!"

Damita yawned.

"So what should I do?" she asked.

The actor walked over to her.

"You'll return my love," the ham yelled as

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International

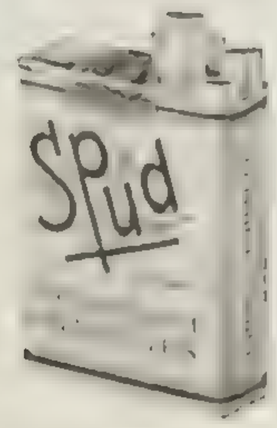
When zat naughty Fifi Dorsay, vivacious vamp of Fox, came to New York for personal appearances, she brought "Minoue" along as mascot. "Minoue" is shown mascotting away for dear nine lives!



THEY ESTABLISHED STIRRUP-CUP ...AND COOLER SMOKE

These care-free, charming people . . . always has it been their lot to discover each new enjoyment of their generation. And so they discovered Spud's cooler smoke. Their pleasure-trained senses found that cooler smoke revolutionized tobacco enjoyment . . . that it lifted old-fashioned restraint from modern tobacco appetites . . . keeping mouths and throats forever moist-cool and comfortable. Thus, they pioneered in Spud's cooler smoke, and established this generation's delightful new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

though he were reciting the lines of a play, "or else—"

"Or else what?" asked Lily.

"—or else," he cried dramatically, "I'll kill myself!"

Damita clapped her hands.

"Oh, that weel be fine," she murmured. "Please do it right now, because Meestaire Helling' is here, and he geeve some vary nice publiceety!"

LOWELL SHERMAN both directs and acts in Radio Pictures. So he can see himself with the director's eye while he's acting, he has a trick arrangement of mirrors into which he can glance occasionally to see that he's in character—as the director wants it.

HOLLYWOODISH Observations Under the Heading: "Oh, Well!"—

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle directs his ex-wife, Doris Deane, in a comedy two-reeler . . . Lina Basquette, just divorced, opens a gown shoppe and appears in the style show in a bridal gown . . . Laura La Plante goes to Chicago and recovers $7,000 worth of jewels and helps the three men who took them get probation, and Actor Douglas Gilmore says he'd like to break the neck of the guy who stole the $125 suit from his dressing room . . . Three assistant directors with first-class records are glad to get jobs as extras at $7.50 a day on Charlie Chaplin's picture and Maurice Chevalier signs in Paris for two weeks of stage appearances at $20,000 a week . . . Bob Armstrong and Jimmy Gleason who play fighter-and-manager rôles on the screen together are business partners in a Los Angeles suburban boxing arena, and Douglas Fairbanks captures first prize in the actors' division of a Hollywood golf tournament . . . A year ago Erich Maria Remarque said he would never write another book after his "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Universal has just bought his second book, entitled "Kamerad."



The Frank Fays at home. Tough luck struck recently. Frank came down with appendicitis, and lovely Barbara Stanwyck had a bad fall at the studio. But both are on the mend, and Frank has a new Warner contract, while Babs is the pride and joy of the Columbia film factory

ONE of those embarrassing moments came around in the Blossom Room of the Hotel Roosevelt the other night. The master of ceremonies was introducing the celebrities.

"And now," he said, "I want to introduce one of the most beautiful of the younger stars, Miss Dorothy Sebastian. Take your bow, little Alabam'."

The spotlight turned to the table where Clarence Brown was dining with Sally Blane. The girl looked puzzled. The director looked embarrassed.

The master of ceremonies was new, or he wasn't up on his romances. Clarence and Dorothy don't go places together any more. And, as a matter of fact, Dorothy was away on location at the time, anyway.

EDWINA BOOTH, the blonde beauty of "Trader Horn," gets sued for $50,000 by the wife of Duncan Renaldo. Mrs. Renaldo says Edwina stole her hubby's love while Renaldo and Edwina were in Africa on location.

It's all very annoying and embarrassing to Edwina, too—and she thinks the studio ought to pay for her defense against the wife's action.

"Pay for it!" exploded a studio official. "Why should we pay for it? It's a very personal matter, isn't it? It's your affair, isn't it? Not ours!"

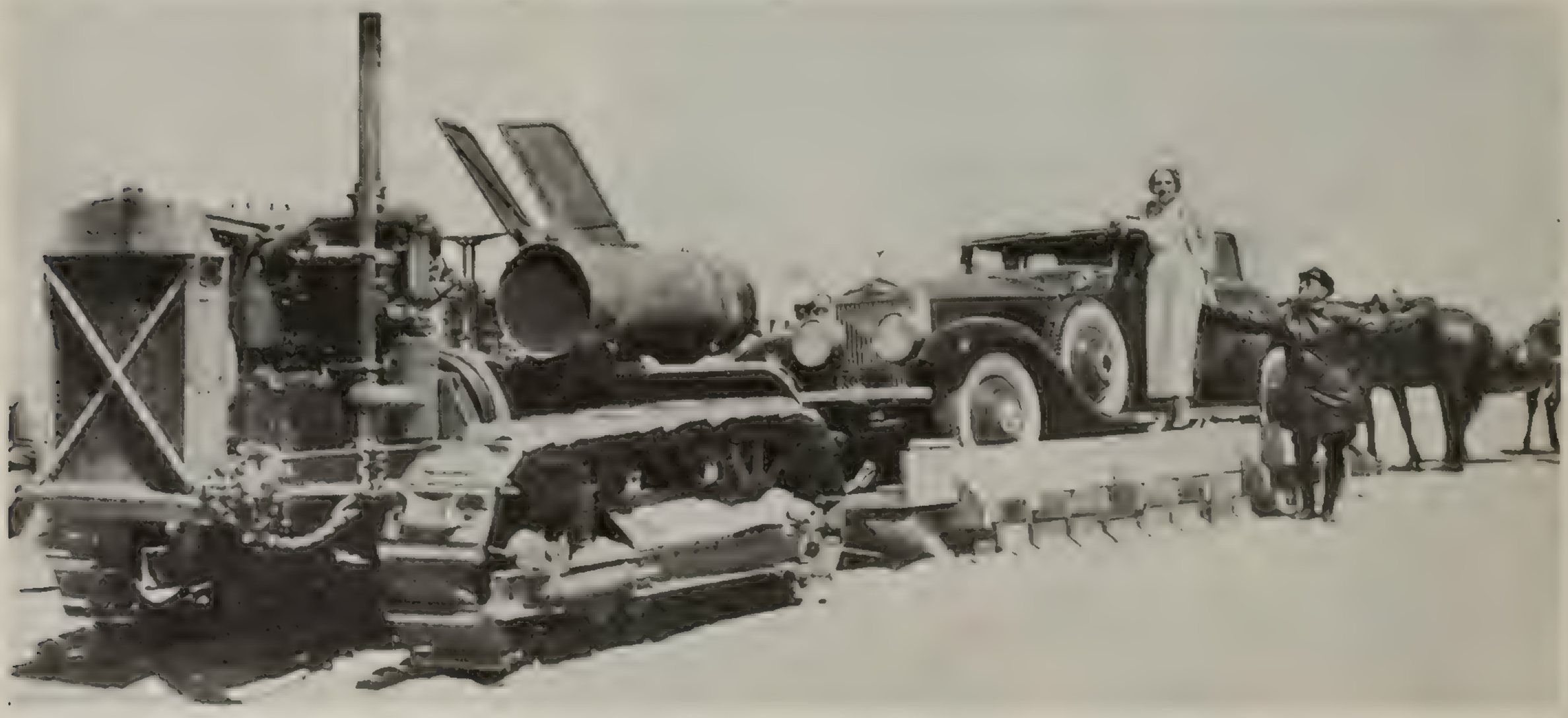
"Well," counters the lovely Edwina, "in the first place, it isn't really true. Nothing happened.

"And in the second place, it wouldn't have happened at all if you'd sent a chaperon to Africa with me, as I wished. So I think you ought to defend me."

JUST about the time the Shearer-Thalberg heir arrived, King Vidor, the director, was waiting for Irving Thalberg's decision on the script for a new picture. An office boy breathlessly broke both pieces of news at once.

"Oh, Mr. Vidor," he said. "Mr. Thalberg

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



What it takes to get a Rolls-Royce to a desert location. Paramount wanted the Rolls out in the wide sandy spaces while making "Morocco," and it took a thousand-mule-power tractor and a sand sled to do the trick. Stealing a ride on the sled is Marlene Dietrich, leading woman of the picture, while the chauffeur looks admiringly on. Why the Rolls on the sand, Heaven knows!



"Please tell me . . ."

JEAN CARROLL'S Page on Hair Beauty

SOME women are born beautiful—but there are fewer of them than you'd think! Look at some woman who passes for a beauty—perhaps she has a chin that isn't so good—or a nose that's far from classic. But she's taken infinite pains with what she's got. And you'll see that she *always* has one thing—lovely hair. Maybe that wasn't so much either, to start with—who knows? But she's worked on it until it's shining with life, sparkling with a hundred little lights. Why—a woman who belongs to hair like that can't help being beautiful! And it's so easy to improve hair. Like a poor relation—hair is so grateful for *any* attention it gets; and with simple regular care, it reveals unsuspected radiance and charm.

"Now it just lies flat"

Dear Miss Carroll: I'll be ever so grateful if you can give me any advice about my hair. It used to be so thick and pretty—and now it has no life and just lies flat. It's so oily I can't keep a marcel in it—it straightens right out. And only a day or two after I wash it, it looks as if it never saw a shampoo. Isn't there anything I can do to make it look the way it used to?—Miss J. H., Esquimalt, B. C., Canada.

OF course there is! If your hair used to be naturally lovely, it's ten to one you can bring back that life and fluffiness. The first thing to do is to go after the excess oil which straightens your wave. Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if you've shampooed it a few days before, shampoo it again.

But use a shampoo *especially for oily hair.* I'd advise Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo; it's slightly astringent and will help to tighten up those relaxed oil glands. Don't be afraid of washing your hair often enough to keep it fluffy—every washing with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo is good for oily hair. While your hair is still damp, why not put in some waving combs? With a little practice, you ought to be able to give yourself a lovely, soft, inexpensive wave.

Then—between shampoos, *massage your scalp* regularly. This is truly important; I'd suggest that you part your hair and apply a little bay rum directly to the scalp. Regular daily massage with a mild astringent lotion will do wonders towards making your hair fluffy once more and sparkling with life.

"So full of electricity"

Dear Miss Carroll: I am a nurse and you'd think I'd know all about what to do for my hair, wouldn't you? I cannot seem to manage it. It seems very *dry*, and simply won't stay in place, and it is full of electricity. It sticks to my fingers, and the comb, and my cap, and then stands up straight.—G. B., Boston, Mass.

IT *is* maddening, isn't it? But you have made the right diagnosis; over-dryness causes that condition which we call "full of electricity." You should use only a shampoo especially made for dry hair. I'm sure if you try Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll find your hair silky and easier to manage after the very first time. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is a gentle vegetable oil soap and, in addition, contains glycerine. I don't need to tell a nurse about glycerine's softening qualities.

Between shampoos—the oil glands in your scalp need to be waked up; and extra oil should be supplied to them, until they are working normally again. Apply a few drops of oil of sweet almonds to your scalp. I've found it's easiest to do with a medicine dropper. Then get out your hair brush, and brush! And be sure to massage the scalp regularly each day—that's important.



"I don't know what to do! Please help"

Dear Miss Carroll: Please help me. My hair was a lovely golden blond; but since my last permanent wave, I've found dandruff in it and now it's turning to a regular ash color. I don't know what to do! My hair is dry and it's getting brittle and lustreless.—Mrs. H. DeR., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I AM glad you wrote to me! For dandruff is serious. If you want to save your hair's health, you mustn't lose a day in getting rid of that dandruff. I've found that it isn't generally known that dandruff may accompany, and even cause excessive dryness, as well as excessive oiliness, but it's true.

The first thing to do, immediately, is to shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Doctors have been recommending it for years as a help in doing away with dandruff, for there's an ancient enmity between dandruff germs and pine tar. Repeat your shampoos every day for three days—after that, once every three or four days till the dandruff gives up the battle.

And do massage your scalp every day faithfully—and occasionally apply a little oil of sweet almonds, to your *scalp* (not to the hair).

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair beauty every Tuesday morning.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

(10¢ for one; 25¢ for all three)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc.
Dept. 16-L 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

- ☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)
- ☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff

I enclose _____ cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]



International

Beauteous Billie Dove, all tweeds, smiles and orchids, gets back from a month's holiday abroad. When asked if she was going to marry Millionaire Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame, Billie remarked that the New York skyline certainly is wonderful! Our fingers are crossed. Her divorce from Irvin Willat isn't final yet

told me to tell you it's a boy—and he doesn't like the dialogue."

A PROJECTIONIST (he's the fellow who transfers the picture from the film to your theater screen) advertised in an English paper, stating his qualifications as follows:

"Married twenty years. Thoroughly used to talkies."

OF course, it's wonderful that little Kenyon Sills, when he grows up, will be able to see and hear his father.

The Fox people gave a complete print of "The Sea Wolf," last film made by Milton Sills before his death, to Doris Kenyon Sills, his widow. Little Kenyon is still but a baby—when he grows up, he will have no memory record of his father. But he will have the indestructible record that is contained in those reels of celluloid, his father's face, form, mannerisms, voice.

But, wonderful as that is, do you realize the still greater wonder that such a privilege is not alone for the baby children of movie stars, but for any little one today, as well?

Do you realize that your own baby can be given such a record of yourself?—or very nearly such a record.

There are home movie cameras. There are these new record-your-voice machines. With the outlay of a very few dollars, you can put away a living memory of yourself for your own children, just as in the Sills case.

And isn't that better than the old family photograph album, after all, you who speak of "the good ol' days"?

LOOKS as though Helen Kane's little court flutter over the $50,000 her cloak-and-suit boy friend is alleged to have paid her back in return for a loan didn't do her much good in the talkie line.

Or maybe it's just because singing pictures are bowing out rapidly.

Whatever the cause, I hear that Paramount didn't take up its option on the little boop-a-dooper.

Well, Helen can always boop-a-doop around the theater. The folks like her.

JACK OAKIE very nearly was involved in an unhappy mess in Toledo, Ohio, during his recent personal appearance tour.

A Mrs. Marion Lowry, a young Toledo, Ohio, sportswoman, was found dead with a self-inflicted bullet wound in her head. The previous night she had been out on a party with Oakie and various Toledo newspapermen.

The sensational newspapers tried their hardest to make capital of this unfortunate business.

But, Toledo's coroner held Jack entirely innocent in the matter even though Mrs. Lowry made practically public the fact that she was suffering from an unrequited crush on the actor.

Poor Jack, of course, came in for considerable criticism in this unhappy business. Some smart newspapermen went so far as to call him "the sap from Toledo" instead of "The Sap from Syracuse," a picture in which he recently appeared. This was another case of daily news-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



When a picture of the Barrymore family like this comes along, who can resist? Young Dolores Ethel Mae is taking a good look at the birdie, while Jack and Mama Dolores are content with a good look at baby



WRIGLEY'S
NEW STYLE DOUBLE MINT NEW STYLE
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

Only ten minutes every day and you will be giving your lips and teeth the most inexpensive and perfect Beauty Treatment on record. That's what it means to enjoy WRIGLEY'S deliciously delightful chewing gum each day, if only for ten minutes. Try it and see for yourself how prettily it shapes your mouth and what new attraction comes to your lips and teeth. Try new style Double Mint — it's PEPPERMINT flavored.

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

papers trying to make a victim of a motion picture actor. I, for one, am very glad that they failed.

WILL ROGERS, who calls himself the contact man between politics and art, whooped it up for the boys and girls at the opening of "The Big Trail." He announced that he wanted to introduce Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, having now become right handy at introducing famous people, but that if, after the introduction, any of the audience was cheated it wasn't his fault.

"The Big Trail" was the first big opening of what Hollywood laughingly calls "the winter season." Everybody shook the moth balls out of ermine coats and top hats. Opinions varied on the picture, itself, but the little old colony was set agog again over the leading man, John Wayne, who is like both Gary Cooper and Charlie Farrell, combining the better features of the two.

The kid is utterly natural and completely at ease before the camera. He used to be "Duke" Morrison of the U. S. C. football team.

IF ever Lilyan Tashman decides to give up the movies she can get a job modeling clothes at any smart establishment in the world.

Howard Greer, Hollywood's dressmaker de luxe, showed his winter frocks to the select of filmdom. His well trained mannequins slithered among the guests. Then suddenly two models appeared on the little stage at once. One of them was Lil! And, what's more, she was a swell mannequin and showed seven or eight of the new frocks.

It started as a gag. She complained that she could model as well as the next one. Greer dared her to do it. Eddie Lowe was none too pleased about it but he came, anyhow, and watched from a quiet corner.

"And the funny part," said Lilyan afterwards, "is that I've never had stage fright before an audience or a camera but I was scared to death when I walked out in those clothes. Believe me, a mannequin earns her money!"

HOLLYWOOD:

For two years, a lanky chap by the name of Summerville, nicknamed Slim, hung around casting offices for bits and small parts and thought he was darned lucky when he landed one.

Then he got a part in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Since "All Quiet," casting directors have been calling up a chap by the name of Summerville, nicknamed Slim, begging him to take a fat part in this picture or that, and let's not quibble over the salary.

Slim has had one day off, between pictures, since he finished work in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It's like that.

MARY PICKFORD'S miniature golf course has been the most popular in town, partly because of the players and partly because of the fact that fans follow the celebs around to get their autographs.

But "our Mary" is a business woman and she's not going to have the course jinxed, so she's issued orders that anybody interrupting the players to ask for autographs will be requested to leave the links.

THE wedding of piquant Marie Mosquini and Dr. Lee De Forest, famous radio and sound-apparatus inventor, is interesting for several reasons.

In the first place, it made relatives of two girls who have been closer than relatives usually are—Bebe and Marie. Bebe Daniels and Marie Mosquini chummed around for months.

And then, it was at Bebe's wedding to Ben Lyon that Marie was introduced to Dr. De Forest.

"It was love at first sight," Marie explained later.

But the most interesting fact of the affair is this:

At Bebe's wedding, it was Marie Mosquini who caught the bride's bouquet as Bebe flung it to her bridesmaids.

And a few nights later, at the wedding of Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, again it was Marie Mosquini who caught the bride's bouquet.

The present venture is Marie's second wedding; Dr. De Forest's third.

MORE and more are the most exclusive Mary and Doug mingling with us common folk. The other night they were seen at a preview of "Those Three French Girls" at one of the neighborhood theaters.

It is most unusual for Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, since they have a perfectly equipped projection room at Pickfair and can run any film they choose.



No more stunts for Harold Lloyd? News is that Hal will make no more acrobatic stuff, like this scene from his new comedy, "Feet First." It bruises and batters the comedian to the danger point, and Lloyd feels that he's served long enough at such business for the sake of laughs

MARIE BURKE, celebrated English comedienne, was in New York recently on a visit and was called up by a casting agent of one of the big companies. Marie speaks English, Italian, German and French. The casting agent wanted her to speak for Spanish pictures! She left for England next day.

HOSPITALIZATION Record:

Nick Stuart, doing a fire scene, starts to climb down a fire-escape and finds that it has gotton so hot from the real flames used in the picture that both hands are crisped nearly to the bone, necessitating many days' layoff.

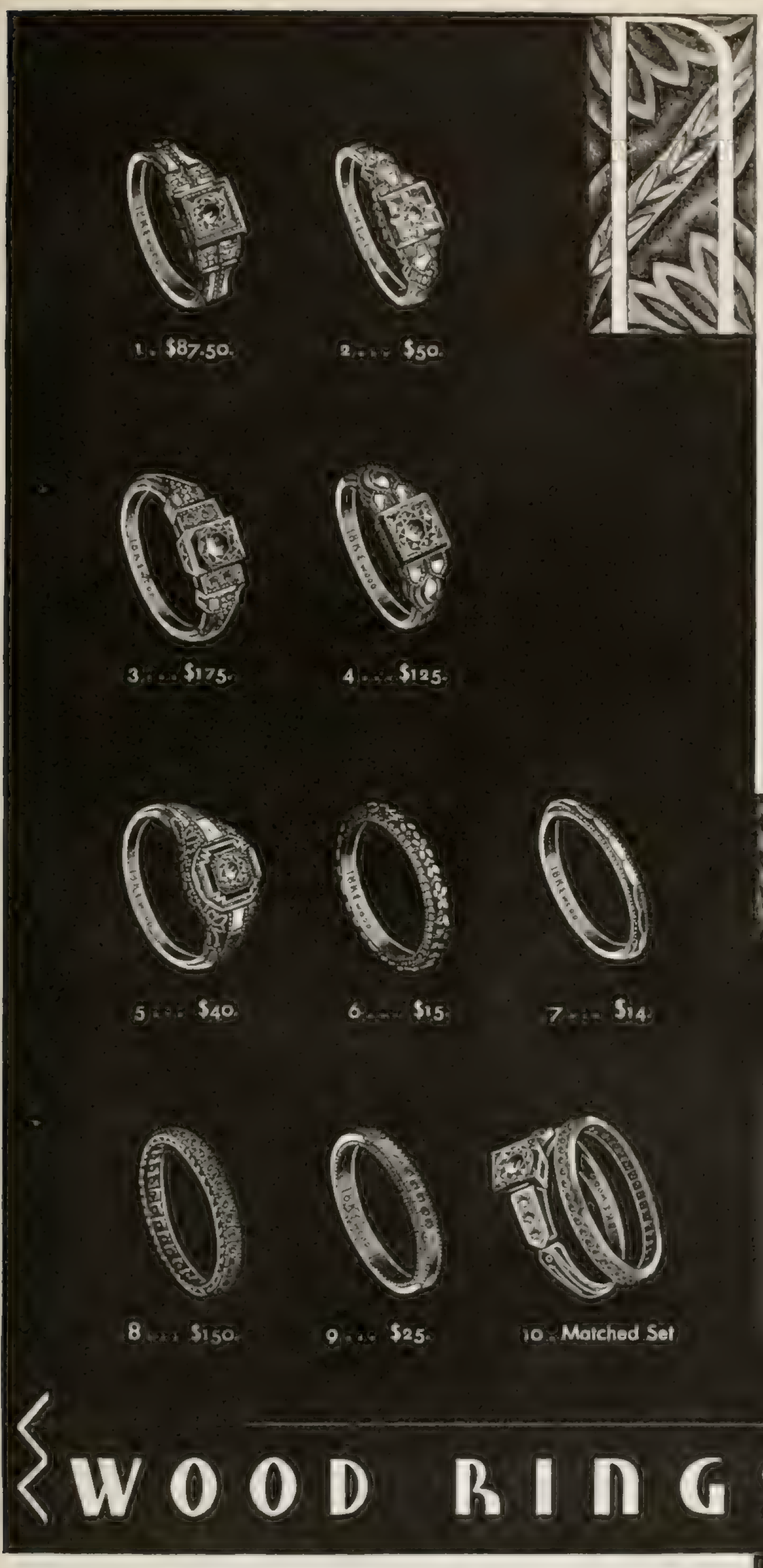
Dolores Del Rio suffers relapse from previous attack of ptomaine poisoning and production on "The Dove" is held up for months.

Edmund Lowe stands too near steampipes in a boat engine room sequence and when the pipes let loose, is severely scalded.

Mona Rico's car collides with another and she has to have X-ray photos taken to see whether or not she's badly hurt. She isn't.

Janet Gaynor stays home with tonsilitis, and people at once begin to whisper that she and the Fox people are bickering again.

Jackie Coogan collects a bad cold and a temperature of 103 at the boys' school which he attends, and stays at home until he's better. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]



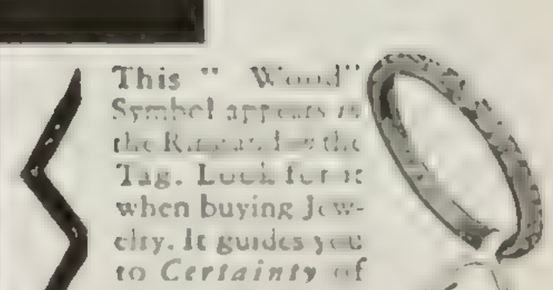
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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount

WELL, nobody sings. That's some help. Charles Rogers wears a chef's cap and perfect evening clothes (singly, of course) and he smiles, which delights all the flappers. It isn't a bad picture and some of it is funny. But it's just another Charles Rogers' starring vehicle. Frances Dee is a charming leading woman and Stuart Erwin, the big silly, is amusing as usual.

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M

BILLY HAINES comes to us this time as a radio announcer, and with Charles King as station owner, Ukelele Ike as champion hog caller, and John Miljan as expert villain and radio clairvoyant, there certainly is a chance for laughs. In fact, you can't miss them. Billy deserves better stories.

ADIOS—First National

MIGHTY versatile, this Barthelmess lad! Hardly done with "The Dawn Patrol," he is metamorphosed herein into an early California prototype of *Robin Hood*, avenging gringo insults to his fellow-Spaniards. It's sweet, colorful, and ofttimes thrilling, with a romance woven in. Barthelmess doesn't hog all honors from a fine supporting cast. Ten to one you'll like it.

RIVER'S END—Warners

CURWOOD'S he-story lands on the screen with the full flavor and tang of the Northwoods. It's the lusty tale of a Royal Northwest Mountie who—believe it or not!—does *not* get his man. Charles Bickford does fine work in a dual rôle, and there's some great trick photography. Junior Coghlan's acting is fine.

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M

"DARK STAR," the tragic story written by Lorna Moon while she was dying of tuberculosis, has been stupidly re-titled and a lot of rough stuff thrown in. It was unnecessary, since the little yarn itself is so beautiful and Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are such grand actresses. It is gorgeous in some spots, hopelessly slapstick in others. But Dorothy Jordan is sensationally good.

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount

BETTER study your Spanish. You may ask directions in Mexico and two minutes later the interpreter may tell you that the reply made you a married woman. Such is the beginning of Clara Bow's new farce. The Avery Hopwood farce is a scream, but the picture fails to rise above the mediocre. Clara is beautiful, and her fans may pack the houses to see this, regardless.

BARBER JOHN'S BOY—Warners

A FATHER, released from prison after serving eighteen years for murder, returns to face his son. A dramatic story, well played by Grant Mitchell, Phillips Holmes and an amazing galaxy of character actors, including George Marion, Russell Simpson and Otis Harlan. Not always convincing, due to the synthetic Southern accent assumed by the entire cast.

THE BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT—Universal

HERE is what could have been one of the most brilliantly sophisticated drawing-room comedies ever screened. It has moments that are delightful and subtly risqué—but others that are dull. Even so, it is higher-than-average entertainment. Ian Keith makes the fascinating *Baron Valmi* believable and the trio of Betty Compson, Mary Duncan and Jeanette Loff is charming.

LITTLE CAESAR—First National

AH, yes, we know—you're all fed up on underworld stories. Well, all right—but before you take a solemn vow never to see one again, do catch this one. "Little Caesar" is the latest and not far from the best of them, thanks to the grand dirty work of Edward Robinson, as lethal a gangster as ever wore grease-paint. Doug, Jr., takes second honors.

DERELICT—Paramount

THE villainous first mate socks the hero with a—guess what! Oh, come now, you know—belaying pin. And then the villain turns out to be a swell guy. There isn't a single meanie in the picture. Big Boy Bancroft is the rough and ready hero and William (Stage) Boyd, the almost heavy. Anyhow, there's a grand fight and a lot of storms at sea.



So deep! Now guess who? Nobody but the classically beautiful Ann Harding doing a few stunts in the swimming pool of her new home in the Santa Monica district

THE HOT HEIRESS—First National

LAUGH-CRAMMED picturization of the theory that the female is deadlier than the male—especially when it's a millionaire's daughter on the make for a poor but virile steel riveter. She gets her man and you get swell entertainment. Ben Lyon as the riveter is a punch; Ona Munson as the girl has what it takes. Inez Courtney and Tom Dugan are great.

SIT TIGHT—Warners

ALTHOUGH this picture is full of laughs, it repeats on much of the business Joe E. Brown has done before, particularly the wrestling match. Winnie Lightner is a riot as *Dr. Neill*, and her methods of reducing are the last word. Brown is her "boob" assistant. Don't miss it.

EAST IS WEST—Universal

THIS stars Lupe Velez. It was directed by Monta Bell. The play was as popular as ham and eggs. Lewis Ayres plays the lead. Sets are gorgeous. And yet, somehow, this serio-comic little yarn just misses being a great picture. Edward Robinson, as *Charlie Fong*, is worth the admission. Entertaining enough.

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS—Warners

THE husband and wife quarrel. The husband and wife kiss and make up. The husband and wife quarrel. The wife makes the husband jealous. The husband makes the wife jealous. There are a lot of movie gags. Heigh-ho and a couple of hums! Natalie Moorhead wears stunning clothes. Irene Delroy doesn't sing. Jimmie Hall is the husband. The only bright spot is Lew Cody.

ATLANTIC—British International

A SHIPWRECK melodrama which must be founded on the great catastrophe of the Titanic. It's a credit to its British makers. Brilliant direction by A. E. Dupont, who made "Variety," and nice playing by a cast headed by Madeleine Carroll, Frank Dyall, Donald Calthrop and John Stuart. English dialogue may bore your ears, but it's a creditable job.

HEADS UP—Paramount

A PLEASANT little musical comedy picture, with the smiling Mr. Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers playing a gallant young coast-guardsman, Victor Moore and Helen Kane contributing laughs and things. The real news of the whole matter is that in this picture the impeccable Mr. Rogers actually smokes a cigarette! Fie! A well-made singie that isn't good enough to be outstanding.

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia

BUCK JONES has turned out a crackerjack Western in this one. Not only is its direction and acting superior to the average picture of this sort, but it really has a nice human interest story that holds the spectator. Buck plays a troubadouring cowboy who works for a fair ranch-owner, played by Marguerite de la Motte. The cast does well. The kids will like it.

THE LOVE TRADER—Tiffany Productions

THE main reason why you must not fail to see this picture is that your old favorite, Leatrice Joy, is a perfect blonde and more beautiful than ever. Her speaking voice is delightful. Besides, there is Hawaiian locale, with plenty of seductive music and dancing.

THE CAT CREEPS—Universal

SHIVERS and shudders and shakes! Here's that gorgeous old nerve-wrecker, "The Cat and the Canary," retitled and redone *à la* talkie. It's easily one of the best mystery thrillers ever screened, with a sinister effectiveness and an eeriness that's much enhanced by perfect sound and extraordinary camera work. Blanche Frederici and Neil Hamilton lead a great cast.

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions

A PICTURE about a bachelor raising hell with two married couples, wherein fashions and passions are blended into a display that will make audiences gasp for several reasons.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

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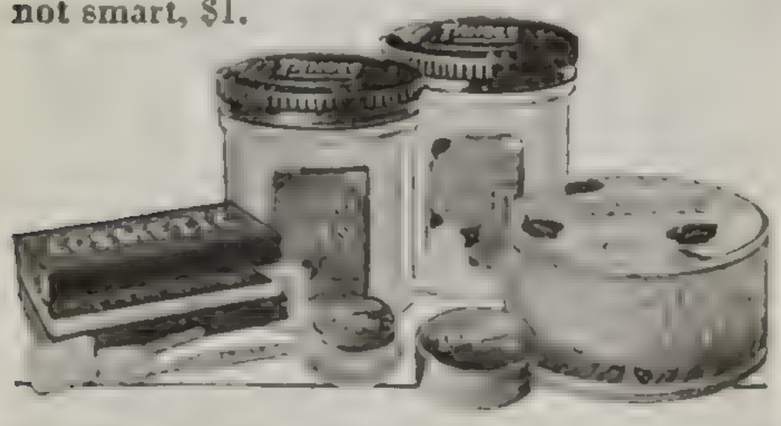
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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

Some will thrill at the gorgeous creations in fur coats and what the well-dressed woman will wear; others will be startled at the audacity of inter-marital intrigue, punctuated with bullets.

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount

ED WYNN, no howl in silent pictures, is a scream in this, now that the talkies give us his apologetic, squeaking voice. It's a good transcription of his former musical comedy hit. He's been given grand support—Ginger Rogers, Stanley Smith, Lou Holtz, Bobby Watson and others. Why must musicals be going out, when some are like this?

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia

ALTHOUGH this is an interesting and dramatic travelogue, it has been considerably pointed to give it "entertainment value," and as a result the voice of Africa is somewhat dubiously heard. The record of the Colorado-African Expedition, headed by Paul L. Hoefler, the film also contains considerable laboratory and studio material. Some interesting animal stuff. Imagine dramatizing dramatic Africa!

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International

BRITISH International Pictures begin a vigorous campaign to win audiences for English talkies with this well-made transcription of a stage play about a public school boy who fell in love with his headmaster's wife. This picture has been well directed by Thomas Bentley. Madeleine Carroll, well known in England, is one of the featured players.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany

JIM CRUZE is an extremist—he produces either pretty bum pictures or very darngood ones, and this is one of the latter. Whimsically sophisticated, it gallops along through an hourful of guffaws over the affairs of cuckold *Boris* and his wife, to whom another man is always another man. Not fair to pick any one of the cast for top honors.

THE STEEL HIGHWAY—Warners

HIGHLY dramatic story of a chap who falls in love with his pal's wife. Nothing unusual about this yarn except its railroad background. It's fair entertainment, and Grant Withers, Mary Astor and Regis Toomey do fine work. There's some good comedy.

TODAY—Majestic

THIS old melodramatic stage thriller has been brought up to date in one of those sensational films that are all hell, sex and box-office. And yet, although you know it is hokum, you are held by it in spite of yourself, partly, perhaps, because of the excellent acting of Conrad Nagel and Catherine Dale Owen.

THE JAZZ CINDERELLA—Chesterfield

THE poor girl captures the rich boy against papa's opposition, and there isn't a great deal more to be said. Myrna Loy, Jason Robards, Nancy Welford, Dorothy Phillips and David Durand play the leading parts as well as they can in a crude job. And that's *all* there is to be said—at least here.

THE YANKEE DON—Richard Talmadge Productions

"I'LL show that ol' Doug Fairbanks!" muttered Richard Talmadge, and made this. It's a Western very-mello-drama. Starring Talmadge's muscles, it raises 57 varieties of hell and achieves excruciatingly high points of comedy in the romantic scenes. There are hundreds of horses and one covered wagon, and whoever voice-doubles for Lupita Tovar sings beautifully, anyway.

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions

THE National Research Council of Australia sponsored this one and if you don't know all about the private and professional life of the aborigines it isn't their fault. Those old boys could teach our local hoofers a thing or two. If you like travel films you'll enjoy this one, except for the spectacular ending that is so improbable it reminds you of "Ingagi."



When the talkies need a fog on the Pacific Ocean they don't wait for a turn in the weather—they just make one! Here's a speed boat, carrying U. S. Navy smoke screen equipment, laying a ten-mile fog for George Bancroft's new picture, "Derelict." The steamer carries the actors and full studio equipment

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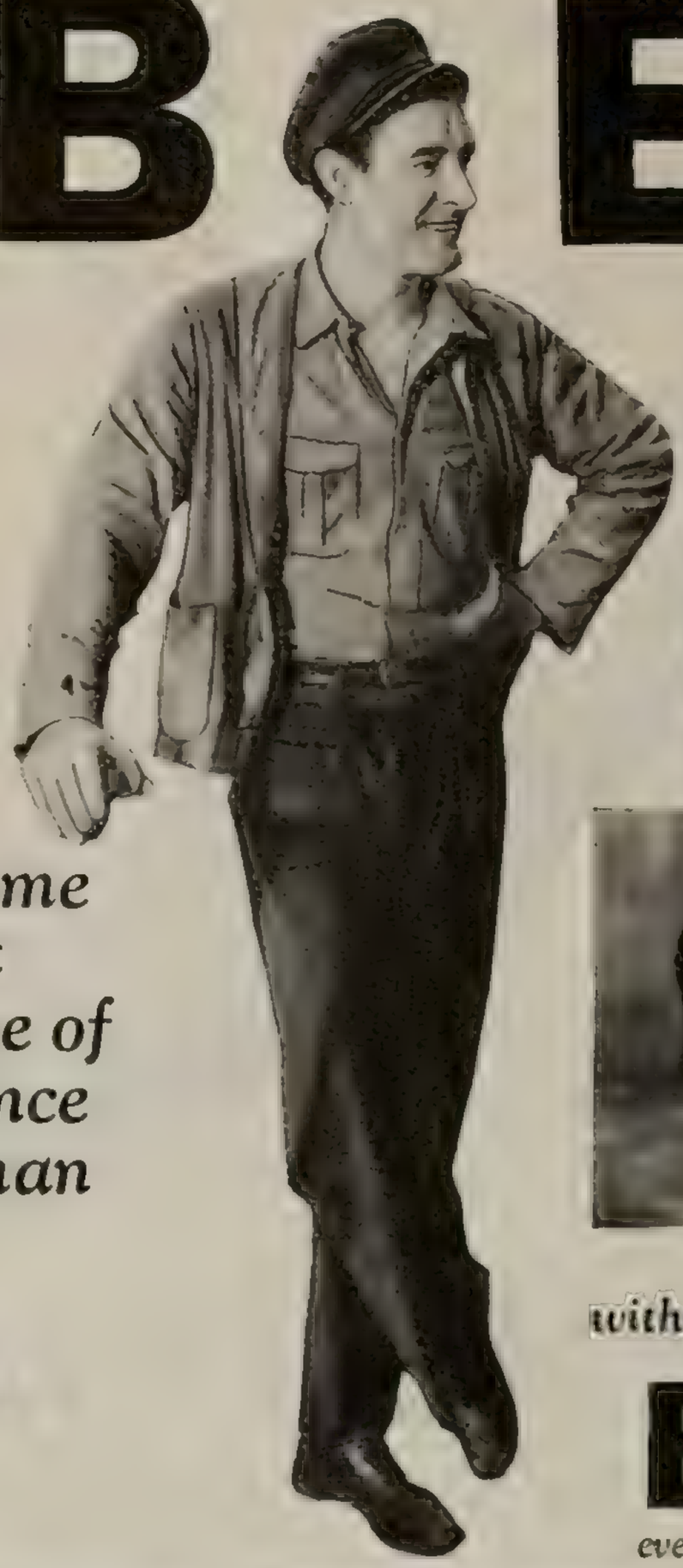
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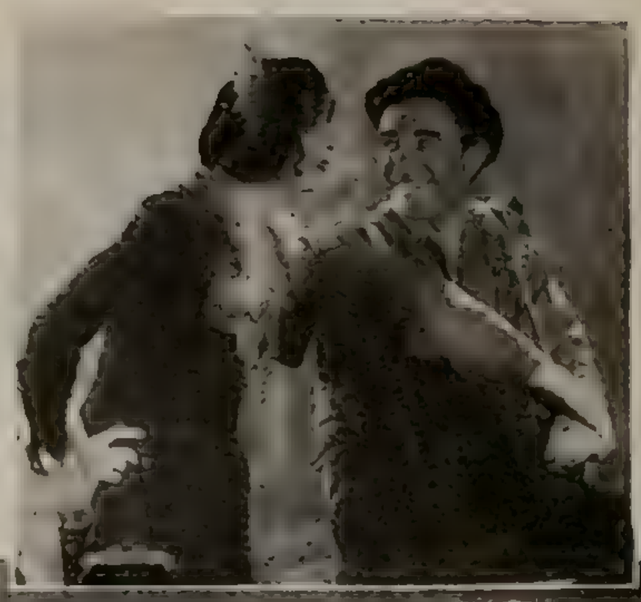
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Harry Bannister
Richard Barthelmess
Sidney Blackmer
Bernice Claire
Robert Edeson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Louise Fazenda
Alexander Gray
Lawrence Gray
O. P. Heggie
Edward E. Horton
Lila Lee
Lucien Littlefield
J. Farrell MacDonald
David Manners
Frank McHugh
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
James Rennie
Virginia Sale
Otis Skinner
Arthur Stone
Loretta Young

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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The reaction of people accustomed to fine cars, to the success of the Cord front-drive, is the most significant thing in the automobile world today. Just as we predicted in 1924 that public demand would force other manufacturers to follow Auburn's Straight Eight leadership—which prediction has been coming true for six years—so now we predict public demand soon will force builders of fine cars to adopt front-drive construction. The Cord, due to its inherent exclusive advantages, due to its extraordinarily fine construction and due to the experience of Cord owners, today ranks supreme among fine cars in advancements and value; a proven product, definitely the leader in every way. Car buyers who give first consideration to their personal safety, to their comfort en route, and to ease of handling, have no alternative but the Cord. There is no substitute for the advantages possible only with a front-drive car.

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THE VELVETSKIN PATTER is available in Orchid, Jade Green, and Primrose, with electrical cord to match. The handle is of a new material (non-metal) that resists heat and electricity.

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Meriden, Conn.

CONNECTICUT TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 60 Britannia St., Meriden, Conn.
Enclosed find check or money order for which please send one VELVETSKIN PATTER with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.
Mark X here ☐ for Alternating Current, $5.00.
Mark X here ☐ for Direct Current, $7.50.
Mark X here ☐ for free Beauty Booklet only.
Color wanted: ☐ Orchid, ☐ Jade Green, ☐ Primrose.
Name.....
Street and No.....
City.....State.....
My dealer's name.....

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IN the late fall of 1920 the true-blue fans are all agog over the latest D. W. Griffith production.

It is the grand old tear squeezer, "Way Down East," and Griffith fired it at his public in twelve reels—twice a day, at two dollars a crack, with special orchestras playing one of the first, if not the first, full-blown scores.

[To this day addicts can remember the shivery theme that greeted every entrance of Lowell Sherman, the snaky villain who had his way with poor, trampled Lillian Gish.]

The juvenile in the picture is young Dick Barthelmess, and his partner in the film is a little Broadway dancer named Mary Hay. They were soon to marry. Creighton Hale does well.

And we all sit back on our haunches and say what a great director this fellow Griffith is.

Ten years later we are saying the same thing, now that the old master has tamed the microphone and made "Lincoln."

CHARLES RAY is going great guns at present—this is 1920—and two of his pictures are reviewed in this December issue.

One is "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," and Critic Burns Mantle says that Charlie simply won't be accepted as the pugilist in this famous old George M. Cohan play.

Burns points out that Ray, now being his own producer, is making mistakes in picking stories, and that his business anxiety shows in his acting. Mantle turned out to be a true prophet. This was the beginning of Charles Ray's end.

The other Ray picture of the month is "The Village Sleuth." This is more up his alley, as he plays a village boy with a Nick Carter complex.



Lillian Walker, the famous "Dimples" of the old days. In December, 1920, she was suing a gentleman named Hansen for divorce—and the fans hadn't even known she was married!

WHAT our friends are doing this month—

Tommy Meighan has just burst out in "Civilian Clothes," with the beautiful Martha Mansfield as his leading woman.

Corinne Griffith is doing one of her dual rôles in "The Broadway Bubble."

Bill Hart takes off his cowboy clothes and plays a noble policeman in "The Cradle of Courage."

Lionel Barrymore is applauded in "The Master Mind."

Norma Talmadge and Percy Marmont go very dramatic in "The Branded Woman."

And this is the month of "Over the Hill," that film that bathed America in tears and made Mary Carr famous as the best-loved of screen mothers.

TEN years apart!

1920—Rod La Rocque has gone on the stage, to be Alice Brady's leading man.

1930—Rod La Rocque has gone on the stage, to appear in a new play with his wife, Vilma Banky.

And what a busy decade was in between!

ANITA STEWART is on the cover this month. . . . And in the ro o section—Carmel Myers, Ann Forrest, Dorothy Dickson, Clara Kimball Young, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres, Geraldine Farrar—and a pretty etching of Billie Burke, the original of which hangs in PHOTOPLAY's New York offices to this very day . . . Cecil De Mille tells a PHOTOPLAY writer "What Marriage Means," and it makes the lead story of this month's issue . . . A nice little story on Irene Rich, who was Will Rogers' leading lady in 1920, and still has that honor ten years later. But lots of parts happened in between . . . And an interview with David Powell, the handsome young Englishman who played opposite Mae Murray in several big pictures. He died several years ago.

THIS month we fictionize "The Woman in His House"—a story in which Mildred Harris Chaplin played the lead.

In the surrounding company were Ramsey Wallace, Thomas Holding, Gareth Hughes and George Fisher.

And we also make into a story a new Bill Hart picture called "The Testing Block."

Sample—Bill saying to Eva Novak—"I've won you, and I'm a'goin' to marry you, NOW!"

And durned if he up and didn't! On the screen, anyway!

HERE are some pictures taken on the Actors' Special that brought stage and screen people to Warren G. Harding's Marion front porch during his campaign for the presidency.

Among the actors who went along to whoop it up for the Republican ticket were Eugene O'Brien, Lew Cody, Rubye de Remer, Leo Carrillo, Texas Guinan and Al Jolson.

ANOTHER ten years!

1920—Otis Skinner is making a movie of his greatest stage triumph, "Kismet."

1930—Otis Skinner has just finished making a talking picture of his greatest stage hit, "Kismet."

CAL YORK—he had all his hair then—reached into the gossip bag and pulled out these plums—

Mary and Doug are about to start on a tour of the world, shooting pictures en route.

Lois Weber, director, is introducing her new "find"—one Claire Windsor, a beautiful blonde girl. Claire's first picture is to be "What Do Men Want?"

Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean are expecting a visit from the stork. So are Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms.

Cal wonders why some feature director doesn't raid Keystone and sign up Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver and Harriet Hammond. Well, several did, and the first two immediately made good in something besides bathing suit comedies.

It is rumored that Ann Forrest is going to play "Peter Pan" in the movies.

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An Ideal Xmas Gift!

This New De Luxe Edition of the

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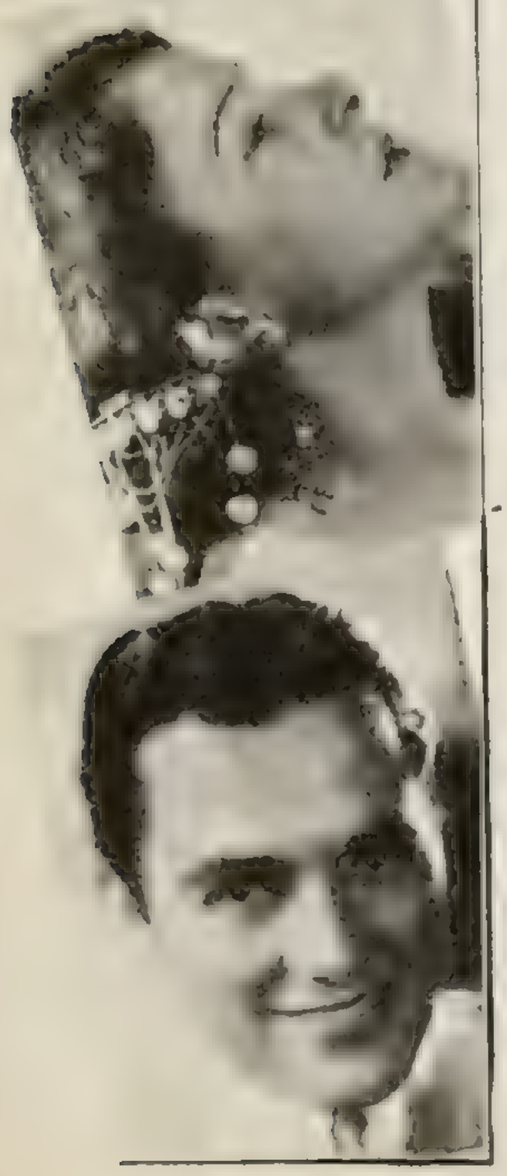
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"Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

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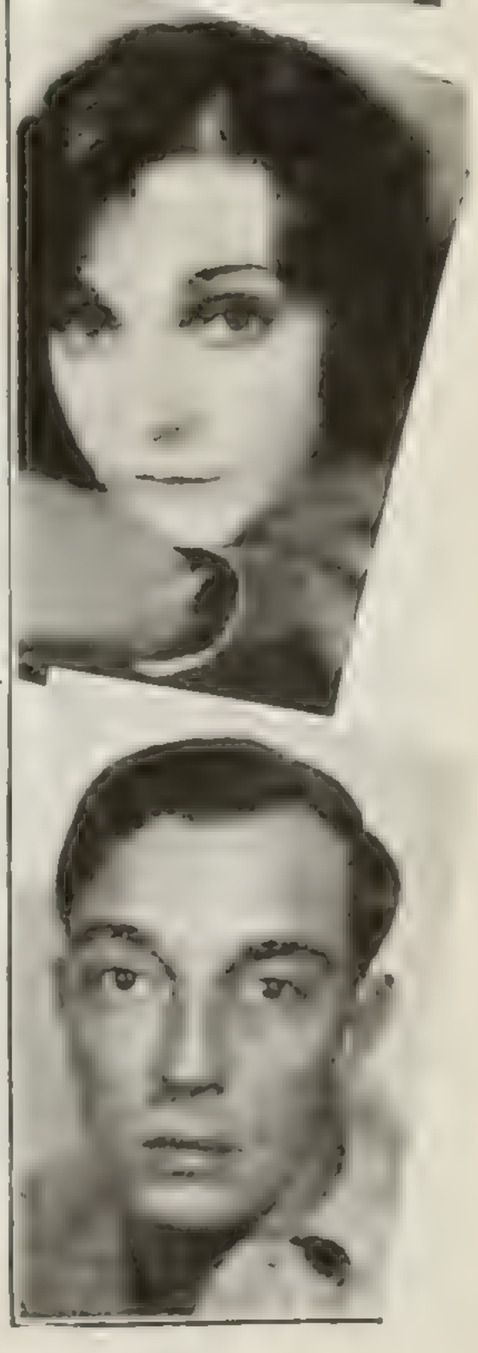




DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires—which ones foreign titles?
The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?
The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?
How much Loretta Young weighs?
Where Chevalier was during the World War?
That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?
What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?
That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?
Who was once engaged to the grandson of the Kaiser?
The name of Irene Rich's husband?
Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?
Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?
The real name of Lew Cody?
What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?
How many times Alma Rubens has been married?
How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?
Where Bebe Daniels was born?
How old is Marie Dressler?
Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?
How Jack Oakie got his start?
Gilbert Roland's nationality?
Which fair-haired star was disowned by her mother?
That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?





The answers to these—and hundreds of other questions—just the information that you and your friends want can be found in "Stars of the Photoplay."

Size of "Stars of the Photoplay," 7¼ x 10½ inches; individual portraits, 5½ x 7½ inches. A biographical sketch accompanies each portrait.

You can obtain this remarkable book with an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for only $4.00. "Stars of the Photoplay" sells regularly for $1.25; an 18 months subscription to PHOTOPLAY $3.75. The regular price of the two combined is $5.00. You will, therefore, save $1.00 by taking advantage of this unusual offer. We recommend the combination offer, but if you want only "Stars of the Photoplay," just send $1.25.

If you wish to send as a Christmas gift, insert the name of the person to whom you wish it to go, on the coupon, and your own name on the extra line at the bottom provided for this purpose, and we will send a Christmas card to the recipient notifying her of her gift.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine {STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY} PH. 12-30
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Enclosed please find $..... ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ cash, for which send me The New 1930 edition of "Stars of the Photoplay" and enter my subscription to PHOTOPLAY Magazine for 18 months effective with the next issue.

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Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted ... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 66-C Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

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St. Address.....

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Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



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Prepare NOW for a well-paid position. Unlimited opportunities — fascinating work offered in uncrowded photographic field. FREE BOOK tells how to quickly qualify as
() Motion Picture Cameraman or () Projectionist
() "Still" Photographer or () Photo-finisher
Send for it NOW!

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. V-1221, 10 West 33rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Short Subjects *of the* Month

EDUCATIONAL has thought up a new one. A new series of shorts showing how a great detective does his stuff is now being released. The first is reviewed below.

Tiffany's chimp comedies seem to have caught on. The second is now being shown, and is reviewed this month.

THE WILKINS MURDER MYSTERY

Educational

William J. Burns, the famous detective, has gone to his case records for material for a series of mystery shorts, of which this is the first. Scenes are re-enacted on the screen, and Burns describes the crime and its solution. It's mighty interesting. Give us more.

PUPS IS PUPS

Roach-M-G-M

Our Gang's pictures are always good for several laughs, and this one is no exception. The kids sneak into a high-toned pet show and substitute their mutts, white mice and things for the ritzy animals on exhibition. This is one of the Gang's best efforts in some time.

ROSELAND

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

One of the very best of song shorts, made by Ruth Etting, that excellent singer of musical comedy and vaudeville fame. As a background for her typical "torch songs," Miss Etting has been given a little story about a dance hall girl. The story idea is a good notion.

IIELPING HAND

Paramount

A clever little one-reeler starring Solly Ward, the well known "Dutch" comedian. It is just long enough to get over ten minutes of laughs, with a smash howl for the finish. Ward's work is excellent, and he is supported by a nice ingénue in the person of Frances McHugh.

BROKEN WEDDING BELLS

Darmour-Radio Pictures

Another George K. Arthur-Karl Dane picture, and a scream. The irrepressible Daphne Pollard helps the boys, and the three keep the laughs coming rapidly. Big Dane doesn't do much talking, as his Swedish accent interferes somewhat. But George and Daphne do enough for three.

WEAK BUT WILLING

Christie-Paramount

Eighteen minutes of laughter, with Will King and Dot Farley doing the heavy work. King plays a business man who comes home tired and hungry and attempts to shake together a meal. He has a tough time of it. This is a satisfyingly funny comedy two-reeler.

THE ISLAND EMPIRE

Fitzpatrick

An unusually interesting number in James A. Fitzpatrick's travel series, being a pictorial trip through Japan. It includes some exceptionally beautiful shots of the famed Mt. Fujiyama. The accompanying synchronized talk is also very good.

THE LITTLE COVERED WAGON

Tiffany

This is the second of Tiffany's monkey comedies, and it is a very comical burlesque on all pictures of American pioneer times. All the familiar characters are here—the hero, the bad man and the Redskins. The chimps are excellent actors, and the voice dubbing is neat.

LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

Tuxedo-Educational

You don't have to be in practice to laugh at this. Charlotte Greenwood, of the famous long legs and funny faces, joins a women's club whose motto is "A good deed, a good day." The fun starts when lanky Charlotte's deeds and days go astray and get jumbled.

THE JAY WALKER

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

So absurd it's funny. The time is 1932. Pedestrians must get walking licenses, signal before turning corners, and are equipped with license plates and tail lights. Punch of the picture is a burlesque court scene in which a jay walker is sentenced as a "desperate character."

DON'T BITE YOUR WIFE

Sennett-Educational

Andy Clyde, the Sennett ace, is the leader in this, playing a dentist who is set on having his daughter marry young Lincoln Stedman—for part of the picture, at least. There are some very amusing scenes in the dentist's office, in which a deaf patient is involved.

CRYING FOR THE CAROLINES

Warners-Vitaphone Variety

This is a distinct relief from the monotony of many short subjects. Paintings and drawings are animated, giving the effect of old masters. This short is notable for the beauty of the results obtained, as well as the novelty of the thing.

MICKEY'S MUSKETEERS

Darmour-Radio Pictures

This is as whimsical a little comedy job as you'll see in a month of talkie evenings. Mickey (Himself) McGuire and the rest of his little pals set out to re-enact the good old Round Table activities of King Arthur's time. An especially good comedy for children.

DON'T GIVE UP

Educational

Buster "Beep Beep" West gets a job as a detective, but makes the serious error of mistaking the daughter of the district attorney for a gangster's sweetie. This does Buster no good. A fast moving two-reeler with Buster and his dad contributing the fun.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

50 Men Who Rule The Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

Will Hays is President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., and needs no introduction.

Sidney R. Kent is the General Manager of Paramount Publix. Samuel Katz is President of the Publix Theaters Corporation.

Irving Thalberg is a producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus is President of Technicolor, Inc.

David Sarnoff is President of the Radio Corporation of America and is a great factor in the affairs of Radio-Keith-Orpheum Theaters, of which Hiram S. Brown is President. Joseph I. Schnitzer is in charge of all production for Radio Pictures, and William Le Baron is Vice-President in charge of their studios.

Joseph Schenck is President and active producing head of United Artists.

Nicholas M. Schenck is President of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc., and President of Loew's, Inc. Felix Feist is Sales Manager of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

William Randolph Hearst is an independent producer whose pictures are released through Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.

Carl Laemmle is President of Universal Pictures. His son, Carl Laemmle, Jr., is active production head, and R. H. Cochrane is Vice-President and directs the sales of that company.

Joe Brandt is President of Columbia Pictures and Harry Cohn is production head of the company.

Walt Disney is the creator and producer of *Mickey Mouse* and other cartoons, and rates a place in this list because he has brought this phase of motion pictures to such a high point of excellence.

Earle W. Hammons is President of Educational Pictures, which releases scores of short subjects.

Joseph P. Kennedy is Chairman of the Board of Pathe.

William De Mille is President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and has become a great influence in the relations between all branches of the industry.

J. E. Otterson is President of the Electrical Research Products, Inc., a subsidiary of the Western Electric Company, and a power in the development of sound.

Al Lichtman is Sales Manager of United Artists.

Herman Starr is President of First National, and Ned E. Depinet is General Sales Manager.

Mack Sennett is an independent producer of comedies.

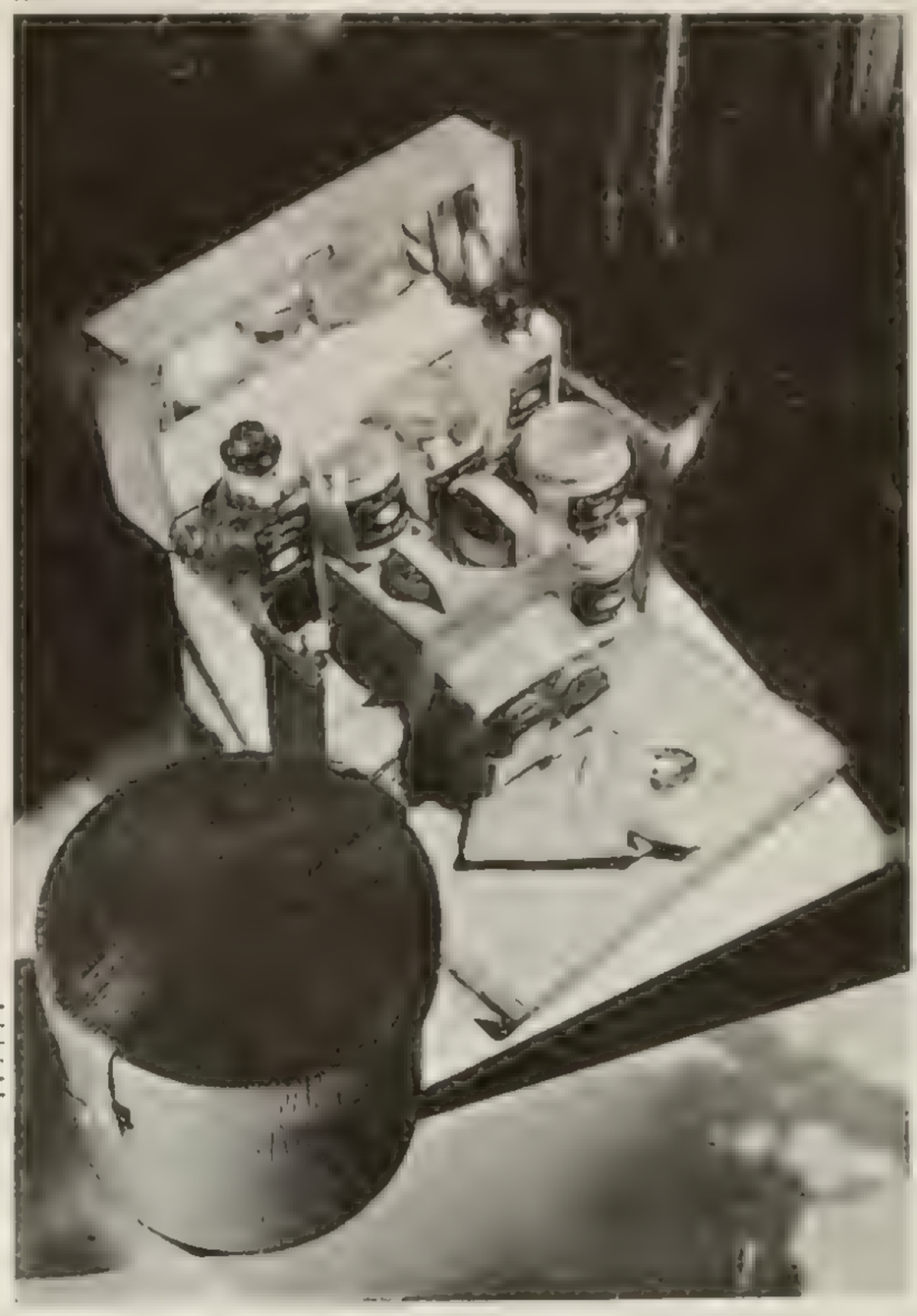
Cecil B. De Mille is an independent producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

So this list comes to an end. On it are a half-hundred men. They are all vital forces in the motion picture world today—true overlords of the screen.

Those Who Won

a share of the $5,000 prize money in PHOTOPLAY'S Cut Puzzle Contest will be announced in the January, 1931, issue.

On sale Dec. 10.



STRONG MEN HAVE WEPT

. . . and women have rumpled their brand-new finger waves trying to think up a Christmas gift that's exciting and festive and flattering —useful yet not prosaic—handsome but not too expensive. These rare qualities are all embodied in the new Dorothy Gray travel cases. If you present a lovely lady with one of these, her enthusiasm for it (and for you) will never waver.

Every woman instinctively bestows a loving pat on the snug little Hat Box Case. It's made of black leather, shaped like a perky hat box, and holds eleven Dorothy Gray preparations and cosmetics, all cleverly arranged so that they cannot spill or break. $18.00.

Dorothy Gray compacts are always flattering gifts. The new double compact and lipstick, $4.50; the new triple compact and Lashique, $4.25; the new single powder compact and rouge compact, $3.00.

You were thinking of something more elaborate? Then look at the new Dorothy Gray Beauty Case, which comes in five shades of baby lizard. It's light to carry and compact, yet so ingeniously devised that it holds fifteen Dorothy Gray preparations, including a complete make-up supply and a large mirror. This gracious answer-to-a-woman's-prayer costs $35.00.

You'll find these new cases, as well as any number of delightful little gifts such as Dorothy Gray compacts—packed singly and in sets —bath sets, and other pleasing frivolities, both at the Dorothy Gray Salons and at leading shops in every city.

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CHARM

You will like Val-N-Cha because of what it actually does for your hair. You'll think it a soap, — it is NOT! You'll find this marvelous soapless scalp cleanser an easy step to new natural beauty.

REVEAL YOUR CHARM

START NOW!

Ask your druggist, beautician or barber — he may not have it — but until he can get it for you — don't hesitate — Make *your* hair more beautiful *now!* Send direct to us.

Banner Manufacturing Co., Dept. P-3
Banner Building, Detroit, Mich.

Enclosed please find $_____for which you may send me postpaid

☐ 1 bottle Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment $1.00.
☐ 1 bottle Val-N-Cha Hair Tonic $1.00.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

VAL-N-CHA
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
"The Original Hair and Scalp Vegetable Oil Treatment"

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

JUNE WALKER ("War Nurse," M-G-M) is the latest stage star to be lured to California by the talkies. June has been a darling of the theater for some years. Among her hits was the lead in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and in Belasco's "The Bachelor Father." She is the wife of Geoffrey Kerr, one of the stage's favorite young actors.



EDWARD WOODS ("Mothers Cry," First National) made a hit with the Coast company of the noted prison play, "The Last Mile," and he was invited into pictures. A Los Angeles boy, he went to New York four years ago and played many juvenile rôles on Broadway. He had previously begun his stage career in stock in his home town.



MIRIAM HOPKINS ("Fast and Loose," Paramount) is another pretty blonde youngster who began her stage career in the chorus. The little girl from Bainbridge, Ga., then made a determined dash for speaking parts. She has played in "Excess Baggage," "The Garden of Eden," and "Lysistrata." Paramount expects much of her in talkies.



JOE DONAHUE ("Sunny," First National) is just ten years younger than his late lamented brother, Jack, who was the star of "Sons o' Guns," musical comedy hit. The Donahue boys were both born in Boston, and for several years Joe has been acting as general pinch-hitter for Jack. Marilyn Miller decided Joe was just the lad for "Sunny," so here he is!



DOROTHY PETERSON ("Mother's Cry," First National) won this coveted rôle in competition with dozens of famous Hollywood actresses. She is blonde, of Swedish descent, a native of Minnesota, and studied acting in Chicago. For several years Dorothy has been well known as a Broadway leading woman, appearing in "Dracula" and "Subway Express."



PERRY ASKAM ("Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Warners) is a Seattle, Wash., boy who made good in Coast productions of famous operettas such as "The Desert Song," and "The New Moon." He is six feet, two, and tips the beam at 185. He made his stage début in "The Passing Show of 1921," and since then has been busy with big singing rôles on the stage.



LENI STENGEL ("Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures) is the result of Radio's search for a siren lady with an excellent soprano voice. Miss Stengel has appeared in drama and operetta both here and abroad. She is an accomplished linguist, an excellent actress and a remarkably beautiful girl. What more does the screen require?



KEN MURRAY ("Leathernecking," Radio Pictures) is one of vaudeville's peppier graduates. Ken scored a sensational hit as comedian and master of ceremonies in RKO vaudeville two or three years ago, and since then has been a standby of the big time. His transfer to Radio Pictures means he will play the same houses—from the screen!



Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Who Is Hollywood's Social Leader?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

It is impossible to name all those included on her lists. Among them are:
Winston Churchill.
Lady Mountbatten.
Baron de Rothschild.
Prince Leopold of Prussia.
Anita Loos.
Eileen Percy.
Bebe Daniels.
William Haines.
Harry Crocker.
Harry D'Arrast.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.
King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman (they were married at her home).
Charlie Chaplin.
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.
Sadie Murray and her daughter, Anita.
The George K. Arthurs.
Gloria Swanson.
Julanne Johnston.
Colleen Moore, and many, many others.

Living but a few doors from Marion is Bebe Daniels. It is impossible to say where Marion's *clique* leaves off and Bebe's begins, since the people who attend a party at Marion's one night will be at Bebe's the next. Bebe has open house every Sunday (a form of entertainment most popular in Hollywood) and buffet supper parties followed by bridge. Here are some who are invited:
Marie Mosquini, and
Mae Sunday, her close friends.
Constance Talmadge.
Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge.
Billy Haines.
Jimmy Shields.
Norma Talmadge.
Gilbert Roland.
Peg Talmadge.
Lila Lee, and others.

The list of celebrities included among those who have visited Pickfair reads like a peace conference. It includes:
Lady Mountbatten.
The Spanish Duke of Alba and his party.
Sir Austen Chamberlain.
Lord William Allenby.
Duchess of Sutherland (now Lady Millicent Lawes).
Mei-Lan-Fan, Chinese leading actor.
Lindbergh and Ann Morrow.
Prince William of Sweden.
Prince George of England.
The Crown Prince of Siam.
The Maurice Chevaliers.
Lillian Gish.
Johnny Mack Brown and his wife.
Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.
Charlie Chaplin.
Ivan Lebedeff.
Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders.
Dolores Del Rio, and many, many others.

Before John McCormick and Colleen Moore were divorced their magnificent home in Bel-Air was the scene of the gayest of tennis matches, puppet shows and elaborate dinners. Since the separation, Colleen had not given up her social activities until she went to New York to appear on the stage. Here are some of the people who comprised her crowd:
Julanne Johnston.
Virginia Valli.
Laura La Plante and Bill Seiter.
Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.
B. P. Schulberg.
The Barney Glazers.
C. Gardner Sullivan.
John Considine.
Joan Bennett.
Carey Wilson.
The George Fitzmaurices.

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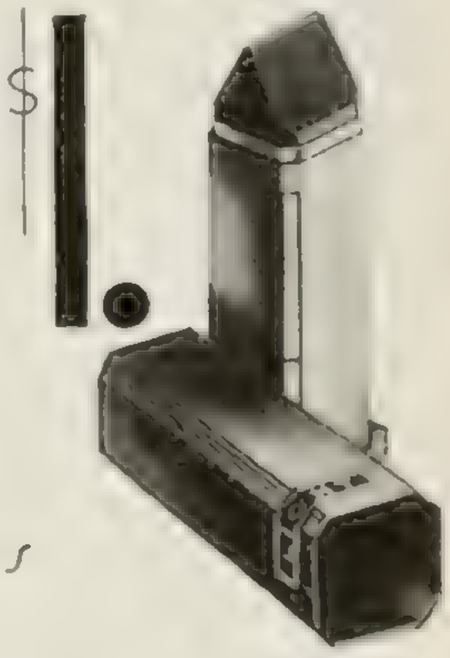
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Mr. and Mrs. Mike Levy.
Mr. and Mrs. Al Rockett.
Gary Cooper.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry King.
Jack Gilbert.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Dorothy Mackaill.
The Lawrence Tibbetts.

There is, beside these large groups, another *clique* or, rather, a group of *cliques*, composed of dignified, circumspect citizens who seldom have any sort of publicity on their parties. These are the backbone of the social order of Hollywood.

The Conrad Nagels often have at dinner:
Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky.
Lois Wilson.
The Sidney Franklins.
The Fred Niblos (Enid Bennett).
Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.
Leatrice Joy.
Tony Moreno and his wife, Daisy Danziger.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett.

Another charming and limited group consists of:
Mr. and Mrs. Watterson Rothacker.
Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco.
Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess.
The Fred Niblos (Enid Bennett).

In these groups there is no thought of a social leader.

The gracious Theda Bara, now Mrs. Charles Brabin, is famous for charming parties and a marvelous *cuisine*. Her closest friends are:
Mr. and Mrs. Earle Anthony.
The Lionel Barrymores.
The Basil Rathbones.
Mr. and Mrs. Watterson Rothacker.
Doris Kenyon.

Perhaps one of the most cosmopolitan and fascinating groups is to be found at the home of the Arthur Hornblows. Mr. Hornblow is one of the executives in the Samuel Goldwyn company. He and his wife invariably attract visiting *literati* and their guest lists will include:
The Sidney Howards.
The Noel Cowards.
The Lonsdales.
Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe.
The Glazers.
The King Vidors.
The Jack Gilberts (Ina Claire).
The Charlie McArthurs (Helen Hayes).
The Louis Bromfields.
Kay Francis.

Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, never entertain more than ten at dinner, often less. The guest of honor is usually a visiting stage celebrity. Among their closest friends are:
Fay Bainter.
Frances Starr.
Elsie Janis.
Ramon Novarro.
Ronald Colman.
Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook.
Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic.
The Louis Bromfields.
The Irving Berlins.
Lois Wilson.
The B. P. Schulbergs.
Blanche Bates.

Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire are rovers. You'll find them with various *cliques*. Jack's closest men friends are, perhaps, Paul Bern, Herman Mankiewicz, Benjamin Glazer and Carey Wilson.

Norma Talmadge is also a rover. Before she separated from her husband, Joseph Schenck, head of the United Artists, they gave great parties at their home. Norma is welcome in any group and is generally the life of the party. She and Joe often meet at these affairs and are really the best of friends.

The Samuel Goldwyns (Frances Howard) do not entertain as much as they used to. Frances is so busy with her husband, her home and her baby that the couple go out very little now.

Billy Haines is a social light. He not only attends a lot of parties but recently he gave an affair for which the decorations were thousands and thousands of gardenias and orchids. Real ones! He and his pal, Jimmy Shields, make it a practice to call upon their friends every Sunday afternoon. They go from open house to open house, and they are always welcome wherever they go.

The closest friends of Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe are:
Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore.
The Hornblows.
Jack Barrymore and Dolores Costello.
The Eric Pedleys.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
The George Fitzmaurices.
Cedric Gibbons and Dolores Del Rio.
Billy Haines.

The Harold Lloyd estate provides a fund of entertainment. There are swimming, tennis, golf, barbecuing and games of all sorts. Only ocasionally do the Lloyds entertain the film folk. For the most part Los Angeles and Pasadena society people are their guests. The same is true of the Cecil De Milles. Among those in the film industry, however, who have been bidden to the Lloyd estate are:
May McAvoy and her husband.
Mary and Doug.
The Maurice Chevaliers.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
Colleen Moore.
Julanne Johnston.
Carmelita Geraghty.

Charlie Chaplin is interested in tennis and often has at his home on Sundays:
Dr. Reynolds, a famous brain specialist.
Marion Davies.
Harry Crocker.
Harry D'Arrast.
Georgia Hale.
The Sam Goldwyns.
The Irving Thalbergs.
Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire.
The King Vidors.
Mary and Doug.
Herbert Swope.
William De Mille.
Mona Maris.

The Clive Brooks entertain in a dignified manner, usually those of the English colony.

Richard Dix is a lone wolf. He goes to many parties, *beaus* a different girl every time, and has no group of his own. Hugh Trevor and Melville Brown are his intimate friends.

Lois Moran entertains informally at tea. Her friends drop in. There are seldom any women. The men included are:
Victor Fleming.
Howard Sheehan.
Eddie Grainger.
George O'Brien.
John Garrick.
Rex Bell, and others.

The younger players have a group all their own. One of these *cliques* is headed by Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. It includes:
Jean Harlow.
Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson.
Marian Nixon and her husband.
Dorothy Lee and Jimmy Fidler.
Joe Wagstaff and his wife.
Bobby Burns and his wife.

Vincent Barnett (who is, strangely enough, the professional insulter of Hollywood, although a well-to-do man).
Lola Lane.
Lew Ayres.
Con Conrad and his wife.

The very young crowd that indulges in steak fries on the beach and dances are to be found at the home of Arthur Lake and his sister, Florence. These are:
Mary Brian.
Billy Bakewell.
Young Tom Ince.

Nancy Drexel.
Bill Ince and his wife.
Frank Albertson.
Helen Cohan (George M.'s daughter).
David Rollins.
Charlie Eaton (Mary's brother).

Out at Toluca Lake there is an informal *clique* to be found at Dick Arlen's and Jobyna Ralston's home. These people are:

Charlie Farrell.
Walter Huston.
Priscilla Bonner and her husband, Dr Wolfan.
Mary Brian.
Buddy Rogers.
Gary and Lupe.

Charlie Farrell's best friend is Big Boy Williams and Big Boy is in love with Mary Philbin.

Lupe entertains informally. Most informally. She invites people who can amuse her and be amused.

The Mayfair Club dances held monthly at the Biltmore attract all of these groups. There you will find the high and low of Hollywood society. Various social leaders entertain their own *cliques* and often do not know the people sitting at the next table to them. There has never been a Mayfair party that has not been attended by these six in a group:

Reginald Denny and his wife.
Eddie Cline and his wife.
Lonnie Dorsey and his wife.

There is a large and flourishing Hungarian colony that surrounds Mike Curtiz and Bess Meredyth. They are:

Paul Lukas and his wife.
The Victor Varconis.
Helene Lubitsch.
Hans Kraly.
Ernst Lubitsch.
Alexander Korda.
Leyla George.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Vadja.

Since the divorce of Helene and Ernst Lubitsch they are invited singly. Bess never asks both of them to the same party.

The Warner Baxters, who have three homes, one in the Wilshire district, one at Malibu and one in the mountains, entertain visiting celebrities and people of the outside social world.

A nice set includes:

Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr.
Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.
Kay Hammond and Henry Weatherby.
The Leslie Howards.
The Ralph Blums (Carmel Myers).

Carmel entertains a great deal and has a large following. A great many of the local musicians are included in her lists.

At the famous Gleason home, where informality prevails, you'll find:

Bob Armstrong and his wife.
Zelma O'Neal and Anthony Bushell.
The Arthur Caesars.
Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner.
ZaSu Pitts.
Natalie Moorhead.
Alan Crosland.
The Jack Holts.
Marguerite Churchill.

Will Rogers has open house on Sundays. His closest friends are the Fred Stone family and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage.

Jimmie Hall, Merna Kennedy, Virginia Cherrill and Buster West are often together.

Carlotta King, Sidney Russell, the John Boles and Catherine Dale Owen are often together. Carlotta entertains many musicians.

Nancy Carroll has no particular group. Harry Green is a good friend of hers and of her husband.

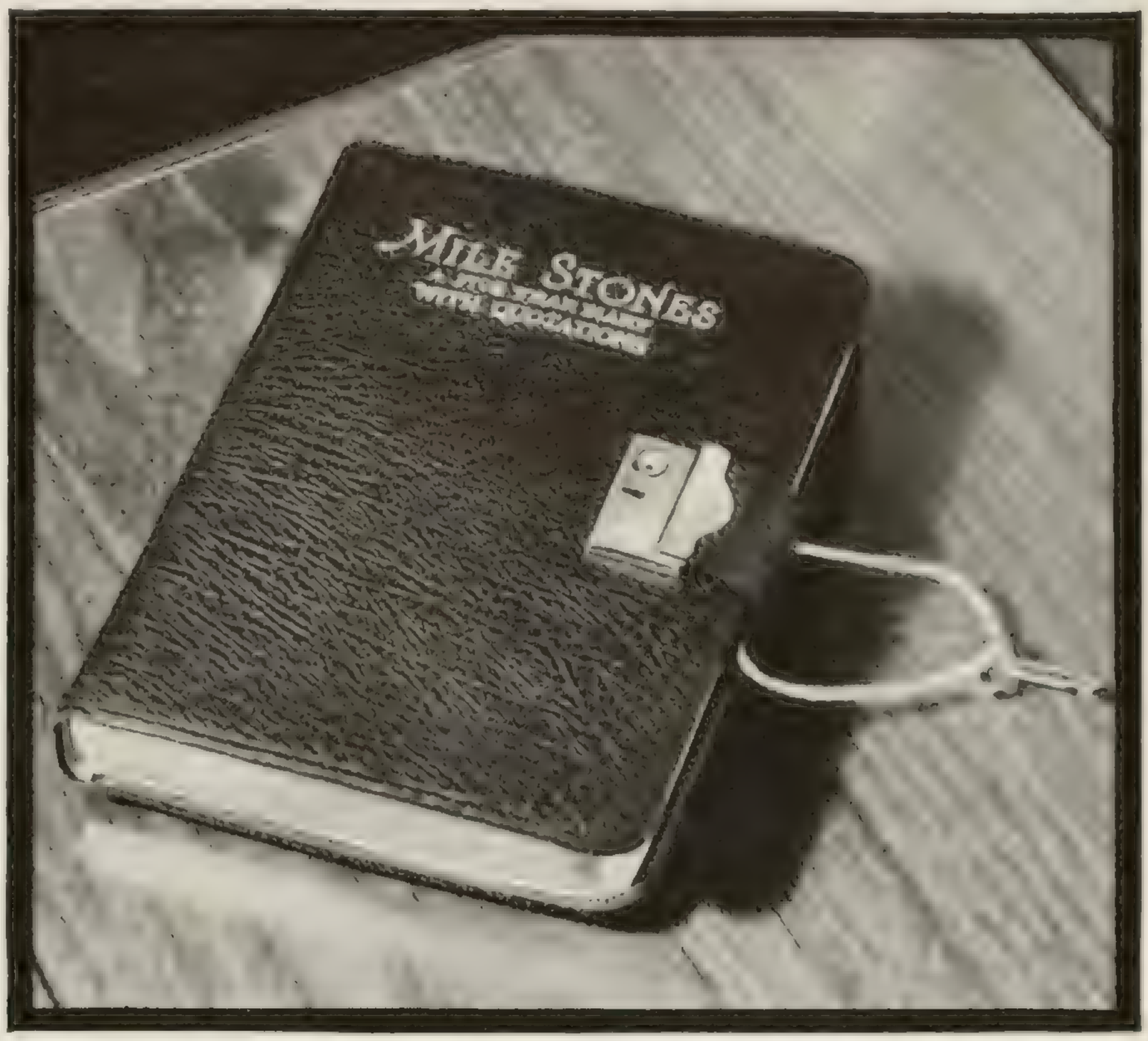
But the *cliques* change. People strike up friendships with their working companions and add them to their lists.

Besides all these sets mentioned, there are certain geographical *cliques*. The Malibu crowd, the Santa Monica crowd, the Beverly Hills set and the Hollywood group.

And that's another story.

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Too Much Sex Appeal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

that I won't act right. Finally I got a break as a script girl. But it was the same old story. The directors' wives or girl friends would come on the set and things would be made unpleasant for me.

"I don't know why this jinx has pursued me. Lord knows, I've never tried to take a woman's husband away from her, even if I were egotistical enough to think I could. And I've never gone after a girl's boy friend, either.

"SEX appeal is great on the screen. They say I've got it. I don't know. The public seems to think so, but off screen it is nothing but a handicap. You can't use it in your business."

You would think, watching the shadow-Alice upon the screen, that poised, flippant little minx, that she was a tiny bundle of conceit. Yet she has, as she says, a pitiful inferiority complex. She is afraid of people, because she has been hurt by them.

She had been photographed when she was a script girl and had been given a contract at First National, but for six months she did nothing. At last she got a small part in "The Sea Tiger." In the secondary rôle she tucked the picture under her arm and walked away with it. The show men began to beg for more of that cute little blonde girl.

They could not help making Alice a star, but she was always treated like a goofy kid. And Alice took the only course she knew. She fought back. No director wanted to work with her. The other girls in her pictures accused her of trying to steal their sweethearts. She might have been a bit player for all the respect she was accorded.

At last a new director was assigned to her. One morning before Alice arrived on the set he called the cast together and said, "During the making of this picture I want every one of you to treat Alice White as if she were Greta Garbo or Mary Pickford. I want her given the respect that is the just due of a lady and a star. I've a very particular reason for this and I trust I shall be obeyed."

Alice responded, like the fine little trouper she is, to this new method. She dropped the chip off her shoulder. She did not fight. She conducted herself like a lady. She was happy, pitifully happy, for the first time since she had been a star.

But this did not stop the wives of some of the studio moguls from objecting to Alice. Yet, at the time, Alice was making too much money at the box-office to be released.

"I'M crazy to get away from all this sex appeal stuff," Alice said. "I think that everybody is tired of girls undressing in pictures all the time, and I'm sure I'm tired of doing it. I think it's ability now and not sex appeal that counts. In business, and I know about both, you can have the ability of a machine and if you've got sex appeal the boss' wife won't let you get very far, anyhow.

"But I don't want to be a star any more. I'm wild to do a really good story where I have a good part. I've got the feeling that maybe, if I had a decent chance, I might be able to act.

"I'm going to try it, anyhow. And don't ever let anybody tell you that the girl with sex appeal gets along better than the one who hasn't any."

Oh, for a Haircut!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

watched the door of the stage. Forty-five minutes passed, and at last the lad returned, this time without the table, on the way to the prop room.

Walsh called to him. "Do you mind letting your hair grow?" he asked.

"ER—no," said John, who had been in the picture business long enough to know about some of the maniacal requests that are made.

"Then let it grow. I want to make a test of you." And the director left the boy standing there with his chin on his chest and his eyes bulged!

Weeks passed. And John shunned the barbers. At last he began to think that, like Mix, Walsh had forgotten about him. But the director remembered the prop boy with the interesting walk.

A test was made and John was handed the lead in the most important picture that Fox has ever made, "The Big Trail." On this film the company places high hopes. The company traveled thousands of miles and spared no expense or energy in getting the effects they wanted.

And John Wayne, an absolutely inexperienced lad, plays the leading rôle, that of the out-door, trail-hitting *Breck Coleman*.

He is shy, boyish, with that same appeal that made Charlie Farrell a delight to fans. Yet he has more energy and virility and less of whimsy than Charlie has. His eyes are grey. His hair, dark brown.

If he doesn't go Hollywood he'll be a big star some day. He's got the stuff it takes. He had never been in a saddle until a few weeks before the picture began, and in one of the scenes he went charging into a herd of buffalo on a skittish horse. The hardships, the dangers which the picture demanded meant nothing to John Wayne.

Many a lad has been chosen. Many a one has failed, but John has a better chance of staying simple and unaffected than the average. Don't forget he has seen the other side. He's been one of that legion behind the lights. He knows what happens to stars with a grandeur complex.

"I think," he said, earnestly, "that I've got sense enough and that I've seen enough of the other kind to keep myself level-headed. I've heard the prop men and electricians talk about these people who go Hollywood. And I know that nobody, in Hollywood, can lead a life apart. If you don't act right around the sets they catch on to you at once. And it doesn't pay."

He was not frightened of riding into a herd of buffalo, nor of climbing over a steep precipice clinging to a rope. He was frightened, like a little child in the dark, of his first scene. "But Walsh was so great to me," he says. "He helped me so much that I even got over that pretty soon."

"THE Big Trail" is "The Covered Wagon" of the talkies.

And John Wayne is its most sensational actor.

And he didn't want to be an actor. That is the kind of men to watch out for. Remember the fellow that you coaxed to get into the poker game? He walked off with the money, didn't he?

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Four-Flushing Fame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79]

Richard started pursuit at the same time. Ben got to him first. Here again the imposter bore little resemblance to the man he impersonated. He was the son of a small town undertaker. On promising to mend his ways and sin no more he escaped the net of the law, and returned to his Western village.

Not long after that a Frank Lyon appeared in New York, posing as a brother of Ben. He was a down-at-the-heels specimen, and had no hesitancy in saying that his brother was a bum, was jealous of him, and refused to help him out of the hard times. Frank told his story once too often and wound up in the Tombs. Ben visited him, gave him a lecture, and secured his release.

AN Alicia White, posing as a sister of the famous Alice, received a lot of attention and service at a Hollywood hotel. She paid her bill with a check that bounced back in a hurry. Alice had never heard of that particular sister.

One of the most famous male stars received a touching note from a New Jersey girl, thanking him for the marvelous time they had spent together in Canada. It was dangerous business for the star, and, anyway, he was married. He got a detective on the case immediately. The detective discovered that the girl had been taken in by a city slicker, posing as the star. The fake Canadian traveler was never found, but a bad situation was avoided as far as the star was concerned.

One of the most thoroughly disagreeable cases of the kind ever to come to the attention of Hollywood police was the young girl who calmly announced that she was the illegitimate daughter of two of the screen's greatest stars. The case was never aired in the newspapers, but it received a lot of word of mouth publicity. She was found to be insane, and escaped prosecution. There are so many entertainers on the stage giving imitations of Al Jolson that trouble was bound to develop sooner or later.

Much to his surprise, Al discovered that he was listed among the witnesses of the famous "Kip" Rhinelander case, several years ago. When published in the papers, the real Al Jolson saw it and traveled to the scene of the trial. Having nothing to do with the case whatsoever, Jolson testified to clear himself.

At the testimony it was revealed that the



Miami, Fla.

My mother and father have been in this country for about twenty years, and, although they understand English and can speak it fairly well, they can neither read nor write.

When silent films were in vogue, my parents either had to take their choice of sitting unintelligently through a show, vainly trying to grasp the meaning from the stars' actions, or of being deprived entirely of the only mode of entertainment their meager means could afford.

And now come the talkies—truly an oasis in my parents' barren desert of enjoyment, bringing a little pleasure to their drab existence, making life a little more bearable for these two poor, lonely old souls.

Mrs. S. Axelrod

Lupe Velez,
Universal screen star, says;

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Precisely this praise is the compliment *always* paid women who use Princess Pat rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience. You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does *not* possess definite color. Just try to name it. Actually the skin's tones are *neutral*, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When *Nature* gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background *from within!*

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Any harsh, *flat*, color you put upon your face will clash, *inevitably*. This is known in making Princess Pat—and *guarded against*. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral undertones that *come to life* instantly as they are *warmed by the skin*. Too, the intense, brilliant overtones of Princess Pat rouge have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones. And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat rouge give its marvelously life-like color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin *individually*. Thus does your color seem actually to *come from within*. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

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And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

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in "Broadway Fever," "On With the Show," "Sophomore," "Show of Shows."



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—boasts Sally O'Neil, screen-famous for her lovely lips. "Before I discovered Kissproof, I always had to make up my lips after a few minutes of acting. Now I use Kissproof and my lips stay lovely no matter *what* I do!"

Kissproof has won 5,000,000 friends because it actually gives more *lasting loveliness.* With Kissproof on your lips, public retouching becomes unnecessary. You can go out for an entire afternoon or evening, confident that your lips will stay richly colored hour after hour.

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For a good XMAS SUGGESTION
see page 147

real witness using the name of Al Jolson was a black face "Mammy" singer in small time vaudeville.

As an imitator of Jolson, he became known by the name of the real star.

When the witness was called they could think of the player only as Al Jolson. So the *bona fide* star had to appear and tell the judge that Al Jolson wasn't Al Jolson.

JUNE COLLYER discovered a double in Minneapolis who, in some way or other, had a collection of her photographs. She autographed them to all comers, and passed a few worthless checks. After a little *tête-a-tête* with the police, she made the checks good, and left the business of being a screen scintillator to the real June.

The New York offices of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department were surprised to receive a call from Anita Page's fiancé, the nephew of Adolph Zukor.

The young man came around to look at stills from productions.

In fact, it seemed that he had a perfect passion for looking at photographs. After a little checking with the studio, and the discovery that Anita Page had never heard of her fiancé, the young man was lured back to look at a new batch of stills.

He was confronted by the son of Adolph Zukor, who explained that the Zukors didn't need any new nephews.

This fiancé business has always been pretty good.

Anybody can announce that they are engaged to a star and get a newspaper break.

Apparently nothing can be done about it. Both Betty Bronson and Jetta Goudal have been surprised to read that they were engaged. Betty's fiancé was a Londoner, and Jetta's affianced was from Tennessee. Jetta had a snappy answer for the reporters.

"I've never heard of the man, and I don't know where Tennessee is."

It is a bit easier for these people, suffering with delusions of grandeur, to announce that they are a brother of so and so, than attempt to be the star. It takes less acting ability, and is easier on the nerves.

Among the hoaxes that have come to light lately was a "brother" of Clara Bow. Brother imbibed too freely of bathtub gin and proceeded to shoot up an apartment house. The redhead has no brother.

During the days when Pola Negri was a Paramount star, a strange woman rushed up to her on the lot.

She fell on Pola's neck, shedding a steady stream of tears.

"I'm your long lost sister," she sobbed.

Ramon Novarro is constantly embarrassed by a "stray" brother that somehow or other no member of his real family can remember. The brother, and in this case they say he's the image of Ramon, gets a job in a household and then begins to appropriate family heirlooms. Indignant ladies of the houses call Ramon and want to know how come.

And Ramon has to tell them that he's durned if he knows.

The self-adopted Novarro always manages to get away.

May McAvoy also had a "brother" arrive in Hollywood while she was visiting in New York. The "brother" thought he would occupy the McAvoy manse during her absence, but the locks were too good. He was scared away before he had accomplished any actual damage.

One of the most amusing stories of the lot is told on the late Lon Chaney, who was accused of impersonating himself.

Chaney made a brief stop in Chicago on his way to the Coast from New York. He had been told that the Chicago offices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would provide him with a car and a guide to take in the sights of the Windy City.

From his hotel Chaney got the office on the phone.

"This is Lon Chaney calling," he said truthfully enough.

"Oh, yeah?" said the voice on the other end of the wire. "Well, this is both of the Siamese twins."

Lon began to sputter and fume.

"LISTEN, brother," continued the voice. "We get twelve calls from Lon Chaney every day. Try a new gag."

When the office found out that Lon Chaney was really in Chicago, it offered to do anything in way of amends, including shaving the eyebrows.

Would You Quit Work for $250,000?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

It was George Jessel, the Broadway ha-ha boy, who pulled the wise-crack about contract buy-ups that's become famous. It was Fox who signed Jessel when the talkie craze first drove the producers nutty. George's stuff, grand on the stage, just didn't go over in talkies. The same old parley followed, and when George walked out a free agent, he boasted:

"Me! I'm the only man who was ever paid $75,000 not to appear on the screen."

A funny angle is that Jessel had taken a $5,000 lease on a Hollywood house. Fox paid that off, too.

Billie Dove, the voluptuous, is another beauty, besides Ina Claire, who is headed for a comeback despite the fact that her contract was bought off. Billie was big money in silents, for First National, but as in other cases, she wasn't so good under the microphone. She made four talkies. They were fairly popular pictures, but not popular enough in ratio to her $5,000-a-week salary to make her profitable. When the thing was straightened out, she and First National had settled on about a fifty-fifty split for the rest of her contract—about six months—and Billie was free.

Did Billie sit back and wail? No. She had her divorce from Irving Willat, the director, and Millionaire Howard Hughes, who had just completed "Hell's Angels," was sending her dozens of American Beauty Roses, and denying nothing.

So Billie will go to work for Mr. Hughes' Caddo Pictures Company, and is studying elocution and voice so she can give Howard's microphones a worthy battle.

Monte Blue's contract was bought up, long ago, by Warner Brothers, for about $50,000 cash, it's reported. Monte is young and rich. He should worry. Another case is that of Norma Terris. Norma played the lead in "Show Boat" on the stage, and sounded swell. That was when talkies were singies, and the producers were signing up musical comedy stars by the dozen.

Fox signed her. She came to Hollywood and made one picture—opposite J. Harold Murray in "Married in Hollywood."

Everybody thought it was just a publicity gag when her fiancé came to Hollywood just as the picture was released, and they were "married in Hollywood." Soon afterward, Norma's contract was bought up by the Fox people, and she'll probably never make another picture. How much? "Plenty," is all anybody will tell you.

Lenore Ulric's contract was bought up, too. Lenore is another stage star who hit bad luck with stories and direction in pictures. She just didn't get over with the fans in

"Frozen Justice" and "South Sea Rose." Anyway, Lenore is back on the speaking stage, and glad of it. So are the New York theatrical audiences.

With her is her husband, Sidney Blackmer, who is still under contract to First National. Blackmer, whose contract still has about six months to run with First National, was offered about twenty-five per cent of his salary-to come for his contract, it is rumored. But Blackmer didn't want to sell out, and so, come first of the year, he will end his stage engagements and go back to Hollywood to finish his talkie job.

IN some cases, studios don't buy up contracts. There is substituted a process called "Letting 'em die on the vine." This is usually the procedure when an actor declines to be bought out, and insists on sticking to his contract. The producers shrug their shoulders and pocket their loss. They go on paying the actor his full salary—but they don't give him or her a single part to play. In other words, the actor simply disappears from the screen for the term of his contract—and that's bad business for actors. Because by the time they're free agents, they're no longer in demand, and it's tough picking for them to find work.

Carlotta King had it happen to her. Louis B. Mayer heard her in "The Desert Song" when the musical film craze was on, decided she was great, and signed her. Tests weren't so good; the cameras weren't kind to Carlotta. She has never made a picture for M-G-M, but drew her salary—somewhere between $750 and $1,000 a week—until her one-year contract expired.

At Radio Pictures, Arthur Lake signed a long-term contract. They thought they had a big bet in Arthur for those adolescent rôles. He did "She's My Weakness" and didn't get over so well. Exhibitors said he wasn't good box-office. So overtures were made to young Lake to sell his contract. Hurt and indignant, Arthur said no. "All right," said Radio Pictures.

And since then, Arthur, though he draws his salary, has not been on the screen.

Lottice Howell, who came from the New York stage and made "In Gay Madrid" with Ramon Novarro, is another who is drawing pay but making no pictures. So is Marcia Manners, the Paramount player who was signed for musicals.

She is an American girl with a lovely Europe-trained voice, who hasn't made a picture yet, although she's drawing her salary on a one-year contract.

VIVIENNE SEGAL, who was signed by Warner Brothers for musicals, hasn't been making pictures during the most recent period of her contract. Warners, by the way, learned a lesson. They're not signing stage stars for any half-year or one-year terms any more They're signing them for one picture, with an option to renew if they click. That's saving the Messrs. Warner some cash.

Jack Gilbert snapped his finger at the contract-buying gag. As stated long ago herein, he made "His Glorious Night" and the fans were disappointed in his voice.

M-G-M, under contract to pay him $250,000 per picture for four pictures, were terror-stricken.

If Jack's voice was as bad as that, the million-dollar outlay would be sheer loss.

They offered him a half million, it is reported, to tear up the contract and release them.

Jack, magnificently brave and confident, insisted on making pictures. "I'll show them!" he said, and held M-G-M to the contract.

He was in a pretty spot, because the contract made it imperative that pictures actually be produced.

M-G-M couldn't just pay him and let him stay idle.

So Jack went ahead. Well, he overcmae



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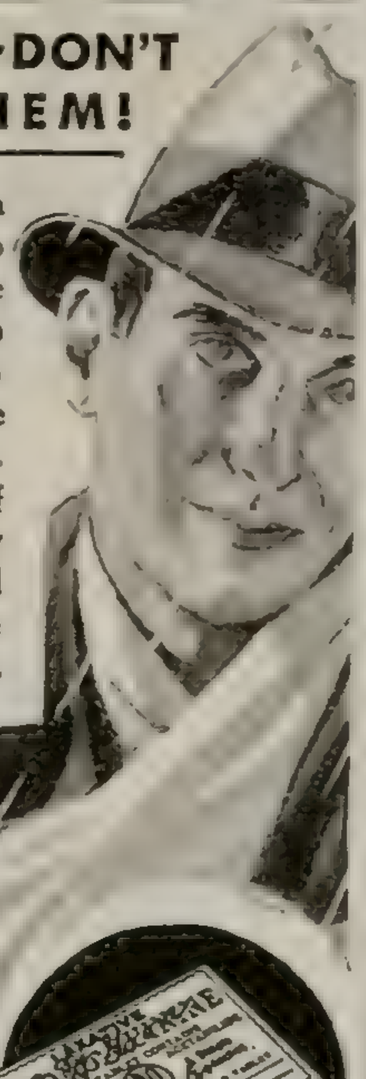
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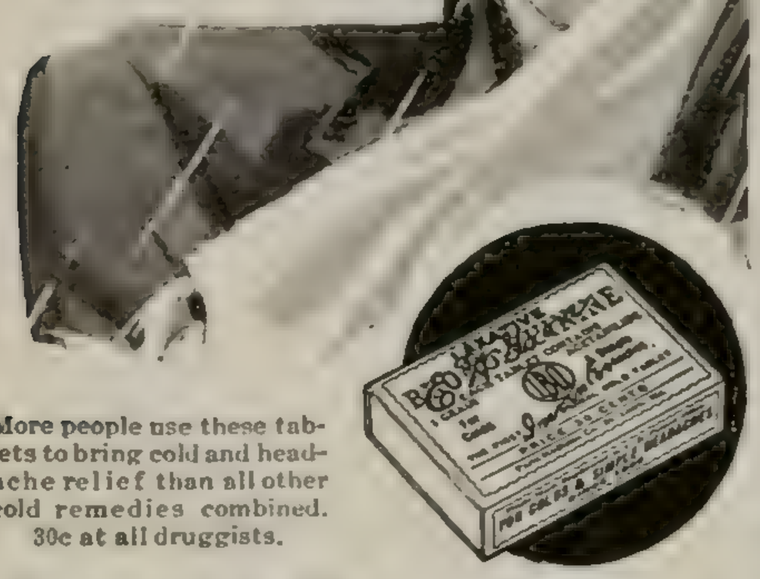


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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills, and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

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KATHERINE MacDONALD'S LASH COSMETIC

For a good Xmas Suggestion
see page 147

his voice handicap as you all know by now. And he's glad, and so is M-G-M.

There are other cases—most of them not so big-named as these you've been reading about. There are dozens of playwrights, song-writers, directors, technicians and others who were signed on long-term contracts, who went to Hollywood, who didn't click for one reason or another, and who were finally bought off.

It cost the producers thousands—for nothing. Thousands that might have been spent in making fine movies, instead.

And they holler about putt-putt golf courses ruining business!

Ol' Bill Hart Is Coming Back!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Francisquita Canyon a few years back, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Once inside again, I had my first real chance to observe what three or four years of what men call hell had done to Bill Hart's face. I wish that all his fans and friends could see it as I saw it then—as they undoubtedly will soon.

My first impression was of grayness—not the grayness of age (I do not believe his hair has turned appreciably), but the grayness of stone, or the grayness that comes to desert sage in fall. It was as though his tan had spent too many hours indoors; and yet I could not help thinking that I liked it better than the tan. Any sheik can cultivate a coat of tan, but the gray that was in Bill Hart's eyes is not so cheaply bought.

And then, suddenly, he smiled at something he was telling me, and a light broke over his face like the light that comes to an Arizona hillside in spring. Bill Hart's smile has the contagion of youth. It doesn't come often—like youth it may come but once—but it is irresistible.

I LOOKED for the lines I had expected to find, but they weren't there. I looked for the unmistakable signs that sorrow and bitterness and resentment paint so ineradicably, but they weren't there either. Instead, a sort of softness had come into his look; an almost philosophical benevolence. It spoke to me of tolerance and understanding gained at a price that few are capable of paying—the price of patience that is willing to stand aside and look upon the havoc wrought by troubles with the certain knowledge that even the worst things end.

I understood this more fully when, for a very brief moment, the name of Adolph Zukor slipped into our conversation. I had expected a bitter attack upon the man whom Hollywood believes to have been largely instrumental in keeping him out of pictures for so many years. I had brought the name up carefully, at a time when I might observe closely its effect. In a measure, I had intended to surprise him with it. But he only smiled. "Why, that's a mistake," he answered my statement that perhaps Zukor had had something to do with the breaking off of a recent contract he had signed with Hal Roach to do talking pictures.

"I ALWAYS liked Mr. Zukor, and Mr. Lasky, too. I think they liked me. I remember with the keenest pleasure my early work at Paramount. Mr. Zukor was often in my office at seven in the morning. His cares were many, and he was good enough to say that he believed my pictures were keeping Paramount alive. In fact, he wrote me to that effect, several times—but something changed him later.

"Strange," he ruminated, "I always called him Mr. Zukor. There was something about him that demanded your respect."

I turned the conversation again into the channels of the Roach picture he was to have done. I do not like to do what is known as "dishing dirt"; but there were things I believed his friends ought to know. He showed me signed contracts that had later been denied.

"Roach was strong for that picture," he said, suddenly hardening. "They killed it—God knows why. Someone wants to keep me out of pictures, and took that method of doing it. But they can't do it forever!" The face I remembered from his pictures was suddenly before me, mouth drawn and tightened. "They can't do it forever! There must be someone in Hollywood who knows that a picture made by me would gross a million dollars! They can't all be fools!"

I THOUGHT of the way "Tumbleweeds" had swept this country like a prairie fire; I thought of the many letters I had read in English, Australian and Canadian trade papers demanding to know why Bill Hart didn't make a talkie; I thought of the bulky fan mail he still receives—and answers; I thought of the way faces lighted up whenever his name cropped up in conversation of actors, directors and writers about Hollywood—and I came to the conclusion that his estimate was conservative. A Western talking picture with Bill Hart, I believe, would not gross a million dollars—it would net that amount or more.

We had talked on pleasantly until it was long past the time when I should have taken my leave. As I rose to go, he went out for a moment and reappeared, carrying some pictures that had been made as a publicity stunt for Lila Lee. Someone had thought of photographing her with Bill Hart. There were about a dozen in all, and every one of them excellent. I couldn't help remarking inanely that he photographed as well or better than ever he had. It seemed to please him, though why it should was hard to understand, for it was the simple truth and he must have known it.

He told me that the Fox company had made a short talking picture of him for their newsreel. While he had talked, I had taken notice of his voice. Fifteen years of stage training have given him an ability to use it as few talking picture players without like experience can. He was autographing a photograph for me which had his pinto horse, Fritz, nibbling sugar out of Lila Lee's hand. "The greatest all-round horse that ever lived," he has called Fritz in his autobiography. "Easy to pick the star," he wrote across it—and that should answer the host of fans who have written to the newspapers from time to time to ask if Fritz were dead. He is very much alive, as I can testify, and as fat and frisky as ever.

I was at the door now, and the "breeze" that opened the door was like the kick of a horse's hoof. Bill Hart's smile was with me as I entered my car and drove down the hill—a wide, happy, healthy smile. It was not, I felt very sure, the smile of a "whipped" man. For if Bill Hart never made another picture, he would still not be whipped. To be whipped, one must acknowledge it—and the Bill Hart I met and talked with is very far from doing that.

AND now I have achieved the impossible—have told what Bill Hart is doing today without mentioning his wife, his boy, his divorce, any of his troubles. I'm glad I haven't. They are no longer important, at least to Bill Hart fans. The momentous matter, now, is to get Bill Hart back before the camera. It would seem to be a good time for old bitternesses to be swept away. A great Western character actor—the greatest, possibly, that either the American stage or American films have produced—has been kept too long in idleness. If there were wrongs, they should not be beyond righting!

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

News! Views! Gossip! of Stars and Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

CALL the doctor for:
Arthur Lake, who dislocated a shoulder while surfboard riding; Wallace Beery, who got laryngitis and couldn't talk for ten days; Marie Dressler, ditto; Lucien Littlefield, who broke his arm playing baseball on the beach . . .

And the producers, who had to hold up production until the actors got well again.

JOAN CRAWFORD has never had a hard and fast diet. She keeps thin by giving up potatoes, bread and butter.

She has eaten none of these for the last three years, yet every luncheon she orders five or six pieces of raisin bread, picks the raisins out and scorns the rest.

POLLY MORAN opens swell new home in Beverly Hills.

One guest is her uncle, a Moran from Idaho, where cattle are cattle and houses are places to bunk in.

Uncle Moran, no sooner than he got in the house, skidded on the polished floors.

"Hell!" he grunted, "to think I'd live to see the day when a Moran had polished hardwood floors! ! !"

THE John Barrymores—pa, ma and baby—have gone maritime and piscatorial with a vengeance. Maybe it was the "Moby Dick" intluence, but anyway, no sooner had John finished that picture than he up and off on a fishing trip in the Barrymore yacht, "Infanta." He landed a huge swordfish, and came back to port.

And forthwith set out again in quest of a colony of white seals he had been told about, on Guadalupe Island, off the lower California coast.

So the sailors sing:

"Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little white sealskin,
To wrap his baby bunting in."

Ten to one, though, Dolores will be wearing a white sealskin coat this winter.

IT'S a wonder you don't go cerebellically scrambled, trying to keep names and titles and things straight, these days.

Only a little while ago, you got past the rush of "hell" films—"Hell's Angels" and "Hell Harbor" and "Hell's Island," and all that. Then along came the "holiday" series—"Holiday" and "Death Takes a Holiday," and "Sin Takes a Holiday" and "Sinners' Holiday."

But now comes the newest mix-up—M-G-M shoots the old Dietrichstein play, "The Great Lover" and Pathe makes ready to star Ann Harding in "The Greater Love."

Why not keep a card index?

THEY were taking some exterior shots. An airplane, the bane of the sound wagons, flew overhead and an important scene had to be stopped. The usual curses ensued. And in the midst of them some smart cracker called out, "What are we picture people going to do in 1952 when the sky will be full of them?"

"That doesn't worry me," said Alice White, who was doing the scene. "In 1952 I'll be in some honest profession."

AVAUNT, there, Will Hays!—the spirit of the Old Hollywood is *not* dead!—

There was a party. Minor moving picture people and a bottle of drug store gin. "What'll we do?" "Les have togget practice."

So they got a gun. A nice shiny pistol. The door knob was a fine target. Guests took turns shooting at it. After each shot, someone would walk up and inspect the location of the hit. This time, Douglas Kendall went up to see. As he stooped over, someone else took a shot. It hit Douglas right where you'd expect.

By and by, a car drove up to the Hollywood hospital and Kendall, listing to the South, limped into the ward. With him was a fellow with a cap.

"Who," asked the attendant, "are you?"

"Me?" said the fellow with the cap. "Why, me—I'm Lloyd Hamilton. Who are you?"

Kendall will be all right, but not sitting down for a while.

AND so now we know what Ben Lyon thinks his life is worth—$50 down, and $30 a week.

It seems a slightly cuckoo lad from Brooklyn hitch-hiked his way to Hollywood with some fantastic idea of forcing Ben Lyon to get him into pictures. With a loaded pistol, the Brooklyn boy hung around the gates of the studio where Ben worked.

Jimmy Triantas, fifteen-year-old newsboy, became suspicious and started a conversation with the stranger, who admitted he was looking for Lyon, and showed his gun. Triantas at once hurried into the studio and tipped Ben off.

Result: the boy was arrested and examined and put where he won't menace movie stars. And Ben paid Jimmy Triantas $50 reward, and promised to give him $30 a week from now until Triantas finishes college.

DID you know that Wallace Beery has an unusually striking ring, which he always wears, turning the setting under the hand, when it would not look well in the picture?

Three grotesquely large, perfect diamonds, of the same size, are set in a row. No, we don't know who gave it to him.

WELL, Jetta Goudal, stormy petrel of the studios, is married. The exotic one is now the wife of Harold Grieve, an interior decorator

December Birthdays

December 5—Grace Moore
December 8—Paul Cavanagh
December 9—Eddie Dowling
December 9—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
December 11—Sally Eilers
December 11—Victor McLaglen
December 11—Gilbert Roland
December 13—Norman Foster
December 13—Lillian Roth
December 16—Clyde Cook
December 16—Barbara Kent
December 18—Mary Nolan
December 24—Ruth Chatterton
December 24—Howard Hughes
December 25—Marguerite Churchill
December 25—Helen Twelvetrees
December 27—Marlene Dietrich
December 28—Lewis Ayres
December 29—Otis Harlan

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Lupe Velez

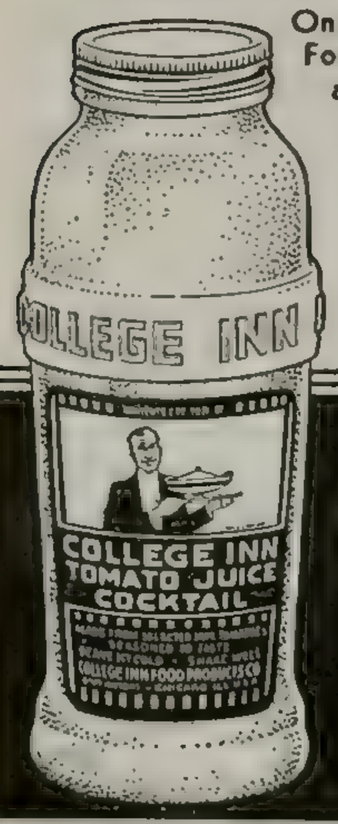
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1931 DOUBLE COMPACT, black and gold striped. Contains compact rouge and powder. 2.50

1931 TRIPLE VANITY in 24 karat striped gold Finish with touches of vermilion and black. Compact powder and rouge, indelible lipstick. 3.50



1931 TRIPLE VANITY

Helena Rubinstein's beauty-builders and cosmetic creations are obtainable at the better shops or order direct from

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8 East 57th St., N. Y.

who used to go places with Julanne Johnston.

Jetta and Harold met while they were decorating Director Paul Bern's new house. Jetta likes to do that sort of thing, and this community of interest brought the couple together.

So they were married—and now they can decorate their own spot, and when they get tired of the effect, can do it all over again. What a nice marriage!

AMONG the other weddings that may take place this fall are Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson; Billie Dove and Howard Hughes; Mary Philbin and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Helen Ferguson and Mr. Hargreaves, a Beverly Hills banker.

And the signs are good for Lew Ayres and Lola Lane.

No, we cannot give you pictures of them, as yet, for none of them will be photographed together at this writing.

BELIEVE it or not, in this enlightened land of ours, there are some people who don't know Gary Cooper!

It was while the Cooper company was on location. Late in the evening, Gary strolled into an inn—and this, mind you, was in a town that boasts several motion picture theaters—and asked the night clerk:

"Anything left to eat?"

The clerk peered over his specs, gazed up and down all of Gary's length, and asked:

"You with the movie outfit that's working hereabouts? If so, go on into the dinin' room, they're saving supper for 'em."

"Uh huh," grinned Gary, "I'm with the gang."

FIFTY Indians were brought from Oklahoma to Hollywood to play in Radio Pictures' "Cimarron."

One day, while a big camp-meeting scene was being shot, using hundreds of extras in one of those old-time "gettin' religion" frenzies, Estelle Taylor was interested in the stolidity of the Indian men and women.

"I wonder if they speak English at all?" she asked director Wesley Ruggles.

"Oh, yes," he explained; "they're—"

Just then, Estelle overheard one of the young Indian women turn to another who was watching the rehearsal of the religious mania scene, and say:

"Don't you think that's an excellent manifestation of mob psychology?"

"Yes," replied the other, "it would form a perfect basis for an article on the subject."

And then Ruggles finished his explanation to Estelle—that the Indians are all oil-rich, and most of the younger ones are university educated.

IS the Dorothy Gish-James Rennie marriage on the skids, after all these years?

Signs point that way. Jim has a new five-year contract with First National, and is on a European holiday until that studio reopens January 1. Dorothy has been with her mother at their home in Connecticut while Rennie has been making good out West.

They've been separated for long periods before, but this time friends say that there's a real breach. This is a marriage that dates way back to the days when the young folks met on a D. W. Griffith picture set—and fell in love.

TWO of the big boys are reported to be squabbling.

Feed-box information says that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn and Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld are bickering bitterly as to who shall get the major credit for the production of Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee."

Interviews, statements and publicity blares have poured from their gilded offices, with Mr. Goldwyn reported leading, at this hour, by one interview and two mimeographed publicity sheets.

When the country precincts are heard from, we'll tell you more.

Lupe—No Change!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Garee, he tell me, 'Lupe, you have never disgrace me in public.' I never will.

"I use to do very foolish things, before I met Garee. But I am still the same. My house is where I can do as I please, scream and yell and dance and fall on the floor if I like. I am myself when I am in my home. Change? Yes, I change.

"I CHANGE for Garee and because I used to be dam' fool because people thought I was funny when I was dam' fool.

"I lowve Garee so much that if he say to me, 'Lupe, I need your eyes,' I would take my two thumbs—like this—and gouge them out and give them to him. But I do not tell that to everybody.

"I only tell that to my friends. With other people I do not talk about Garee and how much I lowve him.

"I cannot help but flirt, but I mean nothing by it. Garee is jealous—yes. I am glad he is jealous. I am jealous, too. I get mad when I am jealous. Garee he is very quiet.

"I am sorry people do not understand when I act myself. I hate not to be myself. But I learn.

"I learn that people laugh to your face and say you are terrible behind your back. So, yes, I am changed.

"I am not the silly Lupe that came to Hollywood alone, with no money. But here in my heart I will not change."

AND there in that stalwart little heart there is an abundance of kindliness and real affection.

Like the elemental soul she is, Lupe has wild enthusiasms and when Lupe harbors an enthusiasm she does things about it. If she sees an actor whose work she likes she goes immediately to the front office and begs that the actor be given a chance.

She found two kids, little girls twelve or thirteen, who were excellent tap dancers. Lupe liked them and thought they had talent. She immediately signed them under a personal contract to herself and boosted them with all the local impresarios.

A LONELY guitar player (they're usually pretty lonely) from Mexico met Lupe. She opened her home to him and schooled him in aggressive American ways.

Her sister and sister's husband live with her. She has just given her mother a trip to California from Mexico.

And (for Lupe's sake I hope this doesn't get around in canine circles) any homeless mongrel dog that parks at Lupe's back door will be accorded the treatment of a pedigreed Samoyed.

If you need either you may have Lupe's intense, almost stifling love or the contents of her purse before you have asked.

If a new actor is cast in one of her pictures she will spend hours of hers (and the company's) time rehearsing with him and trying to make him feel at ease.

But Lupe has learned to put on the act before strangers.

She has learned how bitter the tongue of Hollywood can be.

In that way Lupe has changed. But in no other.

She remains the Lupe of the rolling eyes, the Lupe of the mad gestures, the Lupe of the flaming personality.

YOU may take Lupe as you like her—a saint in a church, a lady in public places, a devil in her home.

But—thank God!—some of us are admitted to her home.

Lupe is no grand lady at heart and Hollywood is safe for those of us who like a little paprika on our mild salads.

Talking *of* Talkies

THE Air Mail is doing wonders for this country. Under the new service, a writer in New York can send a talkie manuscript to Hollywood and get it back in four days!—Judge.

THE pretty girl with what her family and friends regard as "extraordinary talent" has about one-fiftieth of the chance to become a successful motion picture actress that she has of becoming a successful poet, musician or novelist. The screen of today demands the accomplished artist. The physically attractive girl who could be moved through pantomine by an accomplished director is no longer of use. —Mary Pickford.

A NOVELIST was chatting with his publisher.

"By the way," asked the latter, "where did you get the plot of your second novel?"

"From the talkie version of my first," was the answer. — The Liverpool (Eng.) Express.

A SURGEON in our town says he could not bear up under the gruelling strain of his work if he couldn't drop in at a talkie now and then and forget his problems for a time.—Grace E. Smith, PHOTOPLAY reader.

I GET more kick out of appreciation from a studio crew than I ever did from a Broadway audience. These birds are hard-boiled, for a fact. When you do a scene as they like it, you're good.—Ann Harding.

THE talkies have drawn toward uniformity the most ununiform and diverse tongue the world has ever known. There are scores of dialects of English, some of them very harsh and bad. There are one or two methods of speaking. It is toward such a happy medium of speech that the studios of Hollywood are aiming.—Cecil B. De Mille, director.

A HEAVY sex part is the hardest thing to play. And the hardest line on stage or screen to say convincingly is "I love you." . . . Screen actresses can learn so much about themselves that they ought to be the most fascinating women in the world. It's their own fault if they are not.—Carol Lombard, screen actress.

NEARLY all the theaters in Porto Rico are equipped for talking pictures, and Porto Ricans admire them very much. Hurrah for the talkies! By hearing the American music, songs and dialogues we have learned more English and have felt a greater sympathy for that great American nation.—Jose Antonio Velazquez, PHOTOPLAY reader.

I WOULD not sign a contract in which I was to be starred because I realize thoroughly that I have not a strong enough personality to carry a picture.—Conrad Nagel, actor.



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"Red-Head" Bickford Speaks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

ability, and if he squawks they tell him he's a temperamental so and so!"

Bickford thinks some day some official will let him do something worth doing—he wants to play *Cyrano*, or *Danton*, or things like that.

"And in the meantime," you ask him, "you're marking time and doing what they give you to do?"

"I AM not!" he says. "They hand me a rôle and say, 'You play this.' I say, 'The hell I will.' So they call me temperamental. Anyway, we rewrite it and do this and that to it, and bye and bye I make the best of it and play it, even though I think it's terrible."

Bickford thinks just as much of Hollywood as he does of pictures, too.

"Matter of fact, I don't know Hollywood except as a bystander. What I have seen of it I think is silly. I've never been to one of these 'Hollywood parties.' "

He's never gone to one of these Hollywood premières, either.

"To me, they're nothing but a parade. These people who go because they want to be seen. They get a kick out of parading up the line of fan-atics and hearing them say, 'Ooo, there's Tillie Gedunk,' or whoever it is! And, 'Please, kin I have yer autergraft?' "

Bickford dodges autograph hunters like measles. When one approaches him he denies violently that he's Charles Bickford.

"No," he lisps, "I've never ever theen or heard of thith Charleth Bickford. I'm not he, my dear, I'm a corthet thalesthman." So they back away.

His idea of a good time: "Aren't there miles of beach, and miles of mountains? Don't get the idea I'm a recluse. I've got a family—wife and two kids and two dogs and a canary and two cats. But when I go to dinner, I want to go some place besides where they can't talk about anything but pictures, studios and themselves.

"Hollywood people are a little bit ridiculous. They take themselves too seriously. All they can see is Hollywood, and the rest of the world doesn't exist for them.

"I DON'T object to them; I simply don't go for the things they do, that's all. Individually, there are swell people in Hollywood, but collectively, they're absurd.

"Oh, I understand how they get that way. With success, they're surrounded by a swarm of sycophants; yessed to death, invited everywhere, besieged by autograph hunters; get thousands of sappy fan letters—no wonder they get to think they're big shots. And if I ever get that way, I hope somebody shoots me!"

Discipline

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

terribly true. The talkies had turned filmdom upside down, and none of the old rules applied any longer! Broadway, that had hitherto been so far away, now stormed the very gates of Hollywood, dethroning stars and usurping their golden crowns. That's all one heard. Broadway! Broadway! Stage experience!

In those other days a girl who had made Netta's success was destined to go far. Now—the dreadful fact was borne in upon her more insistently day by day—she didn't count. She couldn't get a job. Nobody wanted her. And the black vision of that almost forgotten time of poverty and drudgery and serving as a waitress in cafeterias stared her in the face.

It was unthinkable. Better not to have had success at all than, through no fault of her own, to be thrown out of the heaven of a Beverly Hills bungalow, pretty clothes, a car, money, and back into the hell of a cheap rooming-house and uncertain meals!

In the blackest of moods, with her rent overdue and the selling of her car the only feasible solution to her immediate difficulties, she ran into Stafford one afternoon on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Hello," he greeted her affably, "how have you been? I haven't heard anything about you lately."

"There hasn't been anything to hear," she returned gloomily, "except—" and she broke off. "What did you expect to hear?"

"Why, that you'd crashed the talkies and—and all kinds of things!"

SHE laughed bitterly, and would have moved on. But he detained her. Changing his tone, so that it held no trace of chafling or irony, he asked her to come to his place for tea. "Poor kid!" his voice seemed to say. "You're full of troubles and worries, and what you need is someone to tell them to."

Strange how girls are! This man who could arouse antipathy in her quicker than anybody in all the world could also soothe her quicker! She had no intention of confiding in him when she went. She hoped through him to hear of some stray straw in the form of a job that she might clutch at. But before an hour had passed, she had told him everything—and her decision to quit pictures and go to New York, there somehow to get a job on Broadway and ultimately—it would take years, perhaps—get back into movies.

"DON'T do it," he cautioned her. "It's the longest way round. It's just as tough to get a job on Broadway as it is here—tougher for you, I should say. You love movies, you want to stay in movies, and this is the place of movies!"

"Yes," she argued, "but—'stage experience,' Don!"

"Stage experience be hanged!" he exploded. "I haven't had any stage experience, and I'm going to direct talkies!"

"Are you, Don? Who are you with? I heard you weren't with Pinnacle any more."

"I'm not with anybody. But I will be soon. And so will you—if you don't lose your nerve and—and run away. In the meantime, just hang on and don't worry. You're a sure bet, Netta. You have talent and beauty and youth. What you need is a manager, a good, live-wire manager who doesn't let obstacles stand in his way." In his vehemence, he got up and paced the little sun-lighted patio. "I could put you over, Netta. I believe in you. Always did."

"How could you?" she asked. "How could you put me over?"

He returned to his chair, and for a space he was silent. "I don't know," he admitted finally. "But, look here, Netta, if you stay on, I'll manage you, and I'll bet anything you like that I put you back in pictures—and in a big way too. How about it?"

"Why—yes—of course—if you could," she said.

"But," he stipulated, "you must agree to do everything I want you to do. Everything. If someone makes you an offer, you must turn

him over to me. If I decide against it, my decision goes. We'll draw up a contract if you like, although for my part your word is enough. Will you give it to me?"

She hesitated. "I'd like to, Don—but I'm broke."

"Yes," he said, "I was coming to that. This is business, pure business. For managing you, for getting you back in pictures, I'll expect ten per cent of your salary for one year. In the interim I will advance you what money you need so that you can keep your house and your car and all that—because that's essential. Netta Lynn is a success! We are going to start from that basis and—go forward. Besides, you know what Hollywood is! If they think you're broke, it will be ten times as hard to get you a decent contract than if they think you're well off. That's common sense."

"Yes, Don, but—" She was thinking of the money.

"But what?"

EVERY objection she raised he swept away. And she was glad when he demolished them. She wasn't *taking* money from him; he was merely advancing it to her—as an investment. It was business!

And because he filled her with the enthusiasm and conviction that were his, she didn't stop to consider what profit there was in this strange bargain for him. Or why indeed he was doing it. She was on the brink of a dark chasm and he was rescuing her! Her past remembrance of him—with their quarrels and antipathies—was blotted away.

So the pact was made, and Netta was happy and hopeful as she hadn't been for months. She saw herself as a star again. She even dared to dream that by some miracle she would play *Jenny* in "White Roses." Tomorrow or the day after or soon, at any rate, the phone would ring and the head of some big company would ask her to come to see him, or Don would come with an arrangement already made!

The heart can sing so strong that in imagination our dreams are already come true!

But life isn't so. At least not in Hollywood.

Almost at once, Netta received an offer from Gerhardt Pictures, one of those small concerns on Poverty Row. Don had nothing to do with it. Gerhardt himself called her up and said that he was starting a picture the following week and, while he couldn't give her the lead, there was a part in it that she would like to play.

"It's right up your alley," he said.

She told him she would talk to her manager about it.

DON laughed it away. "Oh, I know about that picture," he said. "It's no good for you. In the first place, it's silent; secondly, they are starring Gertrude Olsen in it—and you're not going to play second to her! And furthermore, Gerhardt can't afford to pay any real dough anyway. Forget it!"

"Just as you say."

She had received a check from him in the mail only that morning. It was not yet in the bank. If he would let her work for Gerhardt, she'd be able to give him the check back. It was absurd and old-fashioned of her, perhaps, but there was something almost terrifying in the money-end of their bargain. Still if he said "forget it"—all right

Yet, a couple of weeks later, Don accepted a job to direct silent films for Inca Productions, who were also on Poverty Row and of no better repute than Gerhardt's outfit.

"Oh, it won't do me any harm," he said when she argued the point with him. "I like to keep busy—and it won't interfere with my other plans."

"I like to keep busy too, Don."

"Yes, but that's different, Netta. Now don't let us argue about it. I know best."

He brought her books to read—books of poems and plays to study and read aloud. He engaged an Englishwoman—a Mrs. Ponsonby who had been on the stage in London—to teach her diction and elocution. And many, many

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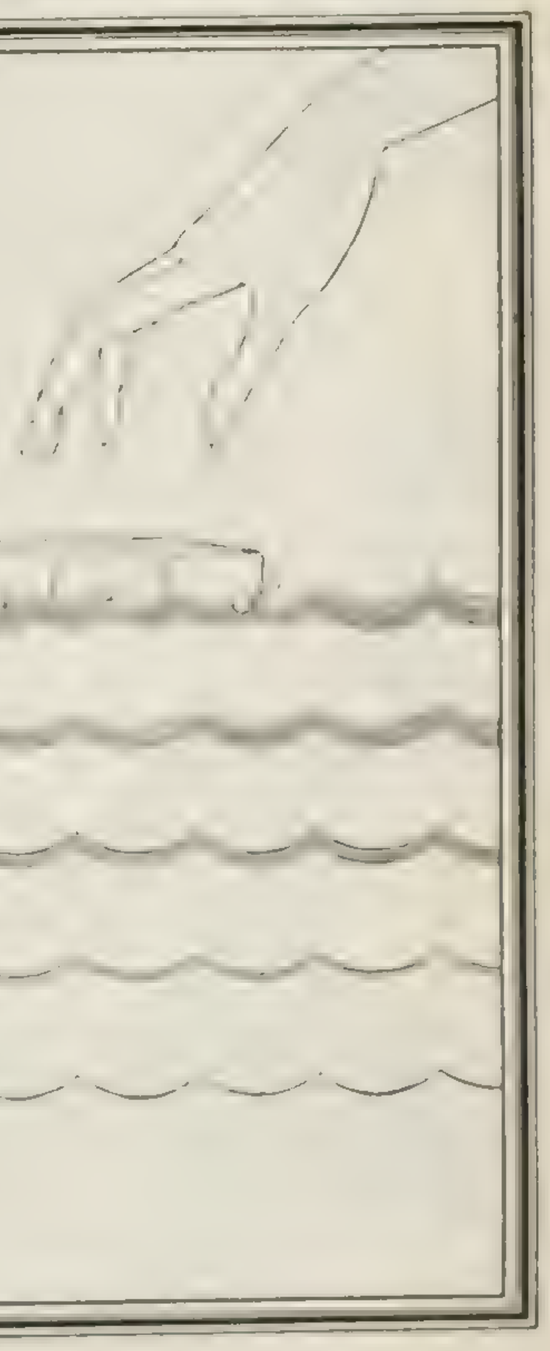
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evenings he spent with her himself, talking over plans, telling her of this, that, or the other possibility that might break for her; or he'd take her dancing at the Cocoanut Grove to be seen as pretty and as well-dressed as ever by all filmdom; or to a picture to keep up with the latest talkie developments.

But nothing happened. The weeks grew into months. Spring came. Hollywood seethed with activity. It wasn't the Hollywood of the spring before, but a new Hollywood, teeming with the alien influx from Broadway. Already stars of last year were being forgotten, and new stars—stars from the stage—were born!

Don always had plans—that failed. And with each successive failure, Netta's hopes diminished and her confidence waned. Sometimes, she suspected, Don was discouraged too, but he would never admit it. And if, occasionally, she brought up the subject of money, he would dismiss it laughingly or get annoyed.

"But that was our bargain, wasn't it? If I'm not complaining, I don't see why you should!"

"But it's been so long, Don—and I owe you so much!"

"Forget it, Netta. Forget it."

ONCE, on the sly, she went to see Gerhardt, who she heard was planning to do another picture. He was offended by her treatment of him before and curtly told her that when he wanted her he would send for her. But evidently he noised it around, because Don heard of it.

And Don was furious. She tried to explain; she spoke of the money again; but that only made him angrier.

"If you've lost confidence in me," he blazed at her, "and you want to quit, nobody's holding you! But do it openly—and not behind my back."

He meant to hurt her, she felt; and he did—immeasurably. And even though, in the end, she said that she was sorry for having gone to Gerhardt and he said he was sorry for flying into a temper, there remained a coolness between them that the events of the ensuing weeks didn't tend to dissipate.

Netta wished fervently that she had never listened to him but, instead, had carried out her decision of going to New York. By hook or by crook she would have got herself a job on the stage, and by now she might be in line for a movie-job. Instead of which, she had wasted her time. Wasted it utterly. And worse than that, she was in debt, in debt to the extent of thousands. Still worse, she was under a huge obligation to Don Stafford—because business or no business, she had taken his money month after month and lived on it. On it—and hopes, wild empty hopes that never came to fruition and never would!

Then, when she had quit in spirit, but still lacked that ounce of courage (if it was courage she lacked) to quit in fact, she met Guy Thorley, who was in Hollywood to recruit movie talent for a chain of second-rate stock theaters that he owned in the East. About her acting ability he didn't know, but she was beautiful enough for any stock audience, and so he offered her a job for four months as leading lady in his house at Bethlehem, Pa. The salary was absurdly small but many of the Broadway stars, he assured her untruthfully, had made their start under him.

Netta accepted.

"YOU'LL have to leave at once," he told her, "tomorrow—I'll bring the contract in the morning—because you've got to open on the sixteenth and that will only give you six days to rehearse."

"The sooner the better," she agreed, unduly grateful to the wizened little man for his rescue of her. For so, indeed, it seemed.

She phoned Don at the studio and said she had something very important to tell him.

And when he came she told him. She tried to choose words that would make him understand her point of view, but evidently she failed.

"So you're going to quit!" he said, covering his anger with laughter. "Broke your word—gone back on your bargain—quit!"

"Yes," she retorted, "if you want to put it that way—quit!"

"Well, I'm afraid you can't—because I have other plans for you."

"WHAT other plans? You've always got plans for me, Don, but nothing ever comes of them."

"And maybe nothing will come of this either! Did you read that little sketch I left here the other day?"

"That thing called 'Lily'? Yes, I read it."

"You don't think much of it?" He judged that much from her tone.

"No, I don't," she confessed.

"Well, I want you to do it just the same."

"What do you mean—do it?" she demanded.

"Play it," he told her. "We are going to do it a week from tonight at the 'Authors Drama Club,' and you're going to play the girl."

"'The Authors Drama Club'!" She looked at him, amazed. He was asking her to give up a four months' job in stock in order to play a stupid ten-minute sketch at a club for one night. "I won't," she refused flat-footedly. "Whatever for?"

"Never mind what for."

"Well, I won't," she repeated. "I won't turn down Thorley's offer for this."

"Thorley's offer!" he sneered. "What about me? Do you think you will ever be able to pay back the money you owe me out of fifty dollars a week?"

"At least I'll be earning it," she defended herself, "and not borrowing it!"

"Borrowing it! Don't make me laugh! You didn't have any scruples about borrowing it all these weeks! You lived in a fine house, and had pretty clothes and a car and all the rest of it, didn't you? Well, you owe me something, even if you don't think you do. And I want you to play this sketch at the 'Authors Club' because *I'm* going to direct it and I'm going to have someone there to see it who may give *me* a job—if he likes my work."

"But you could get someone else to play it, Don."

"I don't want anyone else. I wrote that sketch—even if you don't think it's any good. I wrote it about you. It's you, and you're it."

"All right," she gave in at last, "I'll play it."

When Don had gone she called up Mr. Thorley and tried to get him to postpone the commencement of her contract. But he told her that was quite impossible. If she didn't want the job, there were lots of others who did!

"I'm sorry, then," she said, "but I'll have to refuse it."

SHE felt beaten and humiliated. She didn't exactly blame Don for the stand he had taken. If he could get himself a talkie job by directing the little sketch, of course he ought to. And she ought to help him. She ought to want to help him, even if it meant sacrificing herself. She did, as he had said, owe him something. It was the tone he had taken with her, the manner in which he had reminded her of her debt, of her humiliating position, that hurt her so dreadfully.

Well, it was her own fault!

There were two other actors in "Lily," Joe Crooks, who played opposite Netta, and Edna Underlee, an older woman. For seven long evenings they rehearsed, under Don's first attempt at stage-direction, and on the eighth evening the performance was given.

Sandwiched in between nine other numbers, and acted in front of the invited audience that filled the little auditorium of the club, "Lily" received its modicum of polite applause.

The curtain fell, and Netta went back to one of the improvised dressing-rooms to take off her make-up and the cheap tenement-house dress that *Lily* had worn. She felt that she had

given a good performance, and the artist in her was elated; it transcended, for a few moments, the weight of unhappiness, and her gentian eyes shone back at her from the mirror.

Then Linda Ross, who was in the final number, a girl whom Netta knew only slightly, came in, in a desperate hurry to get out of one dress and into another. She was like a little storm sweeping into the room. Netta offered to help her, and Linda accepted with alacrity.

"It was a great break," she said, conversationally, "Don Stafford signing up with Pinnacle again, wasn't it?"

"Don—with Pinnacle?"

"Sure—they signed him a week ago to do 'White Roses.' I got it straight from the boss' secretary. Say,"—she stopped and laughed,—"don't tell me *you* didn't know!"

THERE was something about that laugh and about that "you" that made the blood rush into Netta's cheeks, made her suddenly angry. Linda had dashed out.

Netta finished her own dressing, pondering what Linda had told her. Linda's laughter rang in her ears as an accompaniment to her own thinking. It made her a little sick. She had said she would meet Don and the others—Joe Crook and Edna—for supper at Don's place, but instead she slipped out through the back entrance and went home.

She sat on the divan in the dark living-room and let her mind travel over and over the same tortuous road. Slowly, mercilessly, the truth was pounded into her. That's why he had lied to her, and tricked her into doing that ridiculous sketch! To make her stay. To keep her—in bondage. She recollected the Gerhardt job that he had made her refuse; other offers that weren't good enough or big enough or something.

She remembered how brutally he had spoken to her the other night about the money—owing him something, even if she didn't think she did! "You lived in a fine house, and had pretty clothes and a car and all the rest of it, didn't you?"

In the morning, she phoned him at his house. But he had already left. She tried the studio, but he wasn't there, either. It wasn't until late afternoon, when the sun had gone down and the amethyst light of the California dusk was tinting the garden, that he came.

"Hello," he said cheerily, "what happened to you last night—after the show?" Then he saw her bags. He laughed shortly. "Going some place?"

"I'm going to New York—to *work*," she told him. "I'm sorry you *invested* so much money in me, and the *investment* didn't turn out as you expected, but I'll pay you back. If it takes me all my life, if I have to scrub floors, I'll pay you back every cent." Now that she had started, it was easy to go on, and she didn't spare him.

And he listened, his mouth tight-pressed, his gaunt cheeks pale. When she came to the end, he said:

"Yes? So that's what you think!"

"Of course. What else!"

"Just a Hollywood girl!" he said mockingly. "Well, let me tell you something. If I'd treated you like other men—flattered you on the set, told you how great you were—if, when you were down and out, I'd made you a different kind of bargain, you'd be taking a very different attitude now. You'd respect me—and believe in me. But I was always a sap where you were concerned—from the very minute I laid my eyes on you.

"I'll tell you something else. What Linda Ross told you about Pinnacle signing me up a week ago was true. They *wanted* to sign me, but I wouldn't sign unless they took you—to play *Jenny*. That's why I made you stay—and play last night. The boss was out front and—and here's your contract." He took it from his pocket and tossed it towards her. "And you won't have to scrub floors to pay me back! Good-bye."

The next moment Netta heard the door slam—and he was gone.

She glanced at the contract, at her bags, and then, suddenly, too weak to stand, she sank down on the divan. She tried to think, but her mind wouldn't formulate thoughts. It was as dead as her heart.

PRESENTLY, she got up and moved to the window. To her surprise she saw Don's car still standing outside. She hurried out and saw him sitting motionless at the wheel, staring out in front of him.

"Don," she whispered.

He didn't answer.

She opened the door and got in beside him.

"Don," she said softly. "What can I say—what can I ever say or do to take back what I thought—what I said? You'll never forgive me, will you?" She slipped her hand into his, and they sat there, both very miserable.

The amethyst turned to purple; it grew dark. And still they sat there, happy even in their misery, and with the misery swiftly, swiftly vanishing.





International

The principals in the latest Hollywood Battle of the Century—the seventh set of fisticuffs to take place in the movie colony in the past year. Left, Ernst and Helene Lubitsch, photographed before their recent divorce. Right, Hans Kraly, scenarist and fiancé of Helene, who was smacked by Ernst at Mary Pickford's benefit party when Lubitsch thought Kraly was making fun of him

584

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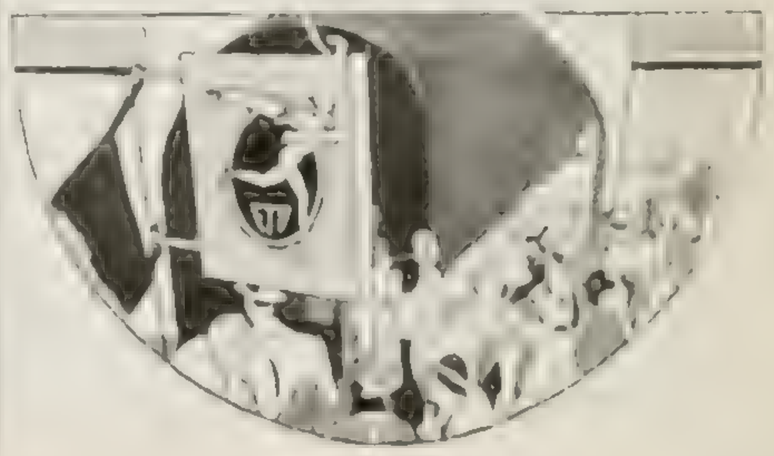
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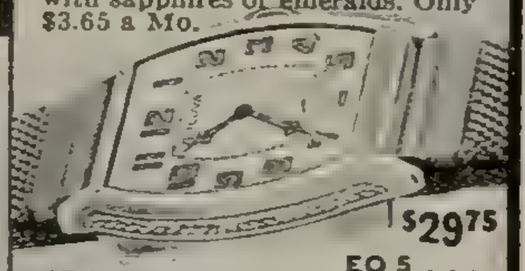


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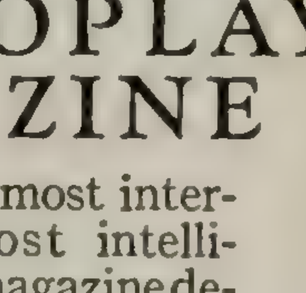
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Lukas Masters the Microphone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

back to Hungary. At the end of seven months he reappeared, speaking fluent English, with only the faintest accent.

"I wanted to become proficient in the language," he explained to gasping Hollywood. "I had bad luck with professional teachers, so I found a young college man who agreed to be with me constantly. I took him to lunch, every place I went. We talked nothing but English. He corrected all my mistakes."

Simple? But how many foreign players have stubbornly clung to their own set, talking nothing but their own language!

When English had been conquered, Lukas didn't immediately land in starring rôles. He graciously accepted small parts and made them conspicuous. He was the master criminal with Evelyn Brent in "Slightly Scarlet." He was the German in "Young Eagles" with Buddy Rogers. He stole that picture. He made another hit in "Half Way to Heaven." In "Anybody's Woman" with Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook, he made the fans wish that he had gotten the woman!

The fans' response to this picture resulted in Paramount's decision to make him a leading man. Lukas is grateful for his success, and sensible in his attitude toward his first picture, "Ladies' Man."

It originally had been bought for William Powell, but the leading character, a gigolo, amiable with fat old ladies for a purpose, was considered unwise for the heroic Powell. Lukas got it. He is not afraid of the rôle.

"When I played on the stage in Budapest, we did not have to be so careful about always being good and handsome. The star system was unknown. We did the classics of all languages, playing any rôle to which we were best suited."

Lukas' hobby is flying. He has had fourteen hours in the air alone.

He has taken out his citizenship papers. He doesn't want to return to Hungary, even for a visit. His pretty blonde wife, Daisy, went home for a visit last year, but cut it short. She, too, is perfectly content to be an English-speaking United States citizen.

She Threatens Garbo's Throne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

months the "Morocco" company went on location. At the end of one day Marlene had to do a scene in which she walked across the sands. She was to walk a quarter of a mile and a whistle was to tell her that the scene was over. But somebody forgot to blow the whistle. She walked on, for a mile, and then fainted.

They found her and brought her back and when she came to she was crying. The mascara was spoiling her make-up. She opened her eyes, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I have another cloze-up to do."

"It is not cloze-up," said Director Von Sternberg, "it is close-up. Say it properly!"

Marlene repeated it. "Close-up."

VON STERNBERG will not allow her to use an accent in films. Therefore she does not memorize her lines until she comes on the set. Then Von Sternberg says them for her. She repeats after him and does them exactly. She must remember those lines, in good English, too, translate them mentally into German and do emotional work before the camera. She speaks with a decided accent away from the microphone.

Again, on location, she was doing a scene and her teeth chattered so she could not go on with it. At last she said, "I know that I am nobody. I know I should ask for nothing, but perhaps if I had a warm cup of coffee I could then do my work."

There is no telephone in her dressing room. She has not dared to ask for one.

She wanted to see Joan Crawford, one of her screen crushes, and when she discovered that they had the same manicurist she waited for over an hour in the beauty shop one day when Joan had an appointment. Crawford did not arrive and Marlene was broken hearted. Yet when one of Joan's friends suggested that a meeting might be arranged Marlene said, "Oh, no, she would not want to see me. Why should she want to see a German girl who would only gape at her beauty—who would sit speechless with wonder and awe?"

Marlene is miserable in this country—except when she works. When there is no work she sits alone and reads or plays the radio. And thinks about her young husband, a director of German films, and her baby, whom she adores. She carries in her bag two pictures of the child in tiny silver frames. Weekly the mother and little daughter exchange phonograph records of their voices.

Marlene is as lonely as all who seek and do not find. Hollywood is too big for her. Its people are too hearty. Parties, she does not like, since the women—"dey talk of their jewels only. 'See this bracelet?' they say. 'A friend he gave me that. This ring? See, another friend he gave me that!' Dey talk of such things. I would rather be alone and miserable than to talk of such things.

"I try to find with the women here warmth and understanding. I do not. They talk of their bracelets and their rings. Perhaps I do not know them well enough."

She would like a little house right on the Paramount lot where she could stay the whole time and not make the trip from Beverly Hills to the studio every day.

She goes to see pictures, not as a person who is connected with them, but as a devout fan. She wonders at the beauty and talent she sees upon the screen.

"The girls here," she says, "they are pleased with themselves. They think only of the good things about themselves. Me—I do not like myself. My nose, it turns up at the end. My shoulders, they are too broad. My mouth, it is too big. I think always how bad I am. I see myself upon the screen. I wish I had not done it so. I am very bad, I think. I ask Mr. Von Sternberg if he will take the scene over again. He will not. Von Sternberg he does not—how you say?—do retakes."

THE sunshine saps her vitality. Scientists call her type "heliophobe." On rainy days or in a deep fog, only, is she happy. "I could not have my baby here with me," she says. "She would not be well with so much sunshine."

She is the only foreign actress who has been brought to Hollywood for English versions, primarily, since the talkies began, but Von Sternberg, like another director, with another young actress, saw in that poignant, mobile face some strange and wondrous beauty.

Music was to have been Marlene's life and, while studying to be a violinist, she strained

her hand. They said she must not lift a bow for six months. Then she went to Max Reinhardt's school of drama. She recited a little poem she loved and he admitted her. From there she stepped to the stage, playing the leading rôle in the German version of "Broadway" and in several musical comedies. She had small rôles in pictures. Usually she was a gay, hard-boiled gal.

She married then, and when her baby was born, gave up her career until Von Sternberg went to Germany to direct Jannings in "The Blue Angel." Her heart broke when she knew that she must leave her baby for six months. She is going back to Europe for the child's birthday and the Christmas holidays.

She is beautiful, with a complexion so perfect that you want to spend the next year in a beauty shop. Her eyes are blue, her hair reddish golden.

I wonder what Garbo thinks, if she has seen this strange woman so emotionally like her, on the screen. I wonder if she fears a rival.

Marlene says, "When I work, when I am busy I do not think. I put on make-up. I see other actors with make-up on. I like to see the faces I know so well on the screen. I stare at people like a rude child for I think them so beautiful. I go on the set. I work, work, work. I love that.

"It is when I am alone that I wish—oh, I wish for my baby, my home, for rain, for good music, for people who—who do not talk about their bracelets and rings."



How do you care for Rita LaRoy's new sports fur coat? It's of summer ermine combined with white. Note the scarf drawn tightly about the neck, and the three-quarter length sleeves with which gauntlets are worn

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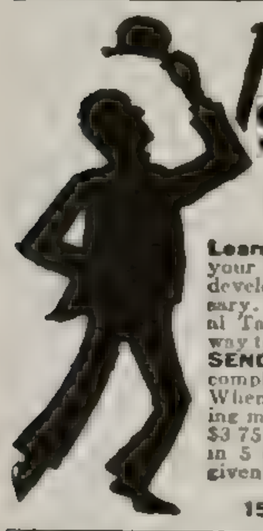
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ADIOS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Francisco Delfino (El Puma)*, Richard Barthelmess; *David Howard*, James Rennie; *Rosita Garcia*, Mary Astor; *Dolores Delfino*, Marian Nixon; *Peter Harkness*, Fred Kohler; *Lupe*, Barbara Bedford; *Mariano Delfino*, Robert Edeson; *Juan*, Arthur Stone; *Concha*, Mathilde Comont; *Judge Travers*, Erville Alderson.

"AFRICA SPEAKS"—COLUMBIA.—Produced by Paul L. Hoefler and Walter A. Sutter for the Colorado African Expedition.

"ALONG CAME YOUTH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan and Norman McLeod. The cast: *Larry Brooks*, Charles Rogers; *Elinor Farrington*, Frances Dee; *Ambrose*, Stuart Erwin; *Eustace*, William Austin; *Lady Prunella*, Evelyn Hall; *Senor Cortes*, Leo White; *Senora Cortes*, Mathilde Comont; *Sue Long*, Betty Boyd.

"ATLANTIC"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play "The Berg" by Ernest Raymond. Directed by E. A. DuPont. The cast: *John Rood*, Franklin Dyall; *Mrs. Rood*, Ellaline Terris; *Poynter*, Donald Calthrop; *Lawrence*, John Stuart; *Monica*, Madeleine Carroll; *The Padre*, Francis Lister; *Lanchester*, John Longden; *Major Boldy*, Arthur Hardy; *Tate Hughes*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Mrs. Tate Hughes*, Helen Haye; *Betty Tate Hughes*, Joan Barry; *Dandy*, Monty Banks; *Captain*, Sydney Lynn.

"BARBER JOHN'S BOY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Ben Ames Williams. Screen play by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *"Barber John" Bolton*, Grant Mitchell; *Emily*, Lucille Powers; *Michael Bolton*, Phillips Holmes; *Jim McCord*, George Marion; *Rip Hendry*, Otis Harlan; *Cal Bolton*, Russell Simpson; *Vint Glade*, Dwight Frye; *Tom*, Bill Banker.

"BILLY THE KID"—M-G-M.—From the story by Walter Noble Burnes. Continuity by Wanda Tuchock. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Billy*, John Mack Brown; *Garrett*, Wallace Beery; *Claire*, Kay Johnson; *Swenson*, Karl Dane; *Tunston*, Wyndham Standing; *McSween*, Russell Simpson; *Mrs. McSween*, Blanche Frederici; *Old Stuff*, Roscoe Ates; *Ballinger*, Warner P. Richmond; *Donovan*, James Marcus; *Hatfield*, Nelson McDowell; *Brewer*, Jack Carlyle; *Butterworth*, John Beck; *Santiago*, Chris Martin; *Nicky Whoosiz*, Marguerita Padula; *Mrs. Hatfield*, Aggie Herring.

"BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE"—UNIVERSAL. From the play by Rudolph Lothar and Fritz Gottwald. Screen play by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Helene*, Betty Compson; *Baron Valmi*, Ian Keith; *Mona*, Mary Duncan; *Greta*, Jeanette Loff; *Ambassador from Monteverto*, Lawrence Grant; *War Minister Krakowitz*, Lionel Belmore; *Potz*, Andre Beranger.

"CAT CREEPS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by John Willard. Adapted by Gladys Lehman. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: *Annabelle West*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Paul*, Raymond Hackett; *Charles Wilder*, Neil Hamilton; *Cicily*, Lilyan Tashman; *Dr. Patterson*, Jean Hersholt; *Hendricks*, Montagu Love; *Crosby*, Lawrence Grant; *Harry Blythe*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mam' Pleasant*, Blanche Frederici; *Susan*, Elizabeth Patterson.

"CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Bert Kalmer and Harry Ruby. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Amos*, Freeman F. Gosden; *Andy*, Charles J. Correll; *Jean Blair*, Sue Carol; *Richard Williams*, Charles Morton; *Ralph Crawford*, Ralf Harolde; *John Blair*, Edward Martindel; *Mrs. Blair*, Irene Rich; *Elinor Crawford*, Rita LaRoy; *Kingfish*, Russell Powell.

"DERELICT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Bill Rafferty*, George Bancroft; *Helen Lorber*, Jessie Royce Landis; *Jed Graves*, William Boyd; *Fin Thomson*, Donald Stuart; *Jameson*, James Durkin; *Travis*, William Stack; *Capt. Gregg*, Wade Boteler.

"DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS"—WARNERS.—From the story "Two Time Marriage" by Jack Townley. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *George*, James Hall; *Paul*, Lew Cody; *Helen*, Irene Delroy; *Joan*, Natalie Moorhead; *Lawyer*, Edward Martindel; *Maid*, Margaret Seddon.

"EAST IS WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer. Adapted by Winnifred Eaton Reeve. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Ming Toy*, Lupe Velez; *Billy Benson*, Lewis Ayres; *Charlie Yong*, Edward G. Robinson; *Mrs. Benson*, Mary Forbes; *Lo Sang Kee*, E. Allyn Warren; *Mr. Benson*, Henry Kolker; *Hop Toy*, Tetsue Komai; *Thomas*, Edgar Norton; *Dr. Fredricks*, Charles Middleton.

"EXTRAVAGANCE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by Adele Buffington, Frances Hyland and Phil Rosen. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Alice Kendall*, June Collyer; *Fred Garlan*, Lloyd Hughes; *Jim Hamilton*, Owen Moore; *Esther Hamilton*, Dorothy Christy; *Harrison Morrell*, Jameson Thomas; *Mrs. Kendall*, Nella Walker; *Billy*, Robert Agnew; *Sally*, Gwen Lee; *Helen*, Addie McPhail; *Mary*, Joan Standing; *Bridge Players*, Martha Mattox, Arthur Hoyt.

"FATHER'S SON"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Boy o' Mine" by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Hope Loring. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Bill Emory*, Leon Janney; *His Father, William Emory*, Lewis Stone; *His Mother, Ruth Emory*, Irene Rich; *Dr. Franklin*, John Halliday; *Vestibule Thompson*, Robert Dandridge; *His Father*, George Reed; *The Bad Boy*, Mickey Bennett; *Dinah*, Gertrude Howard; *Mrs. Stewart*, Bertha Mann; *Chauffeur*, Grover Liggon.

"FEET FIRST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Grey, Alfred A. Cohn and Clyde Bruckman. Continuity by Felix Adler and Lex Neal. Directed by Clyde Bruckman. The cast: *Harold Horne*, Harold Lloyd; *John Tanner*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Tanner*, Lillian Leighton; *Mary*, Barbara Kent; *Old Timer*, Alec B. Francis; *Ship's Officer*, Noah Young.

"FOUND"—RALPH P. KING PRODUCTIONS.—Sponsored by the National Research Council of Australia.

"HEADS UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by John McGowan, Paul Gerard Smith, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Adapted by Jack Kirkland. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Jack Mason*, Charles Rogers; *Betty Trumbull*, Helen Kane; *Skippy Dugan*, Victor Moore; *Mary Trumbull*, Margaret Breen; *Mrs. Martha Trumbull*, Helen Carrington; *Rex Culling*, Gene Gowing; *Georgie Martin*, Billy Taylor; *Captain Denny*, Harry Shannon; *Larry White*, C. Anthony Hughes; *Captain Whitney*, John Hamilton; *Naval Officer*, Stanley Jessup; *Blake*, Preston Foster.

"HER WEDDING NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Henry Myers. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Norma Martin*, Clara Bow; *Larry Charters*, Ralph Forbes; *Bertie Bird*, Charlie Ruggles; *Bob Talmadge*, Skeets Gallagher; *Gloria Marshall*, Geneva Mitchell; *Lulu*, Rosita Moreno; *Eva*, Natalie Kingston; *Smithers*, Wilson Benge; *Mrs. Marshall*, Lillian Elliott.

"HOT HEIRESS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Herbert Fields. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Juliette Hunter*, Ona Munson; *Hap Harrigan*, Ben Lyon; *Bill Dugan*, Tom Dugan; *Olly*, Walter Pidgeon; *Margie*, Inez Courtney; *Lola*, Thelma Todd; *Irene*, Elise Bartlett; *Mr. Hunter*, Holmes Herbert; *Mrs. Hunter*, Nella Walker; *The Doctor*, George Irving.

"JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Edwin Johns. Adapted by Adrian Johnson and Scott Pembroke. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: *Mildred Vane*, Myrna Loy; *Herbert Carter*, Jason Robards; *Patricia Murray*, Nancy Welford; *Mrs. Consuelo Carter*, Dorothy Phillips; *Danny Murray*, David Durand; *Junior Carter*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Henry Murray*, Frank McGlynn; *Ollie*, Jim Burtis; *Darrow*, George Cowl; *Epstein*, Murray Smith; *Fineman*, William Strauss; *Pierre*, Roland Ray; *Sylvia de Sprout*, June Gittleson; *Virginia Hooker*, Evelyn Hayes; *Baird*, Bernie Lamont.

"JUST IMAGINE"—FOX.—From the story by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Music by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Single O*, El Brendel; *LN-18*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *J-21*, John Garrick; *D-6*, Marjorie White; *RT-42*, Frank Albertson; *Z-4*, Hobart Bosworth; *MT-3*, Kenneth Thomson; *X-10*, Wilfred Lucas; *B-36*, Mischa Auer; *AK-44*, Sidney De Gray; *Commander*, Joseph Girard; *Looloo, Booboo*, Joyzelle; *Loko, Boko*, Ivan Linow.

"KISMET"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Edward Knoblock. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Hajj*, Otis Skinner; *Marsinah*, Loretta Young; *Caliph Abdallah*, David Manners; *Wazir Mansur*, Sidney Blackmer; *Zeleekha*, Mary Duncan; *Jailer*, Montagu Love; *Amru*, Ford Sterling; *The Guide Nazir*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Imam Mahmud*, John Sainpolis; *Jawan*, Edmund Breese; *Kafur*, Noble Johnson; *The Muezzin*, Richard Carlyle; *Kazim*, John Sheehan; *Narjis*, Blanche Frederici; *Asaf*, Otto Hoffman; *The Herald*, Will Walling; *The Chamberlain*, Sidney Jarvis; *Zayd*, Lorin Raker; *Captain of the Guards*, Olin Francis; *Miskah*, Carol Wines; *The Wazir*, Charles Clary.

"LADY SURRENDERS, A"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel "Sincerity" by John Erskine. Continuity by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Mary*, Genevieve Tobin; *Isabel*, Rose Hobart; *Winthrop Beauvel*, Conrad Nagel; *Carl Vaudry*, Basil Rathbone; *Butler*, Edgar Norton;

Sonia, Carmel Myers; *Lawton*, Franklin Pangborn; *Mrs. Lynchfield*, Vivian Oakland; *The Maid*, Grace Cunard.

"LADY'S MORALS, A"—M-G-M.—From the story by Hans Kraly and Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Jenny Lind*, Grace Moore; *Paul Brandt*, Reginald Denny; *Barnum*, Wallace Beery; *Olaf*, Gus Shy; *Josephine*, Jobyna Howland; *Broughm*, Gilbert Emery; *Innkeeper*, George F. Marion; *Maretti*, Paul Porcasi; *Zergo*, Giovanni Martino; *Innkeeper's Wife*, Bodil Rosing; *Louise*, Joan Standing; *Selma*, Mavis Villiers; *Rosatti*, Judith Vosselli.

"LAUGHTER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast and Douglas Doty. Dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. The cast: *Peggy Gibson*, Nancy Carroll; *Paul Lockridge*, Fredric March; *C. Mortimer Gibson*, Frank Morgan; *Ralph Le Sainte*, Glenn Anders; *Marjorie Gibson*, Diane Ellis; *Pearl*, Ollie Burgoyne; *Benham*, Leonard Carey.

"QUEEN OF SCANDAL, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lilli*, Evelyn Laye; *Mirko*, John Boles; *Otto*, Leon Errol; *Fritzie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Janos*, Hugh Cameron; *Liska*, Marion Lord; *Zagon*, Lionel Belmore; *Papa Lorenc*, George Bickel; *Egan*, Vincent Barnett; *Almady*, Henry Victor.

"LITTLE CAESAR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Adapted by Francis Edwards Faragoh. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *"Rico" Bandello*, Edward G. Robinson; *Joe Massara*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Olga Strassof*, Glenda Farrell; *The "Big Boy,"* Sidney Blackmer; *Police Sgt. Flaherty*, Thomas Jackson; *Pete Montana*, Ralph Ince; *Tony Passa*, William Collier, Jr.; *Arnie Lorch*, Maurice Black; *Sam Vettori*, Stanley Fields; *Otero*, George E. Stone.

"LOVE TRADER, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Joseph Henaberry. The cast: *Martha Adams*, Leatrice Joy; *Ponia*, Roland Drew; *Nelson*, Chester Conklin; *Captain Adams*, Henry B. Walthall; *Louana*, Barbara Bedford; *Captain Morton*, Noah Beery; *Jones*, Clarence Burton; *Benson*, William Welsh.

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by William K. Wells, George White and DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Sid Silvers. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Crickets*, Ed Wynn; *Mary Brennan*, Ginger Rogers; *Jimmie Moore*, Stanley Smith; *Sam Platz*, Lou Holtz; *Ma Brennan*, Lida Kane; *Helen King*, Ethel Merman; *George White*, Bobby Watson; *R. C. Black*, Donald Kirke; *Bob Sterling*, William Halligan; *Fritzie Devere*, Holly Hall; *Two-Gun Terry*, Preston Foster; *Mickie*, James C. Morton.

"MIN AND BILL"—M-G-M.—From the story "Dark Star" by Lorna Moon. Adapted by Frances Marion and Marion Jackson. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Min*, Marie Dressler; *Bill*, Wallace Beery; *Nancy*, Dorothy Jordan; *Bella*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Dick*, Donald Dillaway; *Groot*, DeWitt Jennings; *Alec*, Russell Hopton; *Mr. Southard*, Frank McGlyn; *Mrs. Southard*, Gretta Gould.

"MOROCCO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny. Adapted by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Tom Brown*, Gary Cooper; *Amy Jolly*, Marlene Dietrich; *LaBissiere*, Adolphe Menjou; *Adjutant Caesar*, Ullrich Haupt; *Anna Dolores*, Juliette Compton; *Corporal Tatoche*, Francis MacDonald; *Col. Quinnevieres*, Albert Conti; *Mme. Caesar*, Eve Southern; *Barratire*, Michael Visaroff; *Lo Tinto*, Paul Porcasi.

"MOTHERS CRY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Helen Grace Carlisle. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Mary Knight Williams*, Dorothy Peterson; *Artie*, David Manners; *Beatty*, Helen Chandler; *Jenny*, Evalyn Knapp; *Danny*, Edward Woods; *Frank Williams*, Pat O'Malley; *Karl Muller*, Reginald Pasch; *Mary's Mother*, Claire McDowell; *The Doctor*, Chas. Hill Mailes; *Hart*, Sidney Blackmer; *Sadye*, Jean Bary; *Danny as a boy*, Marvin Jones; *Beatty as a child*, Meredith Burrell.

"REMOTE CONTROL"—M-G-M.—From the play by Clyde North, Albert C. Fuller and Jack T. Nelson. Adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair and Nick Grinde. The cast: *William J. Brennan*, William Haines; *Sam Ferguson*, Charles King; *Marion Ferguson*, Mary Doran; *Professor Kruger*, John Miljan; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Smedley*, J. C. Nugent; *Radio Engineer*, Edward Nugent; *Chief of Police*, Wilbur Mack; *Blodgett*, James Donlan.

"RIVER'S END"—WARNERS.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *John Keith* and *Sergeant Conniston*, Charles Bickford; *Mirian*, Evalyn Knapp; *O'Toole*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Colonel McDowell*, David Torrence; *Louise*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mickey*, Junior Coghlan; *Martin*, Walter McGrail; *Shotwell*, Tom Santschi.

"SHADOW RANCH"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by George M. Johnson. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Sim Baldwin*, Buck Jones; *Ruth*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Maggie Murphy*, Kate Price; *Tex*, Ben Wilson; *Dan Blake*, Al Smith; *Williams*, Frank Rice; *Joe*, Ernie Adams; *Curley*, Slim Whitaker; *Fatty*, Robert B. MacKenzie.

"SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED"—CRUSE-TIFFANY.—From the story by George Rosener. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Mahnya*, Betty Compson; *Eddie*, Lee Tracy; *Boris*, Gaston Glass; *Dave*, Alan Hale; *Olga*, Dorothy Christy; *Dugan*, Fred Kelsey.

"SILVER HORDE, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Rex Beach. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Cherry Malotte*, Evelyn Brent; *George Bait*, Louis Wolheim; *Boyd Emerson*, Joel McCrea; *Fraser*, Raymond Hatton; *Mildred Wayland*, Jean Arthur; *Fred Marsh*, Gavin Gordon; *Queenie*, Blanche Sweet; *Wayne Wayland*, Purnell Pratt; *Thomas Hilliard*, William Davidson; *Svenson*, Ivan Linow.

"SIT TIGHT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Rex Taylor. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Winnie*, Winnie Lightner; *Jojo*, Joe E. Brown; *Sally*, Claudia Dell; *Tom*, Paul Gregory; *French Girl*, Lotti Loder; *Dunlap*, Hobart Bosworth; *Olaf*, Frank Hagney; *Charley*, Snitz Edwards; *Wrestling Trainer*, Edward George.

"STEEL HIGHWAY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Maude Fulton. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Bill*, Grant Withers; *Lily*, Mary Astor; *Jack*, Regis Toomey; *Ed*, James Cagney; *Haley*, Fred Kohler; *Pegleg*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Marie*, Joan Blondell; *Bixby*, Walter Long.

"SUNNY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Music by Jerome Kern. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Sunny*, Marilyn Miller; *Tom Warren*, Lawrence Gray; *Jim Deming*, Joe Donahue; *Wendell-Wendell*, Mackenzie Ward; *Peters*, O. P. Heggie; *"Weenie,"* Inez Courtney; *Marcia Manners*, Barbara Bedford; *Sue*, Judith Vosselli; *Sam*, Clyde Cook; *The Barker*, Harry Allen; *First Officer*, William Davidson; *Second Officer*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.

"TODAY"—MAJESTIC.—From the story by Abraham Schomer. Adapted by Abraham Schomer and George Broadhurst. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Fred Warner*, Conrad Nagel; *Eve Warner*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Emma Warner*, Sarah Padden; *Henry Warner*, John Maurice Sullivan; *Marian Garland*, Judith Vosselli; *Mrs. Farringdon*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Gloria Vernon*, Edna Marion; *Gregory*, William Bailey; *Telka*, Robert Thornby; *Pierre*, Drew Demarest.

"TOM SAWYER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Mark Twain. Adapted by Sam Mintz, William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Tom Sawyer*, Jackie Coogan; *Huckleberry Finn*, Junior Durkin; *Becky Thatcher*, Mitzi Green; *Schoolmaster*, Lucien Littlefield; *Muff Potter*, Tully Marshall; *Aunt Polly*, Clara Blandick; *Mary*, Mary Jane Irving; *Sid*, Jackie Searl; *Joe Harper*, Dick Winslow; *Injun Joe*, Charles Stevens; *The Minister*, Charles Sellon.

"UP THE RIVER"—FOX.—From the story by Maurine Watkins. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *St. Louis*, Spencer Tracy; *Dannemora Dan*, Warren Hymer; *Steve*, Humphrey Bogart; *Judy*, Claire Luce; *Pop*, William Collier, Sr.; *Jessup*, George MacFarlane; *Morris*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Edith LaVerne*, Sharon Lynn; *Sophie*, Noel Francis; *Kit*, Goodee Montgomery; *Slim*, Robert Burns; *Clem*, John Swor; *The Warden*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Jean*, Joan "Cherie" Lawes; *Mrs. Massey*, Louise Mackintosh; *Dick the Dip*, Dick Deene; *Happy the Tramp*, Johnnie Walker; *Beauchamp*, Pat Somerset; *Whiteley*, Wilbur Mack; *Nash*, Harvey Clark; *Frosby*, Morgan Wallace; *Mrs. Jordan*, Edythe Chapman; *Cynthia*, Althea Henly; *May and June*, Keating Sisters; *Deputy Warden*, Joe Brown; *Daisy Elmore*, Carol Wines; *Minnie*, Adele Windsor; *Annie*, Mildred Vincent.

"VIRTUOUS SIN, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Lajos Zilahy. Adapted by Martin Brown. Directed by Louis J. Gasnier and George Cukor. The cast: *General Gregori Platoff*, Walter Huston; *Marya Ivanovna*, Kay Francis; *Lt. Victor Sablin*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Alexandra Stroganov*, Jobyna Howland; *Captain Orloff*, Paul Cavanagh; *Lt. Glinka*, Eric Kalkhurst; *Maj. Ivanoff*, Oscar Apfel; *Col. Nikitin*, Gordon McLeod; *Capt. Sobakin*, Youcca Troubetzkoy; *Sentry*, Victor Potel.

"WAY FOR A SAILOR"—M-G-M.—From the story by Albert Richard Wetjen. Scenario by Laurence Stallings, W. L. River and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Jack*, John Gilbert; *Tripod*, Wallace Beery; *Joan*, Leila Hyams; *Ginger*, Jim Tully; *Polly*, Polly Moran; *Flossy*, Doris Lloyd.

"YANKEE DON, THE"—RICHARD TALMADGE PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Madeline Allen. Directed by Noel Mason. The cast: *Dick Carsey*, Richard Talmadge; *Juanita*, Lupita Tovar; *Tenny*, Gayne Whitman; *Hunfredo*, Julian Rivero; *The Don*, Sam Appel; *Duenna*, Alma Real; *Barney*, Victor Stanford.

"YOUNG WOODLEY"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by John Van Druten. Adapted by John Van Druten. Directed by Thomas Bentley. The cast: *David Woodley*, Frank Lawton; *Laura Simmons*, Madeline Carroll; *Mr. Simmons*, Sam Livesey; *Mr. Woodley*, Aubrey Mather; *Vining*, Billy Milton; *Milner*, Gerald Rawlinson; *Ainger*, John Teed; *Cope*, Tony Halfpenny.



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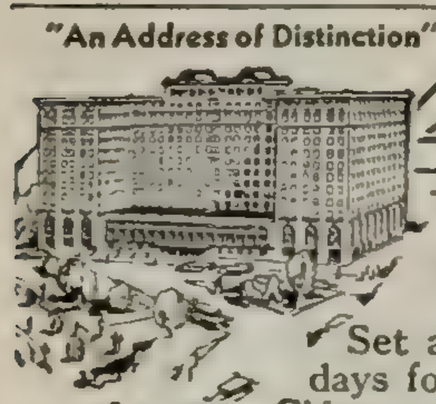
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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

your own shortcomings, and make apologies for them. If they are so apparent you won't have to point them out; and if they're not, why call attention to them? You, perhaps, think about yourself a great deal, and in time that leads to under-valuation. But don't communicate that viewpoint to others. It's fatal to popularity.

If you find yourself growing self-conscious, jerk your thoughts away quickly and ask your partner something about himself. A good way to overcome shyness in oneself is to seek out other bashful men and girls and try to put them at ease. It will help to make you popular with everyone, and will increase your confidence to know you are doing the decent, kindly thing. Be sure to be as nice to girls as to men. That often leads to other party invitations.

Don't be critical and supercilious toward the other guests. Say something kind about some of them. If you particularly admire one of the girls, tell someone who is apt to repeat it to her. People like to hear complimentary things, especially if they have the ring of sincerity, and always have a warm spot for the one who gives the compliment and the one who repeats it.

Don't be jealous, or at least, don't show it. Be grateful for little attentions and courtesies. Remember that a man likes a girl who can talk well, but who lets him get in a few words, too. There are many kinds of charm, and the quiet sort is not to be underrated. Be a good listener when occasion requires it.

You can adjust yourself to almost any crowd for one evening, so don't sit back and act the



Almost a year ago Mary Astor's husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in the air crash over the Pacific that took ten lives. Since then Mary has become more and more beloved by the film colony for her gallantry in going on with her career. Recently she signed a term contract with Radio Pictures. Here she's fishing between scenes while on location at Catalina Island. Note the third finger of her left hand

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

martyr, either because you think you are too good for them or not good enough. Join in all the games, even if you know you're a dub at them, and laugh at your own mistakes. But don't make any more than you can help.

If it's an informal party, offer to help your hostess serve if you know her well, but don't use it as an excuse to show off your housewifely skill to prospective husbands. Men see through that sort of thing.

Try to be the dependable sort of person who is invited to many parties because she can be counted on to make the other guests comfortable and keep them interested. Then you won't have to be "often a hostess, but never a guest!" And invitations to your own parties won't be turned down lightly, either.

RUTH JANE:

Nancy Carroll's eyes droop ever so slightly at the outer corners, and she showed me how she lifts them cleverly with eyebrow pencil before facing the cameras. For street use, the merest smudge of eye shadow will be sufficient to give the right effect.

HELEN A.:

If you feel that perfume influences your moods and makes you feel gayer, use it as generously as good taste permits when you have a "big date." It's perfectly proper to change from one scent to the other, as your fancy pleases. That's just a question of preference.

Both Jean Arthur and Sue Carol say that they find perfume stimulating, especially when they are working on pictures. Most girls use a scent of some kind—if only a mild toilet water, or a bit of sachet powder rubbed right on the skin.

MARIAN:

A complete manicure kit is a good investment for the girl who takes care of her own nails, or for use between professional manicures. The fact that all the tools and materials are so easily available, in one compact, dainty case, is an incentive to keep nails shining and smooth. Just a few minutes every day, or every two or three days, does the trick. Maybe you can drop a hint to Santa Claus to put one in your stocking!

ANXIOUS:

Be glad your limp doesn't interfere with dancing. By all means, take some lessons and forget your crippled leg in the delight of gliding over a dance floor. One of the most graceful dancers I know is a girl who has been crippled from babyhood. She told me she had to overcome a sense of awkwardness and self-consciousness at first, but she determined not to be deprived of the pleasure and social contacts that dancing would give her. She is a much sought-after partner now, and you can be, too.

WINNIE:

You are a trifle underweight, Winnie, but you can easily gain the five or six pounds that will bring your weight up to normal. If you are not drinking much milk now, add a glass or two every day to your diet. Milk makes a nice mid-afternoon "pick-up." And eat more vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings, etc.

These colors should be becoming to you: soft shades of green; most blues, particularly the rich, vivid tints; deep orchid; gray; golden brown; burnt-orange; tomato; black with color touches, and white.

ANITA L.:

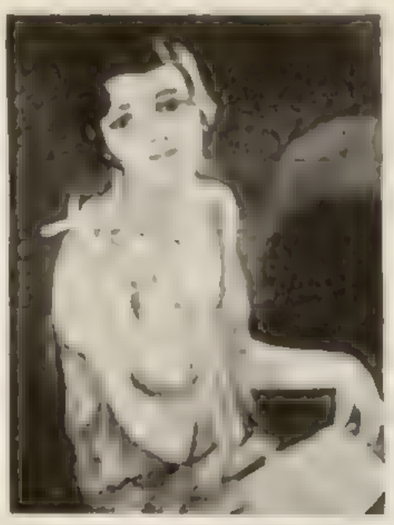
Acne requires rigid, regular treatment, and in extreme cases a physician should be consulted. Many girls of your age, however, have mild cases of acne, and proper external care, simple diet, drinking plenty of water, and balanced periods of rest and outdoor exercise all have their share in overcoming it. My complexion leaflet will give you more specific directions. A stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request will bring it to you promptly.

As you say, the use of acne preparations is helpful, but the cause must also be removed.

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How to Live High on $0 a Year

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

fairly important players can perform this trick successfully.

You'd better not try it!

ANOTHER clever lady owns no jewelry of her own yet every time you see her she looks like a Tiffany window.

Diamonds, emeralds and rubies bristle from her throat, wrists and fingers. How does she manage it?

Very simply.

When she is going to a formal party she has her maid ring up one of the local jewelers and request that he send out several necklaces and bracelets so that she may select one for herself. She is much too busy, you see, to come into the shop.

And because the lady is known to be rich the jeweler hastens to comply with her request. That evening she wears the gems and returns them the next morning.

She is sorry that none suits her exactly.

IF you're a constant habitué of Hollywood premières you will notice that one blonde young player always attends in a ravishing fur coat.

And never the same wrap!

Ah, think you, she must be making a big salary to afford so many.

But *oi*, thinks the fur dealer, that's my best coat.

She works her little racket in the same way that the lady of the diamonds works hers.

Most of the stores employ professional shoppers whose duty it is to call upon the players personally with their wares. The poor dears are much too busy and too worn with their strenuous duties at the studios to go to the shops themselves.

When the shopper arrives the players discover that they just can't decide but they must have the frocks left overnight.

The next morning they send them back with regrets.

It is easier to pull this racket with wraps than with dresses, since the stores keep a pretty sharp lookout for this sort of thing and discontinue their services to those caught in the act of wearing unpaid for clothes.

AT several stores professional discounts are given, but many of the shopkeepers feel that as their trade depends so much on picture people they'd be losing money to give a cut. Some of the New York people, who are always given discounts in the old home town, complain bitterly when they are refused this simple courtesy.

Sometimes, of course, it is a case of give and take.

New shops often give the players clothes in exchange for the use of their pictures in the windows and a tender inscription across the photograph.

A certain comedian ate for one year at the same restaurant and never paid a cent for his food.

The proprietor knew that it was good business to have the player seen at his café and that his presence drew the suckers in to dine, so the player attended the eating place where he could get free meals.

Many restaurants let the players run up bills.

Some of the players do not pay these bills and the restaurant owners, knowing that upon this patronage depends their success, cannot press for their money.

You have seen how one may have cars, jewels, clothes and food without paying for them. But there are servants, furniture and rent to be considered. Hold on—there are rackets for that, too.

A CERTAIN Hollywood writer has not paid a dollar for rent in a year, yet he lives in a luxurious home in Beverly Hills that boasts a swimming pool, a tennis court and all the other delights.

How does he do it?

Living with him is an elderly relative who is confined to a wheel chair.

The writer claims that the landlord cannot evict a tenant if there is an invalid on the premises.

And apparently the landlord can't, because the relative lives on.

Two little players, sisters, ordered some furniture especially made for them.

Because they were famous the shop demanded no deposit.

The furniture was finished and delivered. The players refused to pay.

The furniture was so bizarre that the shopkeeper knew he could sell it for very little if he were to take it away from them, so he settled for a quarter of the amount.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1930

State of Illinois, } ss.
County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Leonard Hall, 221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1930
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 15, 1931)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

And now for the servants. It's done like this. A certain player looks at the ads for maids and butlers. She interviews the job hunters and, when she discovers that they have not worked in California before she makes them a proposition like this: She tells them that if they will work for her for three months for nothing she will, at the end of that time, give them excellent references and, if they're new at the game, they accept.

In this way she keeps a staff of servants all the time. Of course, it's a little trouble breaking in new help but it pays for itself at the end of the year.

These are the most important rackets. There is, of course, much petty graft.

Naturally, the great majority of players do not indulge in these habits. But there are enough of them who do to make it fairly well organized.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

of Tibbett in bandit costume singing to one."

The end had come!

"Think of Tibbett in an old-fashioned nightshirt singing to me," I snapped, slamming the door.

Now I hear John Boles through the apartment walls.

I. H. LEGH

Will Papa Approve?

Libby, Mont.

I had never heard a name that I would care to give my baby girl (if ever I have one) till I had seen "Dixiana." She certainly shall be named that, in remembrance of Bebe and that wonderful picture.

MRS. MARGRET SMITH

Pass the Potatoes

Seattle, Wash.

Instead of movie stars putting themselves through rigorous torture by dieting—why not give the scale a chance to use all its numbers? Tonight I saw Betty Compson in "Inside the Lines." I had to look twice to be sure she was there. I wish, all you dear ladies, that you'd get pleasingly plump again!

KAY MATTHEWS

Mystery Solved

Ashfork, Ariz.

They call Greta Garbo "the mystery woman." For the money, I could be so mysterious my own mother wouldn't recognize me.

There's no mystery about Garbo. She's just a smart Swede who knows that the gullible public loves its hokum in large doses.

RAYMOND GREAVES

Society Threatened!

Jacksonville, Fla.

For the safety and peace of humanity, kindly have Maurice Chevalier withdraw from the screen. Every time my bridge club meets, it develops into a movie discussion. There are three Chevalier fans who do nothing but talk and rave about "the dear boy." My blood boils. War is declared. And the remainder of the evening is not spent in playing bridge. Maurice should retire—the continuance of a prominent club depends upon it.

MARY MARGARET DALTON

Page Mr. De Mille

Reading, Penna.

What manner of madman ever conceived and wrote such a story as "Madam Satan," and what super-madman ever directed such a thing? It was necessary for the audience to get as dizzy as the author and director in order to enjoy the picture.

C. RUSSEL ERB

Especially Vilma's?

Ponca City, Okla.

I don't see why the producers let Vilma Banky go. She was marvelous in "A Lady to Love." What if she has an accent? The world would be awfully monotonous if we all talked alike.

I like accents.

GRACE CHAPMAN

Chivalry

Baton Rouge, La.

If the Marx Brothers came from Broadway, please send them back. I saw "Animal Crackers" and it was one of the most nonsensical pictures I have ever seen. Please give us pictures in which women are respected and treated courteously.

M. LEDITTER

Less Mint, Suh!

Washington, D. C.

What have the motion picture producers against the South? In all the recent attempts to portray the Southland, particularly "Coquette" and "Dixiana," they have failed miserably.

These pictures have been the laughing stock of Southerners. It is unpardonable to hear an actor, such as Johnny Mack Brown, born and raised in the heart of the South, talking as though he were a Yankee trying to imitate a Southerner.

Mint juleps as served in "Dixiana" looked like a bunch of alfalfa that might be served to a horse.

KAY MARLOWE

For Instance?

Selinsgrove, Penna.

Let's have less people like Buddy Rogers and more like Jack Oakie.

M. JANE SCHNURE

Picking a Queen

New Orleans, La.

A lifelong resident of New Orleans, I recently viewed "Dixiana." The picture gives persons the wrong impression as to the manner in which the queen of the Mardi Gras is chosen.

It is customary for Rex, ruler of the Mardi Gras, usually one of the richest and most prominent business men of the city, to select his queen from among the popular débutantes of the season.

AUSTIN C. MOORE

From a Man, Too!

New York, N. Y.

I noticed that Mary Brian in "The Kibitzer" wore the same dress that Helen Kane wore in "Pointed Heels." The producers must be very saving.

LARRY LYBARGER

A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

THERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You *know* it will please the recipient.

¶ In these days when everyone is interested in motion pictures, the gift of a magazine that reveals the inside of the art and industry—*every month*—is assured the keenest welcome. Photoplay has the brightest personality stories, the most appealing illustrations and the most reliable information about the stars and their pictures.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon, attach a Postal or Express Money Order or a Check. Better hurry.

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Studio Rambles

By Harriet Parsons



In rambling around the Metro studio, our vagabond cameraman caught this shot of Polly Moran and Joan Crawford in "Within the Law." A great dramatic part for our Joan, and how she's playing it!

PRETTY quiet around the studios these days. But if we scout around we may find something amusing.

Let's Ford our way out to Culver City and crash Pathe and M-G-M. Joan Crawford's working today on "Within the Law." It's Joan's first heavily dramatic rôle in a long time. She plays a master crook, and they say she tears into the part in a manner that would do credit to Pauline Frederick. Incidentally Joan looks like Frederick and admires her tremendously. We said admires—not imitates. That Crawford girl doesn't have to imitate anyone.

Yep—here's the set. We recognize it by the modern furniture. The art department surrounds Joan with an ultra-modern background whenever possible. She's stunning clad in a flat fur suit with a little jacket flaring at the hips. She's being quizzed by a hard-boiled police inspector and getting the best of it.

That's Marie Prevost in the bright red lace negligée. She back-chats the inspector, turns up her already tilted nose and flounces off the set. And there's Bob Armstrong—he plays another of Joan's band of crooks. Bob Montgomery's in it, too, but he isn't working today. It's a swell cast—we'll have to see this one.

LIKE to go over on "The Passion Flower" set? Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis are in it.

Phew! That's a long trek. They ought to provide baby Austins or, at least, roller skates! Well, here we are. The set's on a raised platform and we'll have to walk up that narrow plank to get there. Look out! Ah, we're safe. Well, if it isn't the Oakland ferry—as big as life and almost as real. And regular San Francisco weather, apparently—everyone has umbrellas and raincoats.

A man with a hose is spraying the floor to make it look as if it had been raining. Now he turns the stream on a girl in a blue raincoat. She stands patiently while he sprays her head and shoulders. The willing sufferer is Kay Johnson.

Over there, slouched in a chair, looking bored, as usual, is Big Boy Bickford. His red thatch is the one bright spot in the gray scene. Now they start a machine going which fills the air with synthetic fog.

At last everything is ready. Bickford heaves himself out of his chair, the camera man calls "They're turning over," there's a moment of hushed, expectant silence—then Director William De Mille waves his hand and the scene comes to life. Extras begin to hurry to and fro. Kay Johnson with bent head and tragic face walks slowly down the platform and Bickford stalks along after her. "Cut." That's all. The whole thing takes approximately a minute! It will be only a momentary flash on the screen.

THERE'S a company from Paramount on location at the back lot over at Pathe. It's probably the Chatterton unit. Let's take a look. On the way we drop in to take a peak at Connie Bennett and Basil Rathbone. They're working on "Sin Takes a Holiday," an original story by a former script girl. They say she tried five years before she had a story accepted. This one was her first break and now all the studios are after her. Another Hollywood Cinderella!

We're on an ocean liner. Seems to be a sea-going day. It's an amusing scene in the dining salon. Connie sits alone at a table. Rathbone asks her to dance. Connie: "I'm surprised that you remember me." Rathbone: "Of course, I remember you." As he leads her onto the floor he whispers to the head steward, "Find out the name of the lady I'm dancing with!"

Something goes wrong with the sound, and Director Paul Stein calls for the sound engineer. An assistant tells him, "He's gone to a funeral." "His own?" queries Stein, hopefully.

WE'D better hustle if we want to get to the back lot before they stop shooting. Into the Ford again and over a bumpy road. This is the place. There's a chain across the road and the watchman looks at us dubiously before he lets us through. What a strange scene. We find ourselves amongst the ghosts of a thousand pictures. All around are the weather-beaten remains of old sets.

Suddenly we come upon action. Beside a rustic brook in a green pasture we stumble upon a company in full swing. They're shooting, and we have to stand poised on a rickety bridge, expecting to go through at any moment, until they're finished. It's a pastoral scene—if you ignore all the mechanical paraphernalia and the weary actors dozing in their chairs. That sleeping figure completely smothered in a steamer rug must be Chatterton. She can fall asleep at the drop of a hat, and it takes four assistant directors to startle her awake.

Ruth and David Manners have just finished some tender love scenes. The story's called "The Right to Love," and in it Ruth gives three characterizations. She plays a young girl, the same girl grown middle-aged and her daughter. Must make Ruth feel worse than a case of dual identity.

Well, we got here just in time to turn around and go back. It's growing dark and everyone's anxious to get home.

She flew from New York to Boston and I told her

this complexion secret en route







Not long ago I flew to Boston in a Sikorsky Amphibian—my very first airplane ride. There were eight of us in the cabin—all strangers.

But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all chatting like friends. And I talked quite a lot to the girl across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we reached Boston we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you after we land. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we were on our way in from the airport, she told me she'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, I've tried everything." I found her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and ointments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Camay. *And* that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted about Camay when I first started preparing these complexion articles.

A few days ago the girl wrote me her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. And that, on her doctor's advice, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant Camay care we've all come to feel so enthusiastic about.

And *isn't* it grand to know that the one care that great authorities prescribe for our complexions is the loveliest and most exquisitely fragrant that could possibly be devised?

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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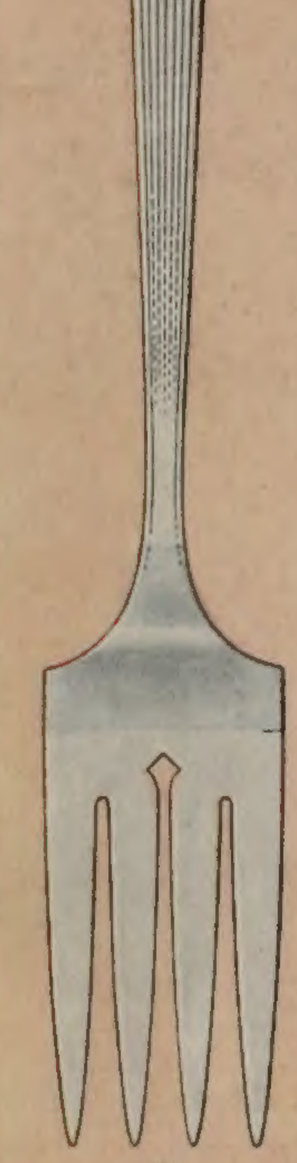
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